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PLAYBILL

THE ENVELOPE has been opened, and the winner is you—because **Karen McDougal,** the overwhelming choice of our readers, is Playmate of the Year. A lucky 13 months after our last PMOY feature, Karen's pictorial will give you a big Mac attack.

Panem et circenses: **Jerry Springer** is no pin-up, but he sure can win a popularity contest. With topics such as "I Slept With 251 Men in Ten Hours," the *Jerry Springer Show* oozed past *Oprah* in the ratings. In this month's fight-free *Playboy Interview*, the only time Springer gets testy with reporter **John Brady** is when he explains how he paid for a prostitute (with a check). Then he knocks TV news anchors and says tabloid-style news shows hurt more people than his three-ring freakfest does.

A few clicks away lurks the stealth bomb of the year: Comedy Central's *South Park*, the show that made anal probes and gay dogs subjects for public dissection. Its creators, **Trey Parker** and **Matt Stone,** are players now, but will they succumb to the sanitizing effects of the media and Hollywood? Ain't happening. According to *"Put Mr. Spielberg on Hold"* by **Steve Pond,** the two of them toss around such words as dildo and pigfucker while toying with studio heads. Speaking of tasteless programs, the only difference between *The Daily Show* and infotainment is that the *Daily* is intentionally funny. We sent **Warren Kalbacker** into the paint for *20 Questions* with *Daily Show* host **Craig Kilborn.** A former NBA prospect, Kilborn says he kicks Rebecca Lobo's ass on the court and boasts about his tape of Monica Lewinsky in a high school musical. Jumanji!

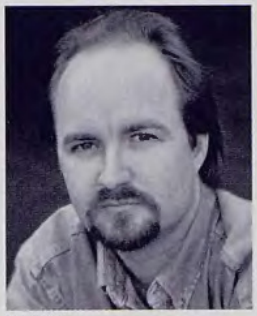
Seems the stuff people know about **Ken Griffey Jr.** is what he hasn't done—topped Roger Maris or won a World Series or become baseball's Michael Jordan. He is merely the game's best player. Read *Junior*, a high and inside profile by baseball's best writer, **Tom Boswell.** A legend in another sport, **Magic Johnson** is the most famous person to acknowledge he has HIV. Now he's taking it to the tube with a new talk show, *The Magic Hour*. Reporter **Scott Howard-Cooper** reversed roles and played Q. to Johnson's A. for the article *Magic*.

Maybe you've never heard of **Ross Jeffries.** After all, who needs help with picking up chicks? Not **Peter Alson.** He followed Jeffries' advice on how to talk women into bed and survived to write *Speed Seduction* (illustrated by **Polly Becker**). Alson isn't sure the techniques work, but he told us his "personal life has been unreal" ever since. We asked **Gavin Edwards,** author of the misheard-lyrics book *When a Man Loves a Walnut*, to assemble *Rock's Book of Love*. It's a song-by-song dating guide that teaches you to come on like Barry White, make love like Elastica and blow off exes like Alanis does. *Little Blue Miracle*, an article about Viagra by **Carl Sherman,** makes sure you can keep up with your libido. Viagra is the new impotence pill that could help millions of men—and women. It may be no exaggeration to call it the sex drug.

However you swing, we have help for you. In *Secrets of the Swing*, **Larry Olmsted** names the best bat, tennis racquet and golf club and gives tips on how to use them. Or you can hit the sand in sophisticated beachwear. Our *Swimsuits* layout, shot by **Chuck Baker,** proves that you don't have to look like a kid when you're barefoot.

To complete the issue, turn to another PLAYBOY tradition: a new James Bond story by **Raymond Benson.** In an excerpt from the novel *The Facts of Death* (Putnam), 007 encounters the deadly chemical agent sarin and a Greek secret agent, caryatic beauty Niki Mirakos. (English artist **Phil Hale** did the artwork.) Before you think Bond has more fun, check out our pictorial *The Newton Girls*, by the legendary **Helmut Newton.** It defies gravity.

BRADY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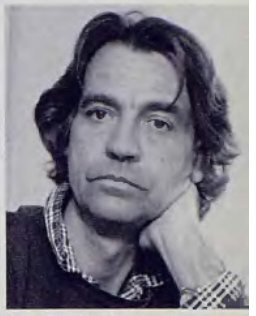
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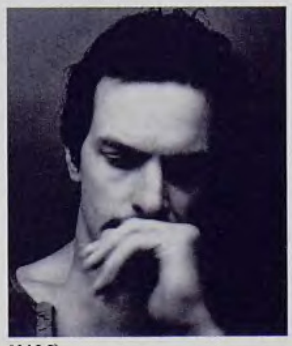
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PLAYBOY

vol. 45, no. 7—july 1998

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL		5
DEAR PLAYBOY		11
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS		15
MOVIES	BRUCE WILLIAMSON	17
VIDEO		22
MUSIC		24
WIRED		26
BOOKS		28
HEALTH & FITNESS		32
MEN	ASA BABER	34
WOMEN	CYNTHIA HEIMEL	36
MONEY MATTERS	CHRISTOPHER BYRON	38
MANTRACK		41
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR		49
THE PLAYBOY FORUM		53
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JERRY SPRINGER—candid conversation		63
MAGIC JOHNSON—article	SCOTT HOWARD-COOPER	74
THE NEWTON GIRLS—pictorial		78
THE FACTS OF DEATH—fiction	RAYMOND BENSON	84
SWIMSUITS—fashion	HOLLIS WAYNE	88
20 QUESTIONS: CRAIG KILBORN		94
GET LOST—electronics		96
SPEED SEDUCTION—article	PETER ALSON	98
DRIVING AMBITION—playboy's playmate of the month		102
PARTY JOKES—humor		114
ROCK'S BOOK OF LOVE—advice	GAVIN EDWARDS	116
KEN GRIFFEY JR.—playboy profile	TOM BOSWELL	118
SECRETS OF THE SWING—modern living	LARRY OLMSTED	122
LITTLE BLUE MIRACLE—article	CARL SHERMAN	125
"PUT MR. SPIELBERG ON HOLD"—article	STEVE POND	128
PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR—pictorial		130
WHERE & HOW TO BUY		150
PLAYMATE NEWS		179
PLAYBOY ON THE SCENE		183

PMOY P. 130

8ond . . . James Bond P. 84

Miss July P. 102

Pork It P. 128

COVER STORY

Hotter than a firecracker—that, of course, is Karen McDougal, Miss December 1997 and our newly crowned 1998 Playmate of the Year. Our celebratory cover was produced by West Coast Photo Editor Marilyn Grabowski and photographed by Stephen Waydo. The styling was done by Jennifer Tutor, with hair and makeup by Alexis Vogel. Our patriotic Rabbit, who never lets a parade pass him by, rallies around the flag. We ask you: Is this a great country, or what?

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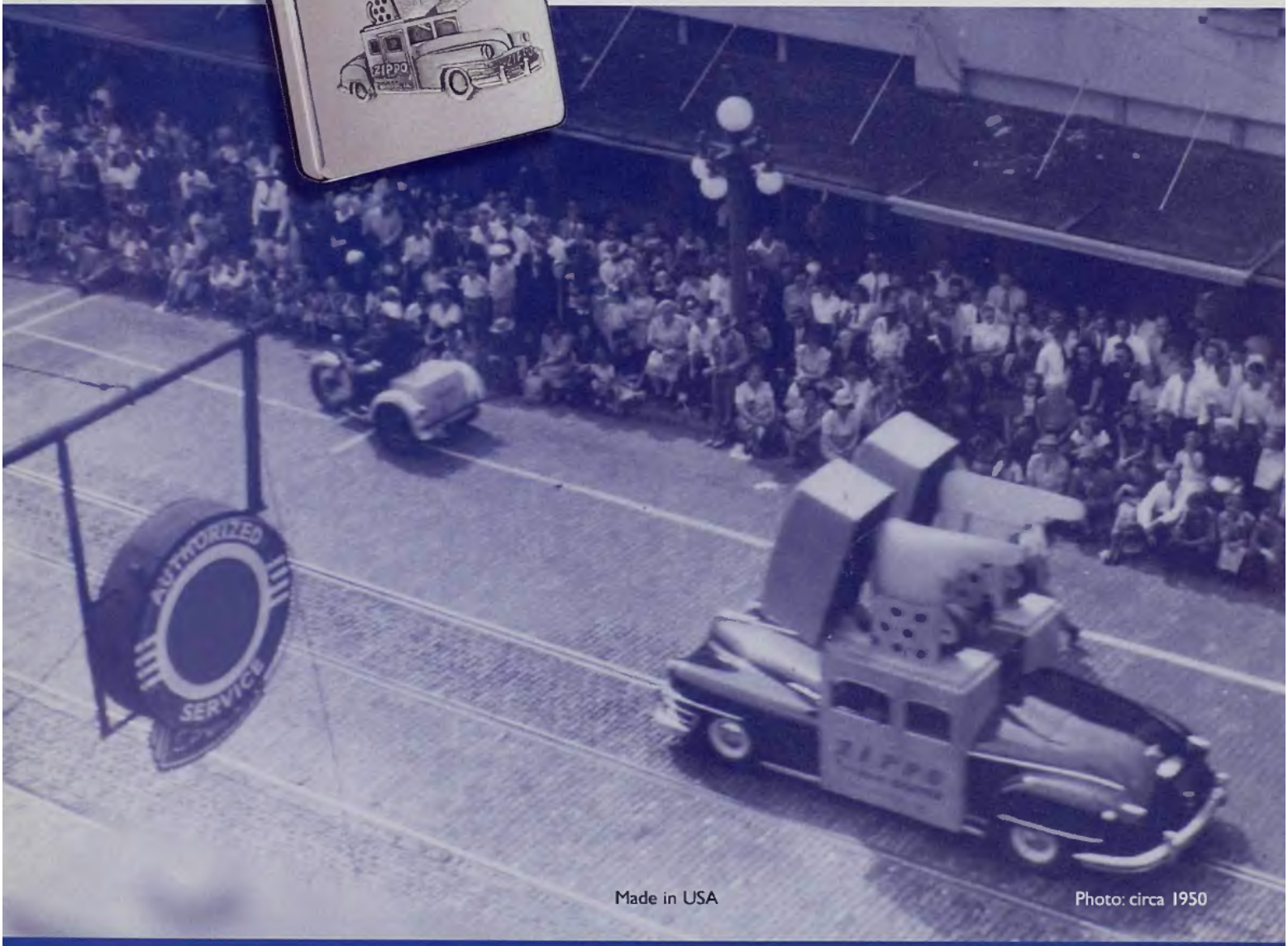

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A BIG CUP OF JOE

Michael Fleming's *Playboy Interview* with Joe Eszterhas (April) confirms what I've believed for years: The man's greatest creative gift lies in his ability to market himself. The most laughable comment is when Eszterhas characterizes best-selling author and two-time Oscar-winning screenwriter William Goldman as a money-hungry sellout. As a struggling writer, I realize that no screenwriter or novelist ever bats 1.000, but the day Eszterhas starts knocking them out of the creative ballpark with anything close to Goldman's average is the day he'll earn bragging rights.

Clay McBride
Culver City, California

The Eszterhas interview proves that a lowlife with a modicum of talent can achieve fame and fortune in Hollywood as long as he practices the three Bs: backstabbing, betrayal and bullshit.

Arnold Ahlert
Brooklyn, New York

DO-BE-DO-BE-DO

I find David Halberstam's *Sinatra at Sunset* (April) interesting and puzzling. I'm aware of Sinatra's influence on and his contributions to American music, and, like Halberstam, I prefer Sinatra tunes from the Fifties and early Sixties. Sinatra was smooth and hypnotic and gave a song a swift kick when called for. I do, however, question Halberstam's need to inform his readers that he doesn't like Sinatra, the man. It doesn't matter if Halberstam thinks Sinatra was sincere—though I believe Frank lived a lot of the stories he told in song. Sinatra's music is what counts. His heart and soul are there for the record, and that's all that matters to me.

Francis Wood
Farmville, Virginia

I have followed Sinatra's singing career since his days at the Rustic Cabin outside Hoboken, and I have virtually every recording he ever made. When it comes time for a postmortem tribute, I hope PLAYBOY chooses someone else beside Halberstam to write Sinatra's memorial.

Lanny Middings
San Ramon, California

Sinatra's music richly deserves the tribute by Halberstam, whose mastery of his craft matches that of his subject.

Clarance Santos
Adelanto, California

HAPPY BIRTHDAY, ASA

Congratulations to Asa Baber on the 16th birthday of his column (*Men*, April). It's the first place I look every month, and I share many of the columns with my friends. I'm looking forward to another 16 years of great work from Baber. I won't be disappointed.

Doug Lukauskas
Plano, Texas

Has it been only 16 years? It seems as if the *Men* column has always been an integral part of PLAYBOY. Keep telling it like it is, Asa. And remember, if you're not living on the edge, then you're taking up too much space.

Mike Austin
Dallas, Texas

I want to thank Asa Baber for making me laugh and feel sad, for pissing me off and scaring the bejesus out of me. If he ever quits his job, I will lead the angry mob to his doorstep.

Bill Doritty Jr.
North Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

Baber is funny and insightful as he writes from a "regular guy's perspective." I like his column, but Baber tells us what we already know. Cynthia Heimel's *Women* column, on the other hand, gives us insight into the minds, hearts and souls of females. Heimel isn't politically

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correct, and she's not death-to-all-sperm-carriers psychotic. Her column works.

David Utt
Norfolk, Virginia

AW, SHUCKS

I've subscribed to PLAYBOY for more than 30 years. Your magazine is about the only thing (with the exception of my wife) that has sustained my interest for so long. Over the years, PLAYBOY has introduced me to Jean Shepherd, Shel Silverstein, Ian Fleming, Lenny Bruce and Gahan Wilson, to name a few. Your articles on fashion, lifestyles and gifts have always been first-rate. The monthly interviews have shown many people in a different light. I'm sure there are others who have subscribed longer, but my enjoyment of the magazine is second to none.

Richard Corso
Merrick, New York

WAT UP

It's nice to see Jody Watley (April) making a comeback. But it's a sad social comment that silicone implants were essential to her return. We should all long for the era when talent, not silicone, created fame.

Allan James
Edmonton, Alberta

I always knew Jody Watley was a fine sister with talent and a hell of a body. Now the world knows she's the dopest.

Kelvin Gardner
Dallas, Texas

CASHING IN

I'm a 26-year-old woman, a reader of PLAYBOY and an avid fan of Johnny Cash. I'm pleased that he's been inducted into your Hall of Fame (*Year in Music*, April). I feel lucky to have seen him at the House of Blues in Los Angeles last October, because the next night he gave his last live performance before his illness. Thanks for recognizing his pure talent.

A. Fisher
Anaheim, California

THE WILD BUNCH

According to Lori Weiss' article *The Return of Casual Sex* (April), people are enjoying themselves despite the threat of sexually transmitted diseases. But I am shocked and frightened by the so-what attitude many of the interviewees have about unprotected sex. I hope your readers are smarter than that bunch.

Mike Zaccherio
Ridgefield Park, New Jersey

BRAVA BRAVA

Linda Brava (*Brahms Bombshell*, April) is just what the stuffy classical music scene needs. Beethoven, Brahms and Haydn, all passionate men, would be appalled to see the uninspired way in which their music is performed today. Linda's passion and beauty have put the life back into classical music.

James Laure
Oak Park, Illinois

Linda Brava is incredibly talented. I was fortunate to have seen her New Year's Eve performance at the Mansion via the Playboy Cyber Club.

Dominique Leger
Brossard, Quebec

I'd go to one of Linda Brava's concerts just to hear her play *Heart and Soul*. Please give us an encore of this beautiful lady with the violin.

Mel Perry
New York, New York

As a classical musician (I play second keyboards for the Pittsburgh Symphony), I was impressed with Linda Brava's pictorial. Unfortunately, your otherwise

command performance was marred by the unnecessary and apologetic explanation regarding her short fingernails and indented lower jaw. A true concert artist never ruins the audience's joy of a particular performance by calling attention to flaws, however small.

Henry Doktorski
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

If I had $4.5 million, I'd buy Linda a Stradivarius. She's an amazing woman.

Greg Pressner
Orland Park, Illinois

AIRBORNE ERIKA

Playmate Revisited with Erika Eleniak (March) prompted me to write. For a group of men facing the unknown in the days leading up to the Gulf war, Erika was more than just a pretty face on the cover of your magazine. My squadron and crew were deployed to Bahrain. Many of us were homesick and decided to adorn our lumbering EP3 Orion with nose art, in remembrance of the World War Two bombers. As the crew artist and patch designer, I fiddled with many designs, fearing an attempt at painting a face. But I took a chance and sketched Erika's *Baywatch* cover (August 1990). Everyone loved it. With the image approved, Buzz Covington, Jeff Richter and I spent a cold evening painting it on the side of our plane. We called it the Lady and we were proud. Thank you, Erika, and thanks to PLAYBOY for making life a little more bearable for us in uncertain times.

Lt. jg. Christopher Lucas, USN
Pensacola, Florida

GOOD GOLLY, MISS HOLLY

PLAYBOY recognizes that beauty is not exclusive to one particular race or ethnicity. I'm thrilled with Holly Joan Hart (*Holly by the Bay*, April), who follows in the footsteps of multiracial Playmates Kimber West, Karin Taylor and Reneé Tenison.

Mark Naeser
Jamestown, New York

NO BALLS

What sort of man reads PLAYBOY? Well, this one—who carries a 185 average—knows that you have to release the bowling ball sometime before you reach the foul line. The man who reads PLAYBOY and bowls in his evening clothes and socks (March) apparently has not learned this basic lesson.

Donald Czarcinski
Toledo, Ohio

AND THAT'S NO JOKE

Your Ole Miss joke (April) is hilarious. We like it so much we want to invite you to visit the campus in Oxford, where we would treat you to a tour of William Faulkner's and John Grisham's homes. And don't forget to bring your parents. We'll take them to one of the oldest churches in the mid-South and give them something that they have always wanted—a wedding with a marriage certificate.

Joe Mercer
Memphis, Tennessee

COVER UP

My best friend, who exhausted his efforts trying to locate the Rabbit on the April cover, bet me a quart of Jack Daniel's that I couldn't find it. I took the bet and now I'm asking for your ruling. I think the Rabbit is in the long blonde hair at the tip of Linda Brava's right sleeve. Do I win the Daniel's?

David Graham
San Diego, California

Sorry, you lose. The clue is in the "Cover Story" caption: Linda and our Rabbit are perfectly in tune. He is on the tuning peg, above the fingerboard.

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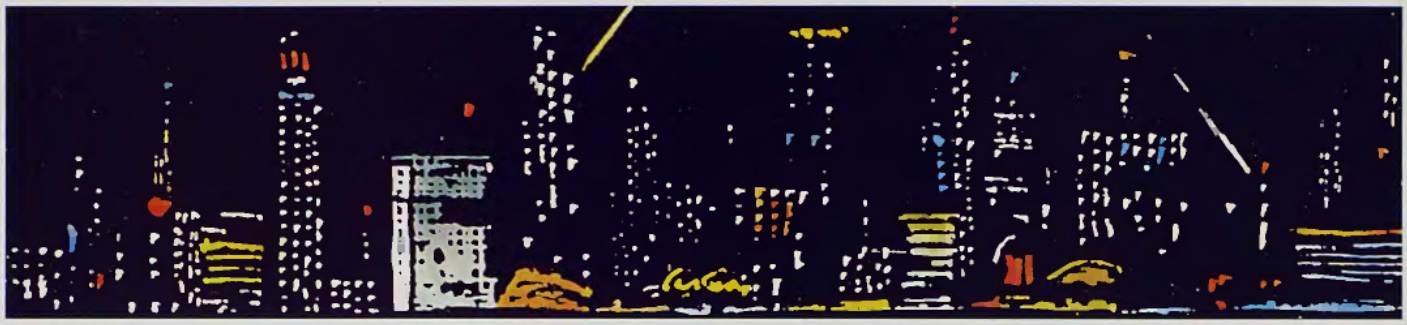
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



NETWITS

Every office has one—a joker who makes up Lettermanly top ten lists for parties, newsletters or interoffice samizdat. Now the Top Five List on the Web (www.topfive.com) gives watercooler comics a public forum. Each day, editor Chris White solicits contributors and zaps a composite list (anywhere from the top five to the top 20) to subscribers. Our pick of the literate litter in the archives is the Top 20 Least Impressive Mafia Nicknames list. Among them: Vinny "the Cosmetologist" Scandaliotta, Leo "the Raging Codependent" Pacioni, Rocco "the Rotarian" Manera, Frankie "Right Turn on Red" Ragusa, Mario "the Italian Scallion" Cipolla, Carmine "the Lovely Swan" Carpecci, Nick "Paper Cut" Carlucci, Tony "the Chia Pet" Gravano and our favorite, "the Hitman Formerly Known as Vince."

GARBAGE BIN

Perhaps Shirley Manson, lead singer for the rock band Garbage, is trying to tell us something. She recently acquired a Fender Stratocaster and nicknamed it Rita. "She's all sparkly and orange," Manson told *Select* magazine, "and she just happens to be the color of my fanny." Before you wonder whether she is talking fresh-squeezed or sun-kissed, we'd like to point out that fanny has an entirely different meaning in Manson's native Scotland. It's a reference to her frontage rather than her behind, a thought that leaves us dewy eyed.

A VOICE OF REASON

We read with pleasure in Liz Smith's column the following excerpt from a letter to the editor of the *New York Observer*: "There seems to be no evidence that Ms. Lewinsky was ever in bed with Mr. Clinton. In holding the affair to unilateral oral limits, he showed terrific judgment. Given even minimal aptitude, the job can be done with dispatch. It's simple, efficient and relatively safe, thus showing commendable concern for the health of the nation's leader. It wastes none of his valuable time on foreplay, achieves a desirable goal by peaceful and economical means and has him back at his desk, doing the people's work, in nothing flat. And that's what I call presidential."

THE MORALISTS OF THE STORY

A new collection of Aesop's fables reveals that the celebrated oral historian had an earthy side. *Aesop: The Complete Fables* (Penguin), translated by Olivia and Robert Temple, contains a number of the Greek sage's allegories later bowdlerized in translations by prudish 19th century Victorians. Finally available in English are the edifying tales of "The Camel Who Shat in the River," "The Hyenas," about a male hyena who attempts an unnatural act with his girlfriend and—God knows there's a lesson in this one—"The Beaver," who chews off his own genitalia.

SOY VEY!

Turns out Michael Portnoy, the wriggling putz who wrote SOY BOMB on his chest and upstaged Bob Dylan at the Grammy Awards, is technically not a soldier of the Soy Bomb Nation. Apparently, that distinction belongs to people made of stiffer tofu. The group has pledged to "destroy the cheese-encrusted Amerikkkan culture" and has posted its manifesto on the Net (www.hiphop music.com/soybomb.html). To avoid future bombings, the world must meet several demands: The group wants the chance to hang the Spice Girls and Tara Lipinski by the ankles in a Turkish prison, an admission from Shawn Colvin, Sarah McLachlan and Paula Cole that they are the same person and an immediate halt to the playing of the Celine Dion song from *Titanic*. However, being a revolutionary can be dangerous. Just ask Portnoy. He acted much less professionally than big Bob when Dylan fans showed up to jeer at Portnoy during a theater piece. The New York *Daily News* reported that the hecklers called the performance artist—who wore red tights, a feather boa and flowers—"soy bitch" and that he began chasing them around the theater. Portnoy's complaint: "They were just a bunch of jerks."

ILLUSTRATION BY GARY KELLEY

RIP-ROARING MARTHA

We think the editors of the Connecticut Yankee Energy System's annual report may want to clear the air after running this headline: MARTHA STEWART WARMS UP TO NATURAL GAS.

POTSHTICKERS

Harreson Waymen and John Taylor are making money off pot, and the law can't touch them. The two Canadians invented the Cultivation Game, a board game in which players try to grow and peddle marijuana, deceive their neighbors, avoid cops and keep moving. Since the shrubs (Vancouver lingo for latter-day hippies) put the game on the market last year, sales have exceeded 1000 units and are increasing. Dealers' inquiries welcome; call 888-658-4618.

GRANDFATHER COCK

So what if he was 83 years old? Italian pensioner Nilo Silvi was still a man and single now, so he continued cycling and

RAW DATA

SIGNIFICA, INSIGNIFICA, STATS AND FACTS

QUOTE

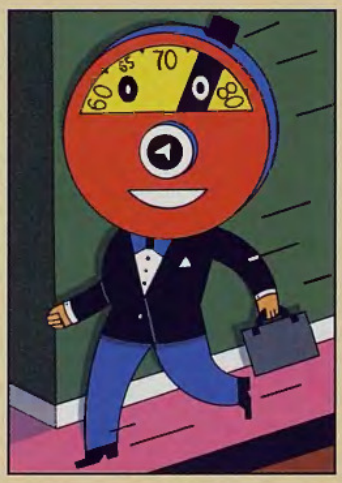
"You're no longer being ruled by that little guy with the German army helmet."—CLINT EASTWOOD ON AGING

DOUGH RE MI

Auction sale price of Julie Andrews' jumper from the film *The Sound of Music*: $29,900.

OSCAR'S IN-LAWS

According to calculations by *Variety*, the number of awards events held by the motion picture, recording, television and related industries in 1997: 252. The number of various plaques, trophies, statuettes and mantelpiece items handed out: 3138.



FACT OF THE MONTH

According to the International Facility Management Association, the two most frequent complaints that employees make about their workplace are: (1) It's too cold and (2) It's too hot.

CHANGE IN CLIMATE

Percentage of Americans who say it's morally wrong for an unwed couple to have a baby: 47. Percentage of Icelanders who agree: 3.

FALL INTO THE GAP

Amount the average U.S. household spends each year on clothes for women and girls: $660. Amount spent on men and boys: $425. Number of pairs of jeans in the average household: 14.

CROSSOVER DREAM

Number of Champion jog bras supplied to the Women's National Basketball Association in 1997: 320.

JOYSTICK JUNKIES

Number of hours the average American spent per week playing video games in 1990: 12. In 1995: 24. Projected number in 2000: 39.

PET SNEEZE

According to a report in *Archives of Internal Medicine*, the number of infections and diseases that cats and dogs can pass to their owners: 30.

GAME GRAMS

The number of fat grams in a 100-gram medallion of beef: 10. The number of fat grams in a same-size serving of buffalo: 2.4. Number of fat grams in 100 grams of ostrich: 2. In 100 grams of kangaroo: 0.5.

BLOCK PARTIES

According to *The Book of Mosts* (St. Martin's) by H. Aaron Cohl, the number of people per square mile in Manila: 108,699. Number of people per square mile in Shanghai: 70,449; in Cairo: 63,373; in New York City: 23,310.

TAKE OFF THE HAT, NUMBER TWO

In a recent survey by *Glamour*, percentage of men who boldly predicted they could pick their penis out of a lineup: 65.

AGING GRACEFULLY

Number of centenarians in the U.S. in 1960: 3222. Number of Americans who are currently over the age of 100: 60,000. According to a Louis Harris poll for Ortho Pharmaceutical, percentage of women who think they look younger than their age: 84. Percentage of men who say they look younger: 69.

PICNIC NITPICKERS

According to a survey by Orkin Pest Control, percentage of men who said they would eat food after a fly touched it: 69. Percentage of women who would eat fly-tainted food: 41.

AIR CONDITIONED?

According to the Environmental Protection Agency, number of hours in a day a typical American spent indoors in 1995: 22. —LAURA BILLINGS

working out daily to stay fit and trim. And it paid off. Reuters reports that a producer of adult films spotted Silvi in a disco and asked him if he'd like to perform in X-rated movies, maybe even in a few group-sex scenes with beautiful young women. "It would be a pleasure," Silvi replied. His only question was "Will I have to pay?" Assured that he'd be paid, he jumped at the deal—with one condition. "I won't use a condom," he said. "At my age I could have problems with it. They're all young and healthy girls and, anyway, AIDS takes ten years to develop. I'll die first." Yes, but with a big smile on his face.

THE SUGAR BOWL SPEAKS

We're into any book that bears the title *The Vagina Monologues* (Villard), even if author Eve Ensler sometimes exerts her PC muscle too much for our taste. On the plus side, Ensler has fought censorship ever since the project began as a one-woman show. Newspapers, box offices and publishing houses have tried to shorten the title to *The V-Monologues*. We're happy to report that Ensler can boast of such celebrity endorsers as Whoopi Goldberg and Susan Sarandon, who gathered in New York recently to do a reading. The book offers tales of puritanical repression (a woman was burned as a witch because she had a large clitoris) and a list of answers from women who were asked the question, "If your vagina got dressed, what would it wear?" The perfect response, on page 17, is "a slicker."

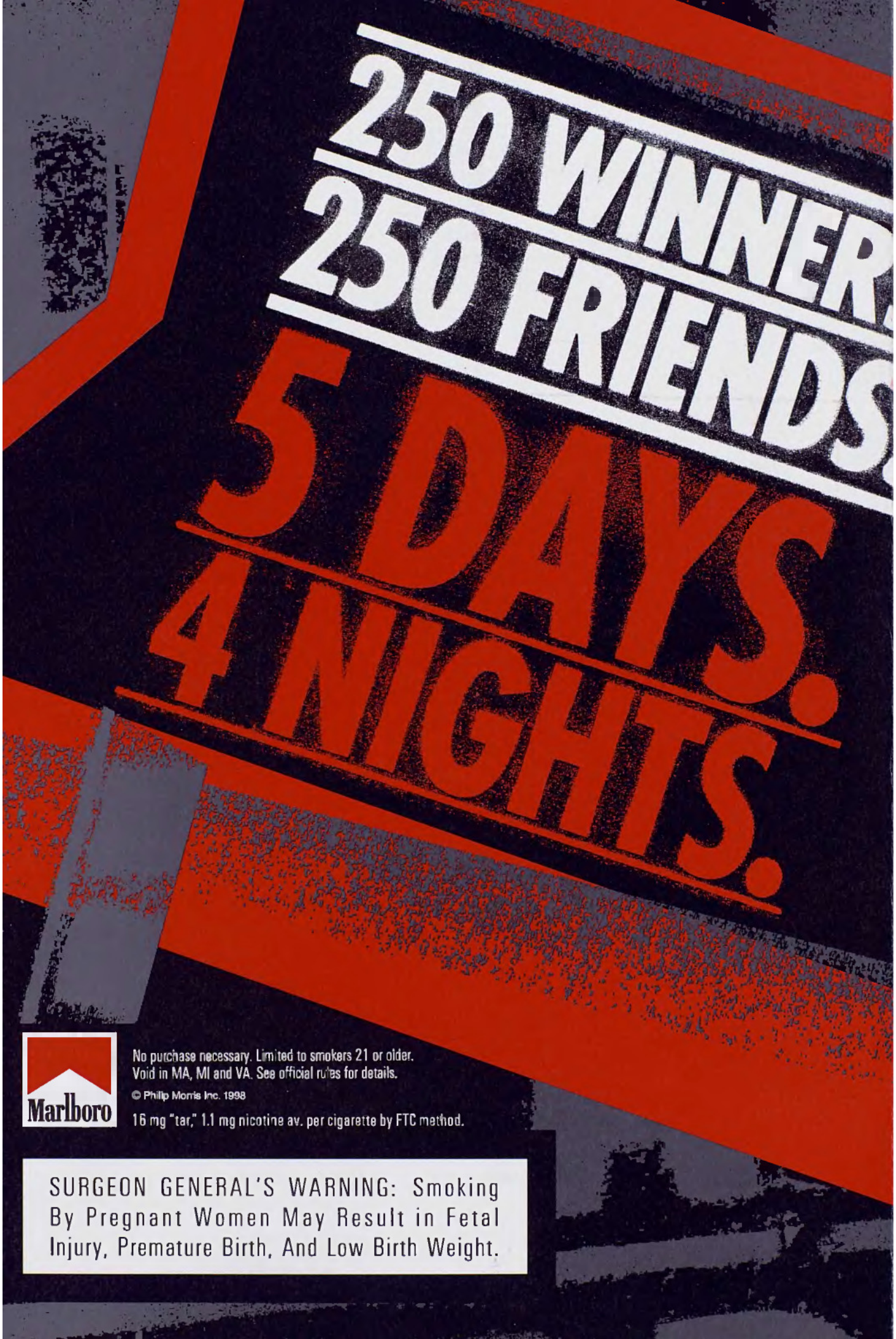
WHAT'S THE DATE ON YOUR BIER?

The millennium bug affects more than just computers. Many tombstones purchased in advance by married couples or families already have a handy "19" carved in the space provided for the date of demise. Experts in the field of monument alterations say a professional patch job can cost an eerie $2000.

LIABLE FOR STUPIDITY

The campaign to save us all from imbecility continues to accelerate as manufacturers strive to cover themselves against preposterous liability lawsuits. A Massachusetts legal reform group has collected idiotic warning labels found on consumer products. A label on a can of criminal repellent reads "Pepper spray may irritate your eyes," and the warning on a lighter says "Do not ignite in face." Then there's this classic, stuck to an air conditioner: "Do not drop out of window." *New Scientist* also made note of attempts at idiotproofing. Airline peanuts carry the message "Instructions: Open packet, eat contents," an iron warns "Do not iron clothes on body" and a Swedish chain saw comes with this advice: "Do not try to stop chain with hands." Especially when you can use your head.

PARTY ALL NIGHT.
PLAY ALL DAY.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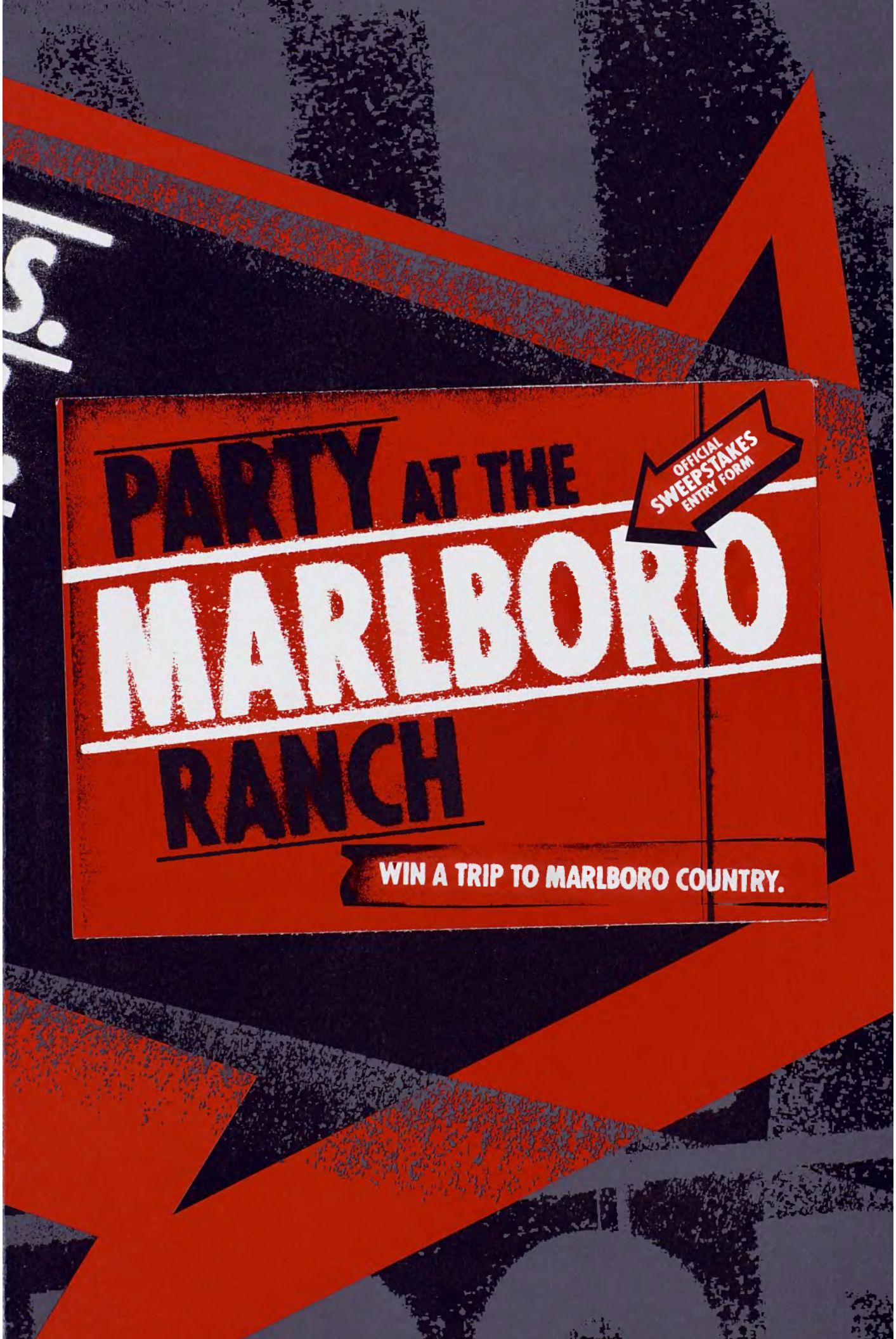
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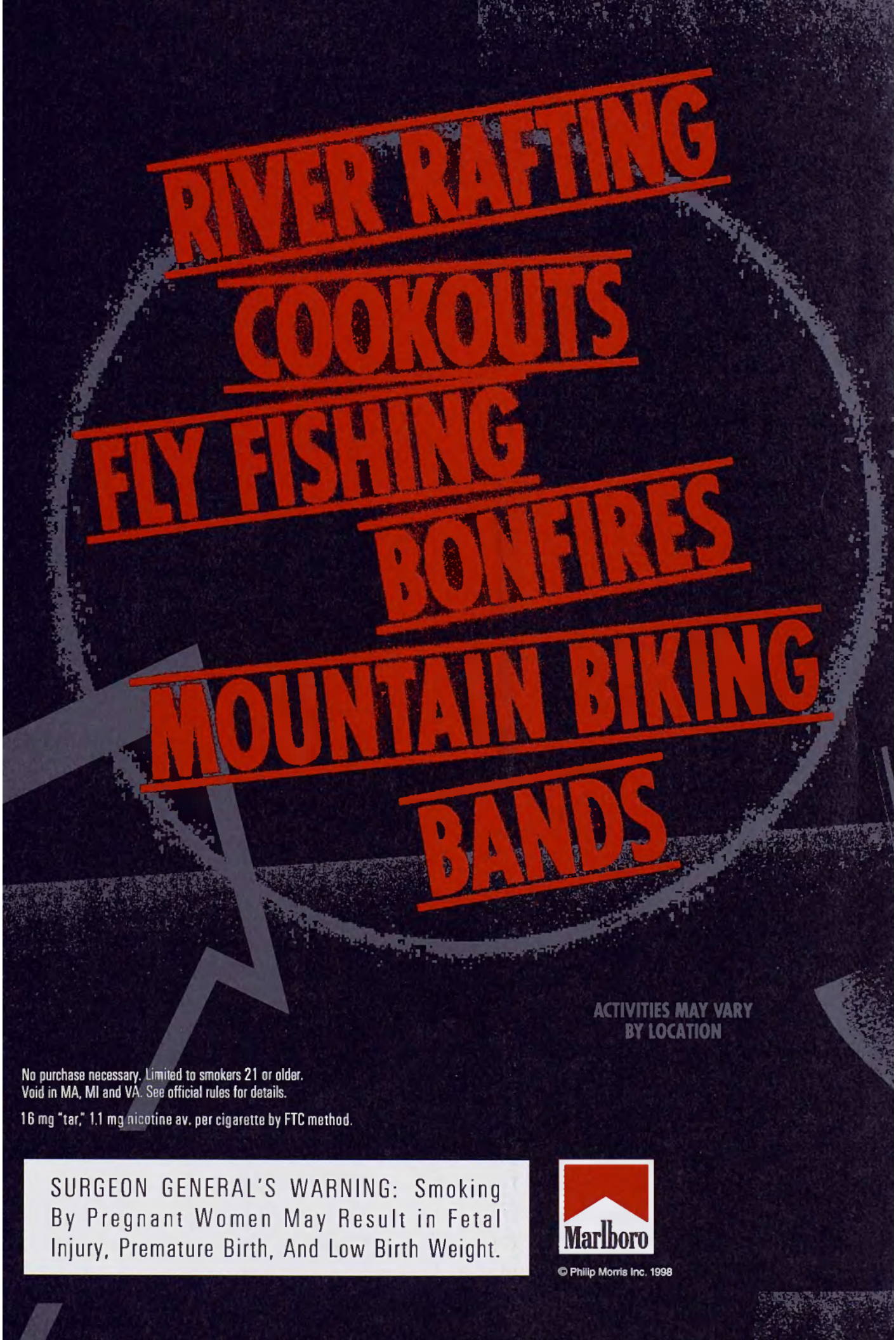
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MOVIES

By BRUCE WILLIAMSON

LOOKING ALL grown up, petite Christina Ricci plays a precocious runaway named Dedee in ***The Opposite of Sex*** (Sony Classics). Writer Don Roos (his screenplays include *Love Field* and *Single White Female*) debuts as a director with this beguilingly tangled tale about relationships. When Dedee flees Louisiana to live with her gay half-brother, Bill (Martin Donovan), in Indiana, everyone's life gets complicated. Bill, a teacher, has inherited money from his recently deceased lover and acquired a handsome new beau, Matt (Ivan Sergei). Dedee seduces Matt, who decides he's not gay after all, while Matt's angry ex-lover charges Bill with sexual harassment at school. Harping about all the confusion is the deceased man's frigid sister, Lucia (Lisa Kudrow in a scene-stealing coup), who is finally warmed up by the local sheriff (Lyle Lovett). The plot becomes even messier—which must be Roos' point in making this free-for-all comedy that rates commitment higher than mere carnality. ¥¥¥

•

The latest and least of independent filmmaker Hal Hartley's efforts is ***Henry Fool*** (Sony Classics). Movie newcomer Thomas Jay Ryan does justice to the title role as a loud, rough ne'er-do-well who rents the basement apartment of a house inhabited by Simon (James Urbaniak), a quiet garbageman, Simon's dotty old mother and his sex-mad sister, Fay (Parker Posey). Henry spouts literary references and helps Simon write a scandalous epic poem. But it's Simon who wins a Nobel Prize, while Henry turns out to be a fraud whose major achievement is getting Fay pregnant. None of these events generates much humor or conviction. This time out, Hartley's wayward suburban eccentrics seem more pretentious than those in his impudent earlier works. ¥¥

•

Jessica Lange, dressed down in bleakly austere period garb as the title character of ***Cousin Bette*** (Fox Searchlight), makes her ulterior motives too obvious in this adaptation of a novel by Honoré de Balzac. Biting into a slice of unrequited love and deception in 19th century Paris, Lange is the poor relation whose beautiful, dying sister (Geraldine Chaplin) leaves her the responsibility of looking after their aristocratic clan, the Hulot family. Bette hopes to marry her bereaved brother-in-law (Hugh Laurie) but winds up his housekeeper instead. She subsequently takes an impoverished young sculptor (Aden Young) under her wing but loses him to her pretty niece (Kelly Macdonald), then contrives revenge by egging the sculptor into an affair with a stage actress (Elisabeth Shue). Shue strikes a totally wrong note of modernity in this vintage saga of a dysfunctional dynasty, directed by Des McAnuff in a lush production that never quite gels. ¥¥

Ricci: A runaway success.

Youngsters in a sexual jambalaya, dropouts in a drug haze and a soldier who falls for a leopard.

•

Still another adaptation of a work by Balzac is ***Passion in the Desert*** (Fine Line), a bizarre, intriguing drama in French and English about man and beast. The man is a French soldier lost in the desert during Napoléon's disastrous Egyptian campaign of 1798. After the death of a companion (Michel Piccoli), the soldier befriends a wild leopard. Co-starring with an animal is no mean feat, but English actor Ben Daniels brings it off with aplomb (and nerves of steel). While the cat tends to steal the show (even when Daniels is naked), *Passion* is an often fascinating adventure with strongly sexual overtones as man and leopard develop the touchy-feely relationship hinted at in the title. To reveal the ending would be unfair, but director Lavinia Currier makes her first feature film a memorable experience. ¥¥¥

•

Drugs are sniffed by most of the principal actors in ***High Art*** (October Films), winner of a screenwriting award at the 1998 Sundance Film Festival. Writer-director Lisa Cholodenko's downbeat tale of art photography and a misbegotten lesbian affair features Ally Sheedy as Lucy, a talented rich girl who has given up taking brilliant photos to stay stoned with a woozy German actor named Greta (Patricia Clarkson). Things change when Syd (Radha Mitchell), associate editor of an arty photography magazine, comes up from the apartment downstairs to complain about a plumbing leak. Soon, Syd starts urging Lucy to shoot new pictures while Lucy urges Syd to forget her sulky boyfriend and try some same-sex excitement. You sense nothing good will come of this, since nearly everything seems to happen in dimly lit rooms. Cholodenko's cast of worldly dropouts and druggies makes the pervasive ennui quite believable. Hot stuff at Sundance, but will it play in Peoria? ¥¥

•

On a nationwide TV talk show, Birdee learns to her shock that her husband, Bill (Michael Paré), and her best friend, Connie (Rosanna Arquette), are in love and sleeping together. That's the opener of ***Hope Floats*** (20th Century Fox), starring Sandra Bullock as the wounded wife and mother who packs up her young daughter and runs home to Smithville, Texas. Despite feeling rejected, she begins to thrive under the wing of her delightfully eccentric mother (Gena Rowlands) and a former admirer (Harry Connick Jr.) from her days as a high school prom queen. Bullock hasn't been so appealing since her breakthrough role in *Speed*, and singer-actor Connick chimes in with strong down-home chemistry as the still-sizzling old flame. Directed by Forest Whitaker from a script by Steven Rogers, the movie would be better with less pathos about the kids involved (Birdee's little girl, who misses her daddy, and a terminally cute nephew who lives with grandma while his mother makes a TV pilot in Los Angeles). And while it's unfortunate that several huge dollops of sentimentality are a handicap, they don't sink *Hope Floats*. ¥¥¥

•

The title role of ***Charlie Hoboken*** (Northern Arts) belongs to Ken Garito, but Austin Pendleton steals the movie as a conservative middle-class hit man named Harry who wipes out his marks as if he were checking off items on a grocery list. Cast as his equally eccentric wife, Tovah Feldshuh tailors her comic timing to director Thomas Mazziotti's daffy, dry-eyed screenplay. Garito plays it casual and straight-faced as Harry's

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Obradors: Opening doors.

OFF CAMERA

Billed opposite Harrison Ford in the romantic comedy *Six Days, Seven Nights*, **Jacqueline Obradors** makes her bid for the big time as a latter-day Lana Turner. Like Turner, who was allegedly discovered in a drugstore, Obradors was discovered while working as a checkout girl at a Malibu supermarket. A producer chose her to do a TV pilot, and she was on her way. Several forgettable movies and TV shows later, she finds her *Six Days* role enhancing her future prospects. "When I heard I got the part, I dropped the phone and screamed, then started crying. But when we got to Kauai, Hawaii to start shooting, Harrison was super cool and made me feel very comfortable." Obradors plays "a sort of showgirl-dancer," co-piloting Ford's plane until Anne Heche and David Schwimmer show up as an engaged couple. After a crash, Ford and Heche are marooned together, and Obradors and Schwimmer team up. "This is a love swap, absolutely," she reports.

Although Obradors auditioned for lots of special-effects epics, she thanks God she didn't get the parts. "Besides just looking scared, there's all that crazy shit you have to do. And *Six Days* has opened doors for me." One door she'd like to pry open is a movie about tango dancing rumored to be on Robert Duvall's schedule. "He's terrific, and because of my Argentine roots I'm sure I could pick up the tango easily. Give me a few days' practice, and I'll show you some stuff." With plenty of stuff to show, Obradors says she's had some "great meetings" but can't predict what she'll do next. She's looking for a new apartment in Los Angeles, and she has no time for a serious relationship. "I'm not seeing anyone famous nor marrying anyone famous. Marriage is the last thing on my mind right now."

assistant—an insurance salesman moonlighting as a hired killer. Charlie is an ambitious assassin who resents Harry's democratic approach to their assignments and longs to go after more prestigious targets. "There's no money in killing poor people," he complains. The movie has no real climax; it just sort of trickles out as a wickedly offbeat character study. ¥¥½

•

Noah Baumbach follows his promising first feature (*Kicking and Screaming*) with a New York comedy titled ***Mr. Jealousy*** (Lions Gate Releasing). Eric Stoltz is Lester, a would-be novelist romancing a spirited museum guide named Ramona (Annabella Sciorra), whose former lovers just won't disappear. The green-eyed monster eats at Lester, driving him into group therapy sessions (headed by Dr. Poke, played by Peter Bogdanovich) where he can check out at least one of Ramona's ex-boyfriends, a published novelist (Chris Eigeman). The lively dialogue among Lester, Ramona and their friends (Carlos Jacott, Marianne Jean-Baptiste and Bridget Fonda in addition to Eigeman) makes *Mr. Jealousy* an engaging date movie, embellished by romantic theme music from François Truffaut's memorable *Jules and Jim* (1961). Baumbach spices up the usual palaver with wit and originality. ¥¥¥

•

Keep the Aspidistra Flying, a novel by George Orwell, adapted for the screen by Alan Plater and directed by Robert Bierman, has become ***A Merry War*** (First Look). It's one decidedly non-Orwellian tale co-starring Helena Bonham Carter and Richard E. Grant. *A Merry War* tracks the romance of an insufferably annoying copywriter (Grant) who decides to abandon his job, his future and his girlfriend (Bonham Carter) to seek an unconventional life in the slums of Lambeth. He stops being bohemian and rude only after he impulsively impregnates his girlfriend and decides that rejoining the humdrum world wouldn't be so bad after all. That's the movie—small in scope but pegged to please grown-ups—in a nutshell. ¥¥½

•

Awarded this year's Oscar for Best Foreign-Language Film, ***Character*** (Sony Classics) is a dark Dutch treat by Mike van Diem. Fedja van Huet, who bears a striking resemblance to Robert Downey Jr., portrays the illegitimate son of an eminent banker. Though locked in a bitter love-hate relationship that ends with the son accused of his father's murder, neither ever openly acknowledges their relationship. This brooding, brilliantly photographed psychodrama deserves its special place in the winner's circle. ¥¥¥½

MOVIE SCORE CARD

capsule close-ups of current films
by bruce williamson

Artemisia (Reviewed 6/98) Italy's art world invaded by a woman painter who dares to do nudes. ¥¥½

The Big One (5/98) Michael Moore takes big business to task. ¥¥¥½

Character (See review) Particularly deserving choice for this year's foreign-language Oscar. ¥¥¥½

Charlie Hoboken (See review) A team of small-time hit men jousting on the job. ¥¥½

Cousin Bette (See review) That's Jessica Lange as a shifty close relation. ¥¥

Clockwatchers (6/98) Trauma of office temps—don't bother punching in. ¥

Déjà Vu (6/98) Killing lots of time with director Henry Jaglom and some of his showbiz friends. ¥¥

A Friend of the Deceased (6/98) A marked man somehow is able to get away with murder. ¥¥½

Henry Fool (See review) Comedy of bad manners and of Nobel Prize nonsense. ¥¥

High Art (See review) Lesbian liaison between stoned photographer and editor. ¥¥

Hope Floats (See review) Somewhat soapy, but Bullock manages to keep it from sinking. ¥¥¥

I Went Down (6/98) Green ex-con on a misbegotten Irish odyssey. ¥¥¥

Land Girls (6/98) Pitching world war woo down on the farm while England's lads join up. ¥¥¥

A Merry War (See review) London copywriter says no to success. ¥¥½

Mr. Jealousy (See review) Out of his mind over her former beaus. ¥¥¥

The Opposite of Sex (See review) A sexually precocious teen on the go. ¥¥¥

Passion in the Desert (See review) French soldier meets leopard, and it looks like love. ¥¥¥

Post Coitum (5/98) A mature French wife and mother keeps pining for her young lover. ¥¥½

A Price Above Rubies (6/98) Young Jewish woman defies Orthodoxy. ¥¥¥

Primary Colors (6/98) Deft mixture of sex and politics, with Travolta and Thompson looking like an ambitious couple we all know. ¥¥¥½

Shooting Fish (6/98) Con artists and a stately home in England. ¥¥¥

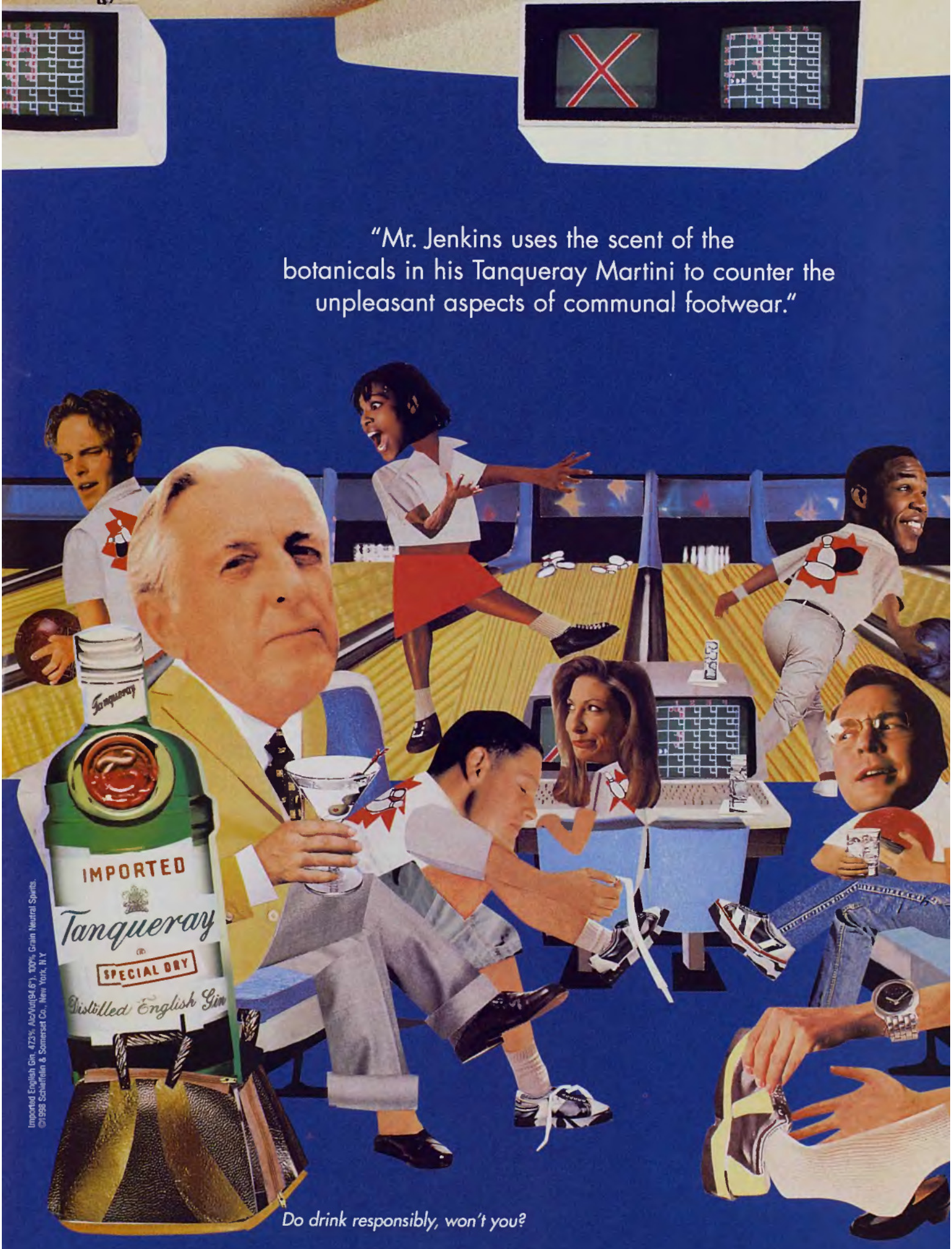
The Spanish Prisoner (5/98) Campbell Scott in Mamet's dodgy thriller. ¥¥¥½

Wilde (6/98) The homosexual author, cruelly tried and convicted. ¥¥¥

Wild Man Blues (6/98) Laughs and music on Woody's jazz tour of Europe—and Soon-Yi tags along. ¥¥½

¥¥¥¥ Don't miss ¥¥ Worth a look
¥¥¥ Good show ¥ Forget it

"Mr. Jenkins uses the scent of the botanicals in his Tanqueray Martini to counter the unpleasant aspects of communal footwear."



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GUEST SHOT

"What's good on video?" asks **David Spade**, who plays the smarmy smart-ass Dennis Finch on NBC's *Just Shoot Me*. "My buddy told me to rent the movie *The Hot Spot* and just fast-forward until you see Jennifer Connelly naked. That's how deep my video viewing is." After that, Spade confesses, he enjoys pulling multiple copies of *Black Sheep* and *Tommy Boy* off vid store shelves, "just so people think my movies are doing well. 'Wow, looks like they're sold out again, honey.'" Spade says *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* could be his all-time favorite rental, with honorable mention going to anything starring Pacino, Hackman or Newman. "But," he says, "comedies are the most fun to sit through. It's my biz, after all, and watching them allows me to go into a jealous rage about everyone who's funnier than me." Which isn't a lot of people. —SUSAN KARLIN

VIDBITS

MPI's ***The Voyage of La Amistad: A Quest for Freedom*** may not have that Spielberg magic, nor the jaw-dropping performance by Anthony Hopkins as John Quincy Adams. But what the documentary lacks in theatrics, it makes up for in credibility. The 70-minute history lesson provides the back story to Spielberg's recent retelling of the 1839 mutiny by 53 Africans aboard a slave schooner off the coast of Cuba (see "Video Mood Meter"). It draws its narrative from court documents, newspaper articles and personal letters, along with expert commentary by modern-day scholars. Charles Durning and Brock Peters provide illuminating interpretations of the story's major players, while the peerless Alfre Woodard narrates. Call 800-777-2223.

VIDEO SHRINK RAP

Psychiatrist Robin Williams helps rebellious janitor Matt Damon unleash his genius in *Good Will Hunting*. Some other couch-potato couch sessions:

Equus (1977): Richard Burton is troubled by religious oppression and sexual inadequacy—and *he's* the psychiatrist, exploring why an unstable stable boy has blinded horses.

The Man Who Loved Women (1983): Man-about-town Burt Reynolds is dating Kim Basinger and Marilu Henner—among others—and shrink Julie Andrews wants to know why. Co-written by director Blake Edwards' real psychiatrist.

An Unmarried Woman (1978): Therapist gives jilted wife Jill Clayburgh a prescription for depression: Have a quickie or two, and call her in the morning.

Ordinary People (1980): Suicidal WASP Tim Hutton hits the couch with Dr. Judd Hirsch in Robert Redford's potent family drama. Could the problem be traced to ice-cold mom Mary Tyler Moore?

Nell (1994): Town doc Liam Neeson wants to study wild child Jodie Foster, but wrongheaded shrink Richard Libertini wants to make her his captive.

The Snake Pit (1948): An early look at mental asylums finds crazed housewife Olivia de Havilland traveling the nut-strewn path to recovery—thanks to a doctor who is Jung at heart.

Color of Night (1994): Paint it very black: Group therapist Bruce Willis beds mysterious Jane March in a serious Freudian slipup. But it's an unthrilling thriller.

Dressed to Kill (1980): Cross-dressing psychiatrist Michael Caine helps find randy Angie Dickinson's murderer by looking deep within his weird self. Decent head game from Brian De Palma.

The Prince of Tides (1991): Nick Nolte spills his guts and finds love on the couch of New York shrink Barbra Streisand.

The President's Analyst (1967): Having the Big Cheese on the couch is truly no picnic for first shrink James Coburn (who steals the show) in this lampoon of politico-spy flicks. It could be worse—it could be Clinton. —BUZZ MCCLAIN

LASER FARE

From CAV Distributing come Cult Epics' ***The Bettie Page Collection*** ($69.95) and ***100 Girls by Bunny Yeager*** ($69.95), two limited-edition lasers crammed with pin-ups and vintage clips of America's most recognizable faces—and bodies. The Bettie platter includes scenes from the legend's three feature-length Fifties burlesque films—*Striporama*, *Varietease* and *Teaserama*—as well as snippets from her 8mm and 16mm classics. (Some of Bettie's wildest shorts—fetish and bondage sequences, catfights—were previously available only through mail order.) The Bunny Yeager retrospective features more than 200 photos, plus archival footage from Bunny's career as a model turned glam photographer. Six of the 100 women spotlighted here are Playmates—including Lisa Winters and Bettie Page—and Yeager provides the disc's commentary. Call 650-588-2228. —GREGORY P. FAGAN

VIDEO MOOD METER

MOOD	MOVIE
MUST-SEE	***As Good as It Gets*** (angel waitress Helen Hunt saves neurotic scribe Nicholson from himself; fluffy but filling), ***Tomorrow Never Dies*** (007 saves planet from mad media baron; Brosnan's Bond ages nicely, Michelle Yeoh is . . . yow).
ACTION	***Jackie Brown*** (Pam Grier double-crosses scumbuckets; Tarantino's all-star spin on Leonard's *Rum Punch* packs a wallop), ***Welcome to Sarajevo*** (journalists rescue orphan from Bosnian hell; message honed by Harrelson's ganzo zeal).
DRAMA	***Amistad*** (1839: U.S. court weighs legality of bloody revolt aboard slave ship; vivid but somber history lesson from Spielberg), ***Kundun*** (lush, long Dalai Lama biopic via Scorsese; rich camera work, stock theatrics).
COMEDY	***Mouse Hunt*** (bumblers Nathan Lane and Lee Evans try to evict super rodent; charming beyond mere kid stuff), ***Deconstructing Harry*** (ex-lovers dissed in writer's work catch up with him in life; Woody's best self-exam since *Stardust Memories*).
SLEEPER	***The Apostle*** (fallen preacher on the lam rediscovers faith; writer-director Duvall soars gloriously), ***The Postman*** (post-apocalyptic vagabond Costner reboots the country by renewing mail service; dumb, but weirdly inspiring).

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MUSIC

POP

SEAN LENNON'S debut, ***Into the Sun*** (Grand Royal), is influenced more by Antonio Carlos Jobim and Burt Bacharach than it is by his father. It's also damn good. The music career of Sean's half brother, Julian, was stalled by the burden of being the son of a legend, but Sean seems poised to build his own legacy. Melodically, this is a smart, surprising and delicate 13-track collection. Recorded last year in a Manhattan studio and produced by Lennon's girlfriend, Yuka Honda of the band Cibo Matto, *Into the Sun* has a relaxed, intimate sound. The opening composition, *Mystery Juice*, moves from ballad to rock and jazz instrumental in remarkably smooth segues. *Two Fine Lovers* and the title song are softly inviting, with exquisite melodies and harmonies, while *Home* dexterously blends pop and rock. The album ends with a funky jazz piece, *Sean's Theme*, that illustrates how much he's his own man. Even the expected vocal similarity to his father shouldn't distract listeners from Sean's individual vision.

—NELSON GEORGE

Maturity, motherhood and enlightenment can be tough on pop artists. So maybe what's most remarkable about Madonna's ***Ray of Light*** (Maverick) is that it isn't half bad. Working with electronica pro William Orbit, Madonna has organized a great-sounding album without resorting to instrumental clichés. And when she sings about sex (on the boy-toy *Candy Perfume Girl* and the spiritually needy *Skin*) she doesn't let us down. Still, it's hard to trust that this synthesis of Hollywood insights and radio-friendly dance music will solve Madonna's biggest career crisis: What does an impossibly famous person do for an encore? —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

Feeling nostalgic about that great music from the Seventies? Think the Carpenters and Abba were underrated? Maybe so. But the Seventies were also a decade of schlock of the worst order. Slap on ***Seventies Party Killers*** (Rhino) at your next dinner party and watch your guests lose their appetites. See them gag over *Billy, Don't Be a Hero*, choke on *(You're) Having My Baby* by Paul Anka and pass out over dessert to the unbelievably smarmy *Candy Man* by Sammy Davis Jr. If those don't clear the room, nine other horrors are included. All of them were top-ten hits. —VIC GARBARINI

ROCK

Pilgrim (Reprise) may be the nadir of Eric Clapton's once great career. From the lounge singer's quaver in his voice on *Broken Hearted* to his phrasing on much of the rest, Clapton has never sounded worse. Even his guitar cannot rescue him, because it takes a backseat to electronic drumbeats. The first dozen tracks have a concept—a confessional suite about addiction and recovery—but they never come together. This can't be Clapton's true heart speaking.

Sean Lennon's *Into the Sun*.

Lennon gets sunny, Madonna lights up and the Chili Peppers go undercover.

Michael Fracasso's ***World in a Drop of Water*** (Bohemia-Beat) establishes him as a great rock writer. *Hospital* is an anthem for anyone who has ever waited for a loved one to recover. On *Started on the Wrong Foot*, he depicts an adult Buddy Holly at work in a fast-food joint. Fracasso sings like Roy Orbison, and he's good enough to keep up with Kelly Willis on *Change Your Mind*. —DAVE MARSH

Both punk and alternative music often lack a decent groove and a respect for roots. The Red Hot Chili Peppers spice up their thrash with a healthy dose of funk. R.E.M. shows that punks can build on bittersweet Appalachian folk to make alternative music melodic as well as rough. EMI-Capitol has released limited-edition collections by both groups that include rarities, remixes, live tracks and never-before-released material. The ***Essential Red Hot Chili Peppers: Under the Covers*** features 13 examples of what the band did best—punk-funk covers of classic songs, ranging from Robert Johnson's *They're Red Hot* to the Hendrix-influenced remake of Stevie Wonder's *Higher Ground*. They even take on Elton John's *Tiny Dancer*, showing another virtue that is rare among punks—a sense of humor. ***R.E.M. in the Attic: Alternative Recordings 1985–1989*** includes eight live recordings of such classics as *The One I Love*, *Driver 8* and *South Central Rain*, plus obscure covers and remixes. EMI's Essential Series also includes worthy collections by Blondie, the Beach Boys and David Bowie. But grab them fast. Each album will be manufactured for only six months, making them collector's items.

—VIC GARBARINI

R&B

Morcheeba's *Who Can You Trust?* was one of 1996's surprises. The London-based trio's first album is one of the most melodic, accessible releases to have emerged from the UK trip-hop scene. With its impressive second album, ***Big Calm*** (Sire), Morcheeba stretches beyond trip-hop, sounding more like an alternative band. Morcheeba's grasp of blues and funk—and the band's use of creative samples, loops and instrumentation—show considerable growth without the band's having to alter its identity. *Shoulder Holster*, *Part of the Process* and *Fear & Love* are singles, though *Big Calm* will be best appreciated in long, laid-back listening sessions. —NELSON GEORGE

If you think Percy Sledge and Billy Swan are one-shot wonders, you're wrong. Everybody knows Swan's *I Can Help* and Sledge's *When a Man Loves a Woman*. But for a full load of Swan's Southern hospitality, get ***The Best of Billy Swan*** (Epic/Legacy). And for Sledge's Deep South intensity, get ***The Very Best of Percy Sledge*** (Rhino). —ROBERT CHRISTGAU

COUNTRY

The reunion of the Flatlanders is the high point of ***The Horse Whisperer*** (MCA/Nashville) soundtrack. Lubbock, Texas singers Joe Ely, Jimmie Dale Gilmore and Butch Hancock recorded one album in 1972 as the Flatlanders before embarking on successful solo careers. They re-formed as the Hill Country Flatlanders to sing *South Wind of Summer*, a dramatic waltz they wrote for the Robert Redford film. Each of the 11 songs on *Horse Whisperer* echoes some truth about the American West. Other notable tracks include Dwight Yoakam's take on Tex Owens' 1943 *Cattle Call* (with Yoakam's yodels rolling across Tex-Mex accordions), George Strait's fiddle-heavy cover of Gene Autrey's *Red River Valley* and Steve Earle's *Me and the Eagle*. Only a few

contemporary soundtracks corral the mood of a film as well as *Horse Whisperer* does. —DAVE HOEKSTRA

On *House of Secrets*, Mike Ireland creates a seductive sound and lyric that come off as a male version of *Ode to Billie Joe*. Later on his debut album, ***Learning How to Live*** (Sub Pop), he and his band, Holler, recast *Banks of the Ohio* as if the old ballad had happened behind a steel mill. Ireland can sing anything from honky-tonk (*Worst of All* is right out of Webb Pierce) to torch ballads (Johnny Ray's *Cry*), although he makes a specialty of heartbreak. —DAVE MARSH

FOLK

Nobody has ever played the *slagverk*, the *fogsvans* and the *mungiga* better than Hedningarna on ***Trä*** (Northside), its third CD. As Jimi Hendrix was to guitar, as John Bonham was to drums, as Miles Davis was to trumpet, Hedningarna is to these instruments. The three men hammer away with intensity while the two women sing and howl in Swedish. This is folk music for a rave, a Dionysian frenzy with a minimum of electricity and nothing verbal to distract you.

What's That I Hear? The Songs of Phil Ochs (Sliced Bread), a two-CD tribute, revives 28 songs by one of the Sixties' most radical folk singers. Ochs could write and sing with power about many subjects, but the political stuff (such as *I Ain't Marching Anymore*, here covered by Arlo Guthrie) that was so topical then seems timeless now. A nice mix of older and younger singers perform with enthusiasm. Listen to it before attending your next demonstration. —CHARLES M. YOUNG

CLASSICAL

Bang on a Can's ***Music for Airports*** (Point) does more than reproduce Brian Eno's 1978 ambient classic. Using acoustic instruments, the chamber ensemble shows us a work of rare beauty.

The delight in David Amram's ***Triple Concerto*** (Flying Fish) is that you never know what's around the corner. A quarter century after this album's premiere, the references to Charles Mingus and Aaron Copland seem more obvious, but the music still surprises.

William Christie won acclaim for his previous direction of a Rameau opera. With ***Les Fêtes d'Hébé*** (Erato) he again demonstrates the majesty of the French baroque master.

Violinist Rachel Barton has recorded a gem. ***Violin Concertos by Black Composers of the 18th and 19th Centuries*** (Cedille) offers an enchanting look at four virtuosic composers. Barton's playing is delicate yet formidable—especially with the high classicism of Chevalier de Saint-Georges. —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

FAST TRACKS

ROCKMETER

	Christgau	Garbarini	George	Marsh	Young
Eric Clapton *Pilgrim*	3	7	8	4	6
Hedningarna *Trä*	7	7	7	4	9
Sean Lennon *Into the Sun*	7	7	9	4	5
Madonna *Ray of Light*	7	7	8	8	8
Red Hot Chili Peppers *Under the Covers*	7	8	7	7	7

SINK AND SWIM DEPARTMENT: You say you're not tired of *Titanic*? You will be after the tour, the soundtrack sequel, the TV special and the video release—all due in 1998. The tour will feature a 30-minute suite of the soundtrack's composer's themes as well as Irish dance and chamber music from the film.

REELING AND ROCKING: Sophie B. Hawkins is the subject of a documentary, *The Cream Will Rise*. Along with new music, *Cream* features songs from Hawkins' first two albums and an examination of her personal life. She hopes it will be in wide release about the time her next CD, *Timbre*, comes out. . . . The **Mighty Mighty Bosstones** have a song on the *Meet the Deedles* soundtrack CD. They're also on Sesame Street's **Elmopalooza**, singing the *Zig Zag Dance* with the **Count.** . . . Despite threats from **Kurt Cobain's** music publisher, the documentary that caused so much hoopla at Sundance, *Kurt and Courtney*, will get national distribution. Filmmaker **Nick Broomfield** has removed the music that **Courtney** found objectionable. . . . **Sting** co-wrote and performs the theme for **Sharon Stone's** movie *The Mighty*, due out in October. . . . Look for **LL Cool J** in the seventh *Halloween* movie with **Jamie Lee Curtis** and **Adam Arkin.**

NEWSBREAKS: Billy Bragg and **Wilco** are finishing up an album featuring never-before-released lyrics by **Woody Guthrie.** The lyrics were discovered by Guthrie's daughter **Nora.** Bragg says they were written in the late Forties or early Fifties, and calls his project a "genuine collaboration between contemporary artists and the original singer-songwriter." . . . If you are visiting the UK this summer and want to see where Kurt proposed to Courtney or where **Paul** used to walk his sheepdog, you'll need the British Tourist Authority's free pocket-size rock-and-roll map. . . . You have to love **Grace Slick.** A percentage of the royalties from *White Rabbit* are now going to PETA's campaign against the use of rabbits to test household products. . . . Look for a **Verve** tour of North America this summer. . . . Other summer concerts and festivals: Du Maurier Downtown Jazz Festival in Toronto (June 19–28); **Mickey Hart, Bob Weir** and **Phil Lesh** at the Further Festival; **Jimmy Page** and **Robert Plant;** the **B52's** with the **Pretenders; Stevie Nicks** solo; **Alanis Morissette, Janet Jackson** and **Erykah Badu** joining the Lilith ladies. . . . The **American Bandstand** trademark and logo will be used for the first time on CDs sold retail. Bandstand Music will develop and reissue compilations from nearly half a century of **Dick Clark's** rock-and-roll archives. . . . **Depeche Mode** is recording new songs for an as-yet-untitled singles collection. Discussions are also under way for a world tour—the group's first road trip in five years. . . . **Levon Helm, Rick Danko** and **Garth Hudson** are recording a **Band** album in Woodstock. . . . Maybe we'll all get lucky: **Joni Mitchell** toured the West Coast with **Dylan** in May. . . . The **Elton John–Billy Joel** *Face to Face* tour will be the subject of an HBO special at the end of June. . . . **Bush** is recording a new CD for late 1998 release. . . . **Fiona Apple** told *US* magazine that when she was young she thought the coolest job in the world would be to write PLAYBOY's advice column. She imagined the Advisor's office to be "a bunch of smart people who read a lot, sitting around reading through letters: 'Why is my penis green?' 'How can I hook up my car?'" Fiona, we know the answers to both. Call home. —BARBARA NELLIS

WIRED

CALL HOME—FROM ANYWHERE

Whether you're on the North Pole or in Machu Picchu, it would be nice to carry one phone and have one number where anyone can reach you. That will be possible with Iridium, a Motorola-backed global satellite communications service set to debut this fall. Because Iridium uses low-orbiting birds to beam pager messages and voice calls, its phones require less signal strength to make radio contact and, thus, are much smaller than the suitcase-size satellite phones introduced a few years ago. And talk about versatile: If you're in a cellular mecca such as Paris, Iridium will attempt to

STEVE DIMENO

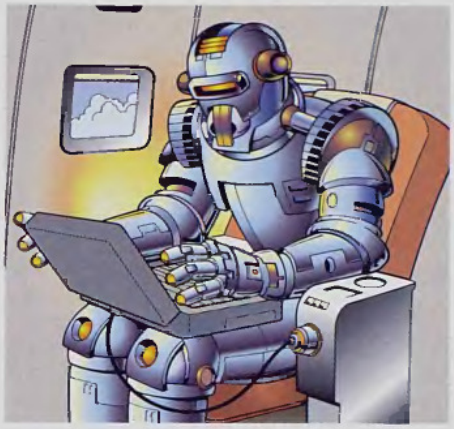
transmit calls via land-based wireless networks before bouncing to satellite. This will save you some cash, as calls placed via satellite cost at least 25 percent more than cellular ones. You'll be able to rent the phones from dealers (fees will vary) or purchase them for up to $3000 each. —DAWN CHMIELEWSKI

BIG BLUE GETS SMARTER

If IBM has its way, the *Jetsons*-style dream home will become a reality for mainstream America. Under a new program called Home Director Professional, Big Blue teams up with contractors to construct computerized intelligent homes. A spin-off of IBM's Home Director consumer software, which enables computer users to operate basic home appliances, lighting and security via their PCs, HD Professional provides contractors with parameters for building single-family homes and condos with a wide array of features. At the heart of IBM's smart home is a computer network that enables households with multiple PCs to share printers, modems and other peripherals. More sophisticated home automation features include video-monitored security systems that mimic your room-to-room lighting sequences when you're away and computerized kitchens that keep inventories and make menu recommendations based on items in stock. Installing a system in a new home, which would include structured wiring, a computer network, basic lighting controls and security, plus the ability to expand automation in the future, starts at $7000. —BETH TOMKIW

FLY THE JUICED SKIES

You're trying to finish that report when your laptop battery drains in the middle of your flight. Don't sweat it—just plug the computer into your armrest. Several major airlines, including United, American and Delta, allow passengers to tap into the plane's power source with a device called the PowerXtender. This $100 cable from Xtend Micro Products comes with two sets of plugs: one for the cigarette lighter in your car, recreational vehicle or boat; the other for an airplane armrest. A voltage regulator takes the plane's 15-volt power supply and converts it to whatever voltage your notebook requires. (Xtend makes more than 500 adapters for new and older laptops.)



BUC ROGERS

This option is currently offered to first- and business-class passengers on international and long-haul planes (mostly 767s). But a two-year plan is under way to power up all domestic planes—including coach sections. —D.C.

WILD THINGS

Call it saving face. Next time you're on one of those monthlong business trips from hell, use Sharp's Mobilon HC-4500 (pictured) to fire off an e-mail—complete with a photo and voice message—to your main squeeze back home. This handheld computer with an optional digital camera card weighs 17 ounces, compared with about six pounds for the average notebook computer. And because it runs Microsoft's Windows CE 2.0 operating system, documents you create on the road are easily transferred to a PC. The price: about $1000 for the computer and $400 for the CE-AGO4 digital camera card.

• Nintendo's Game Boy has been entertaining travelers for almost a decade—and it's about to get better. A Color Game Boy will hit stores this fall. Use it with the new Game Boy Camera, which turns the toy into a digital still shooter. You can't transfer pictures from a Game Boy Camera to a PC, but you will be able to print snapshots on stickers. Sound like kid stuff? Perhaps, but we can think of a few fun adult applications. No price yet on the Color Game Boy, but the camera is $50.

• Iomega's newest computer storage device, the $200 Clik drive, is about the size of a cellular phone and stores 40 megabytes of data on credit card–sized disks that cost $10 each. Iomega has plans to make smaller versions of Clik available to manufacturers of portable devices such as telephones, handheld GPS receivers and digital cameras. —B.T.

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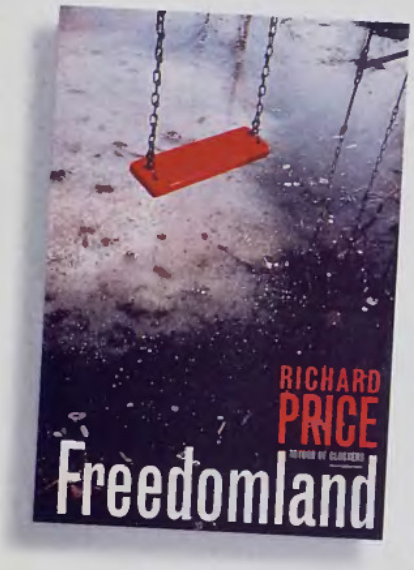
BOOKS

STREET HEAT

Richard Price does a lot of research: ride-alongs with cops, interviews with pushers and knuckleheads, reportorial forays into the inner city—all of which helped him ground his last novel, *Clockers*, in urban reality. His latest offering, ***Freedomland*** (Broadway), is rich with the sort of street details, complex personae and pitch-perfect vernacular that suggests he's kept up his cops-and-robbers ties and neighborhood credentials. *Freedomland* is a tabloid-savvy whodunit involving a carjacking, a kidnapping and the ensuing media frenzy. It is also a riff on race relations in the abutting worlds of working-class whites and ghetto blacks in two New Jersey towns. What's impressive here is how Price manages to keep such issues simmering mostly below the surface—where they belong—while his narrative does its dramatic work. If the book has a flaw, it's that it seems written more with an eye toward the screen than the printed page. This gives the prose an exceedingly visual, dialogue-heavy cast, like that of an elaborate movie treatment. Urban chaos is given a different take in Robert Stone's ***Damascus Gate*** (Houghton Mifflin), a Jerusalem-based thriller in which mad bombers run loose in holy places. This novel rises above its genre in so many smart ways it ought to occupy its own category. Stone is simultaneously lewd, sensitive, plainspoken and deep; in short, the major talent we know him to be. Price's writing leans toward Hollywood; Stone aims higher. —SHANE DUBOW



MAGNIFICENT OBSESSIONS

Why clean up the mess in your house when you can just look at pictures of tasteful domestic order? DK Publishing has an excellent series of workbooks designed to help you rearrange your living space—if you're eventually inspired to get off the couch. They offer plenty of ideas and solutions for design dilemmos. ***Storage,*** by Dinah Hall and Barbara Weiss, might prompt you to diminish the clutter. ***One-Room Living,*** by Sylvio Kotz, offers hope to the urban besieged. Sorah Gavento's ***Home Office*** will help you set up on attractive tax deduction. And ***Kitchen,*** by Johnny Grey, shows plenty of great gadgets and inventive ways to display them. The only problem: Where do we put the books? —LEOPOLD FROEHLICH

SPORTS SHORTS

Now that baseball season is in full swing, search the AM dial for a doubleheader, kick back with a brew and peruse colorman Jon Miller's ***Confessions of a Baseball Purist*** (Simon & Schuster), written with Mark Hyman. Throughout his career, Miller has rubbed elbows with some of baseball's best-known personalities, many of whom appear in this book. He devotes a chapter to Cal Ripken Jr., and Harry Caray receives his due as well. Currently host of *ESPN's Sunday Night Baseball* and announcer for the San Francisco Giants, Miller combines a veteran's knowledge with a fan's enthusiasm. Or maybe golf is your thing. Its occasional tendency toward deification notwithstanding, Tim Rosaforte's unauthorized ***Tiger Woods: The Makings of a Champion*** (St. Martin's) is an often insightful tribute to the game's boy wonder. Now out in paperback, Rosaforte's book is short, as it should be. After all, his subject's brief life hardly needs more. Another golf-oriented tome with a less serious bent is Tom Cunneff's ***Hollywood on the Links: A Collection of the Greatest Celebrity Golf Stories of All Times*** (NTC/Contemporary Publishing). Joe Pesci cusses like a Goodfella on the links. Jack Nicholson is just as handy with his three-iron on the course as off. Dennis Franz is no pansy hump on the greens. Best of all, the hundreds of anecdotes are indexed for quick reference, so you can spend more time practicing your putts. If the bloodless civility of golf makes you snore, pick up *Sports Illustrated* writer Richard Hoffer's ***A Savage Business: The Comeback and Comedown of Mike Tyson*** (Simon & Schuster). Much more than an account of the latest rise and fall of Mike Tyson, Hoffer's book is an astute look at the high stakes of heavyweight boxing and its darkly comic side. A member of the media once asked the boxer during a national conference call: "Mike, is there any truth to the rumors that you've got some eye injury, and, if so, is that from the effects of all those years of Mace during sex?" —MIKE THOMAS

MOTORCYCLE MANIA

Motorcycles in museums! Bottling biker books! Motoculture becomes high culture! Whot will be next? Leather tuxedos? BMW and the Guggenheim Museum are hosting an exhibition on the art of the motorcycle (running from late June through September) thot will have every chief executive in America osking his wife's permission to park a 1939 Triumph Speed Twin in the foyer, or hong a 1911 Flying Merkel over the mantle. If you con't moke the exhibition, buy the companion volume, ***Motorcycle Mania: The Biker Book*** (Universe). Or spend hours polishing the pages of Hugo Wilson's ***Encyclopedia of the Motorcycle*** and ***The Ultimate Motorcycle Book*** (both by DK Publishing). —JAMES R. PETERSEN

RUMPLE MINZE "MISS RUMPLE MINZE" CONTEST OFFICIAL RULES NO PURCHASE NECESSARY. Open to legal residents of the US. Both entrants and people submitting entrants must be 21 years or older as of May 15, 1998. To enter, send a 5"x 7" or 8"x 10" recent color photograph (taken within the last 3 months), one-page biography and include a 3"x5 " card with entrants name, address, daytime phone and date of birth of person nominated. If other than entrant, person nominating entrant must also include their name, address, daytime phone and date of birth on same 3"x 5" card. No nude, obscene or vulgar photographs will be accepted. Mail 5" x 7" card, photograph and one page biography to "Miss Rumple Minze 1998 Contest," 730 Fifth Avenue, 3rd Floor, New York, NY 10019, Attention: Lisa Wu. All entries must be postmarked by July 31, 1998 and received by August 10, 1998. Only one entry per stamped envelope. Sponsor assumes no responsibility for lost, late, damaged, misdirected, illegible, incomplete, inscribed or postage-due mail, entries or other sweepstakes materials, all of which are void. Facsimiles or mechanical reproductions will not be accepted. All entries become the property of the sponsor and will not be returned. Prizes: One (1) Grand Prize will be awarded. Winner will be selected as "1998 Miss Rumple Minze"; trip to Chicago, IL for professional photo session of Playboy Magazine; and photograph made by Playboy featured in a full page Rumple Minze advertising special pictorial feature in a future issue of Playboy magazine. Winner will receive $5,000 upon completion of photo session. Trip to Chicago consists of round trip coach airfare travel between major airport nearest winners residence and Chicago and hotel accommodations for up to two nights in Chicago. Sponsor reserves the right to substitute prizes described above at sponsor's discretion for a prize of equal or greater value. Approximate retail value is $20,000. Person who submits entry of winner, if not winner, will receive a $1,000 cash "finders fee." Drawing: Winners will be determined on or about 8/14/98 by MSA Promotions Group, an independent judging organization and Playboy Enterprises, whose decisions will be final in all matters relating to this Contest. Judging will be based on entrant appearance and personality as revealed by photograph and content of one page biography. Sponsor reserves the right, if deemed necessary and at the sole discretion of the sponsor, to bring any contest entrant to New York, at sponsors expense for a final interview before contest winner is selected. Prize winners will be notified by mail on or about 8/17/98 and will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and liability release within 10 days of notification or prizes will be forfeited and may be awarded to another winner. If any winner cannot be located or does not respond within 10 days, prize will be automatically be forfeited and an alternate winner will be selected. Grand Prize winner also will be required to assign in writing all rights of ownership and reproduction of the photograph, including the copyright to sponsor and provide sponsor with the original negative of the winning photograph. Except where prohibited, acceptance of prize constitutes winner's consent to use his/her name, likeness and biographical data for advertising and promotional purposes without additional compensation. No trip will be purchased for a winner who declines the prize. Trip to Chicago must be taken between August 17, 1998 and August 31, 1998. Final dates will be determined by sponsor at the time winner is notified. If winner cannot travel during these dates and at the time determined by sponsor, the entire prize will be forfeited and awarded to an alternate winner. This contest is open only to residents of the United States who are 21 years or older as of May 15, 1998 except for employees of the following and their families: IDV North America, Inc., MSA Promotions Group, Playboy Enterprises, and their respective affiliates, printers, advertising and promotional agencies, liquor and wine wholesalers and retailers. All federal, state and local laws apply. Void in CA, TX and where ever else restricted or prohibited by law. Prize Restrictions: Prizes are non-transferable, not redeemable for cash and may not be substituted. All federal, state, local taxes, if any, and any expenses related to the acceptance and use of the prizes are winners' sole responsibility. Additional Terms: By participating and signing the official entry form, entrants agree: a) to the official rules and to the decisions of the judges and sponsor which shall be final in all respects; b) to release, discharge and hold harmless, IDV North America, Inc., MSA Promotions Group, Playboy Enterprises and any related companies, their affiliates and subsidiaries and their respective officers, directors and employees from all claims or damages arising out of their participation in the contest and the acceptance, use or misuse of any prizes. Winners List: For the name of grand prize and first prize winners, please send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "Miss Rumple Minze 1998 Contest Winners List", c/o MSA Promotions Group, 561 Broadway, 7th Floor, New York, NY 10012. All requests for the winners list must to be postmarked by 8/21/98, and received by 8/31/98. Sponsor: IDV North America, Inc., One Parker Plaza, Ft. Lee, NJ 07024. 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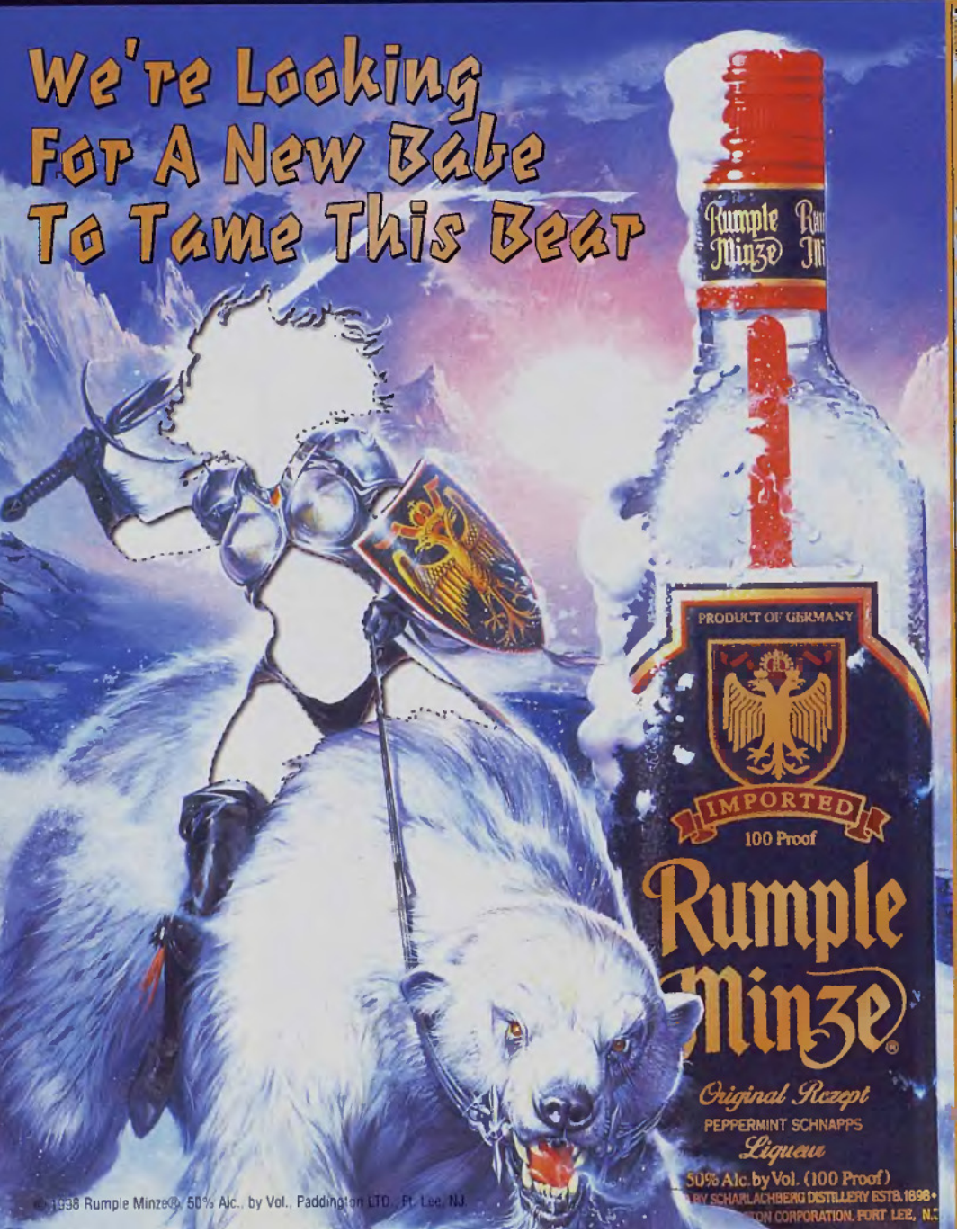

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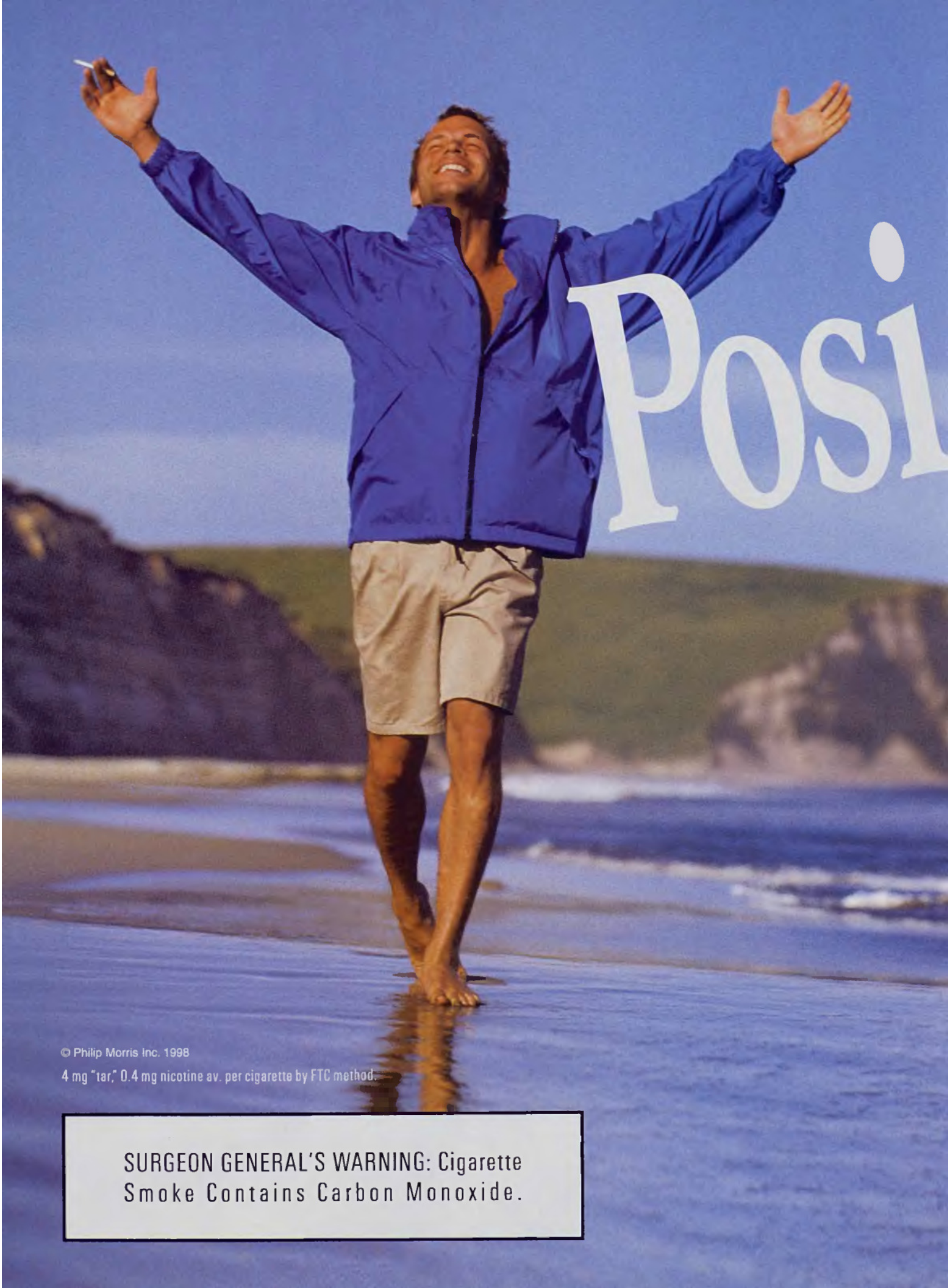

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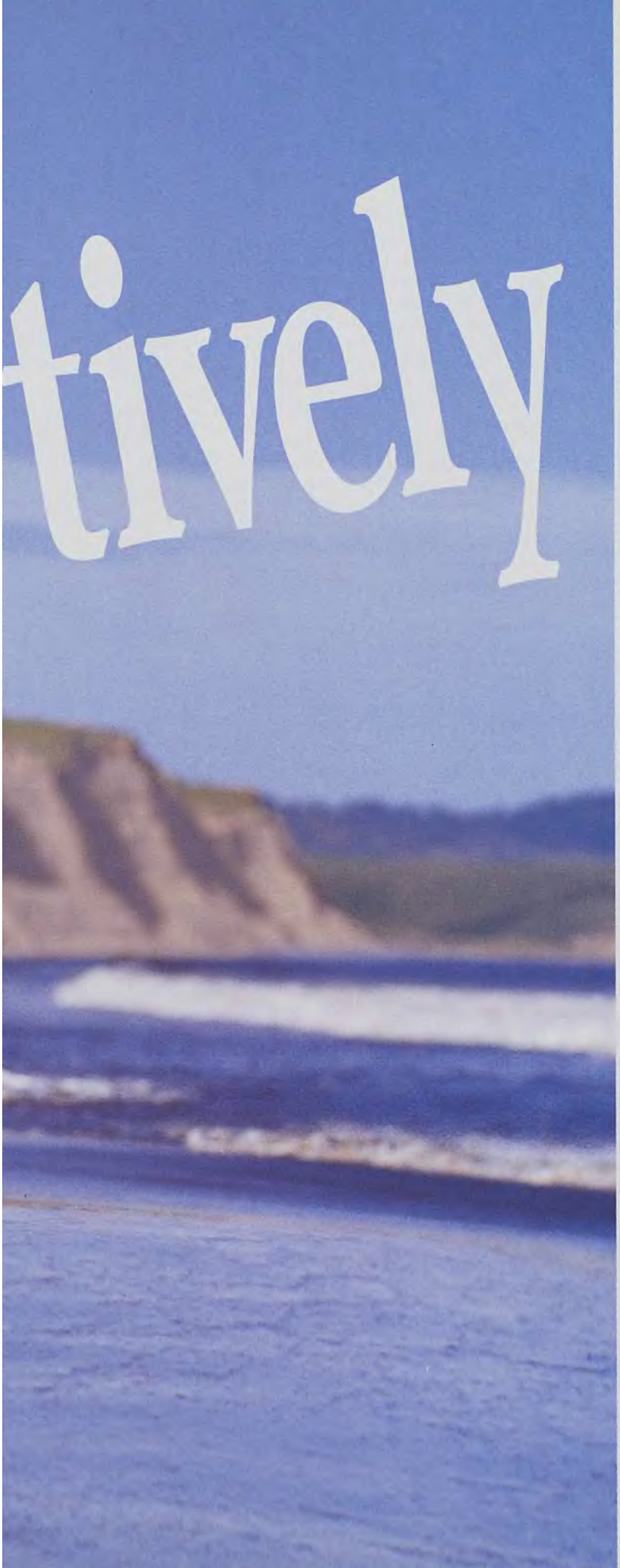

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WHATCHA REALLY, REALLY WANT

If it's sex, read on. A survey of 10,000 adults by the University of Chicago has unearthed some interesting evidence about who gets the most sex. People who listen to jazz, for starters, have sex 30 percent more often than those who don't. Couch potatoes (men who watch lots of TV, especially PBS) report more sexual activity. Extreme liberals get more than conservatives do, by almost one third. If you pack a firearm you are in the higher-sex profile—and that goes for women, too. (Women who own guns are 15 percent more sexually active than those who don't.) Oh, yes—it helps if you make less than $30,000 a year, are undereducated, live in a trailer and smoke and drink. Don't blame us—we only report the facts.

OPEN WIDE

If you're one of the millions of Americans who duck the dentist's chair, take heed. A new study at the University of Minnesota adds evidence to the theory that people who have poor oral hygiene are at increased risk for heart disease. The bacteria in the mouth that cause gum disease can easily invade the bloodstream, which may inflame arteries and clot blood. By blocking arteries that feed the heart or brain, clots can trigger heart attacks and strokes. You can prevent gum disease by brushing and flossing regularly and, of course, by visiting the dentist regularly. But hold on, dentophobes. Getting into the chair these days can be virtually pain-free, thanks to such technological innovations as the DentiPatch. No bigger than a paper clip, the DentiPatch releases an anesthetic into the gums. In five minutes you're numb—without a needle. Check ahead to see if your dentist uses it.

Steve Martin does it the old-fashioned way.

THE RUG DRUG

You've probably heard about the new miracle drug to cure baldness—Propecia. Unlike minoxidil, which is a topical lotion, this is a once-a-day tablet that ups the number of scalp hairs. It fills in thinned areas, but doesn't stop a receding hairline. Does it work? In a third of men tested there was significant improvement. The pill is intended for men only, and women must not use Propecia when pregnant or contemplating pregnancy—birth defects may result. Early concern about loss of libido in a small percentage of men appears unwarranted. "I've never had a patient taking Propecia complain of sexual dysfunction," says Dr. Jerome Shupack, professor of clinical dermatology at New York University School of Medicine. "On the contrary, they're delighted with their new hair growth. Propecia works 30 percent better than minoxidil."

The pills, which have been cleared by the FDA, cost consumers about $50 a month and are available by prescription only.

HOT WORKOUT

Looking for a change from the gym grind? Are you man enough for Pilates? Developed 70 years ago by German emigré Joseph Pilates, this exercise regimen has been the best-kept secret of famous women such as Madonna, Julia Roberts and Uma Thurman and men such as Patrick Swayze, Ralph Fiennes and Wimbledon champ Pat Cash. San Francisco 49ers have used Pilates. It's a mind-body–conditioning program that produces dramatic improvements in posture, strength and body shape. "A lot of guys just want to bulk up," says Pilates trainer Joseph Greco of Fitness Firm in Chicago. "But Pilates makes you a lot leaner and much more symmetrical, while taking inches off the waist and giving you that six-pack you've always wanted." A Pilates session combines floor exercises with a workout on equipment such as the Reformer, a wooden contraption that tones through resistance with springs and cords. Pilates emphasizes correct breathing, body alignment, balance and the muscles in the abdomen and lower back. It's not for wimps. As few as ten sessions should make a difference, boosting your energy level and even increasing concentration (a lot of Chicago Board of Trade traders are Greco's clients). To find a location near you, dial 800-PILATES.

Uma: body by Pilates.

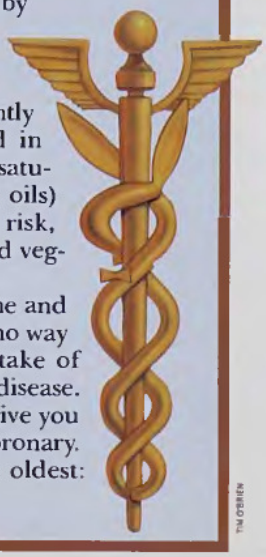
DR. PLAYBOY

Q: I wish doctors would decide which diet keeps people disease-free and living longer. First it was low fat, then it was almost no fat. Any new information?

A: Yes, but it's also confusing. A study reported in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* found that increased total fat intake actually reduced the risk of ischemic stroke—which is caused by a blocked blood vessel—in 832 men whose health was tracked for 20 years.

Different types of fat fared differently in the study. Saturated fats (found in meat and dairy foods) and monounsaturated fats (in canola, nut and olive oils) were associated with lower stroke risk, while polyunsaturated fats (in fish and vegetable oils) were not.

But before you run out for a T-bone and cheesecake, a warning: The study in no way contradicts evidence linking the intake of high levels of saturated fat to heart disease. Lots of red meat and dairy may not give you a stroke, but they could still cause a coronary. Perhaps the best diet advice is the oldest: everything in moderation.



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MEN

By ASA BABER

TIM BOWER

BLIND DATE HELL

Don't tell me you've never done it, stud, because I know better. At some point in your career, you were so desperate and lonely that you took the greatest gamble a man can take and agreed to go on a blind date.

Maybe you were 14 and your Aunt Minnie knew a nice young woman who served tea at your aunt's bridge club. Maybe you were 25 and one of your golfing buddies had a friend of a friend who came highly recommended (so to speak). Maybe you were 40 and recently divorced and a former business colleague said she had a *mamacita* who could tame your restless heart.

The point is, Mister There's-a-Sucker-Born-Every-Minute, you agreed to it. But at the moment you sealed your fate (and long before the appointed hour), you started a depressing dive into blind date hell that every man has experienced at least once in a lifetime, wondering why you committed yourself to such a foolish venture. Whatever happened later, good or ill, it was the waiting that drove you nuts.

To those of you who have been there, I say: Relax. Here on this page you will find the only protocols you will need to survive the blind date. Memorize them, live by them, and the gods of ecstasy and bliss will watch over you through all your dating days.

(1) *Reconnaissance is next to godliness.* This is the first and greatest commandment, but to show you why, let me ask you a simple question. Why is it called a blind date? Because you have never seen your date before, right? Maybe you talked to her on the phone. Maybe you exchanged e-mail. But you do not know how she actually looks as a woman, and therefore you are flying blind.

Granted, you do not view yourself as a superficial person, and you have women friends of all shapes and sizes. But physical appearances do count on a date. The question occurs: What are you going to do if she answers her door and you think she's her father?

This is your biggest fear as you plunge into blind date hell: that she will be butt-ugly, bald as a bowling ball with copious leg hair and 60 tattoos on her face and neck. You tremble at the prospect.

Again, I say: *Relax.* This scenario does not have to be a problem. To solve it, use your imagination and conduct a full-scale, all-out reconnaissance. All you need is to see her before you date her.

How? Here are some of my favorite tactics: (a) Put on clown makeup and deliver birthday balloons to her at work, (b) slap on a wig and mustache and deliver flowers to her home, (c) contact your local police department and all federal agencies and get a copy of her file, (d) hire a U-2 to circle her block at 80,000 feet and get some really cool pictures of her in her backyard, (e) stage an automobile accident in front of her house so she'll run out to see it (but first make sure she's home).

In other words, check her out before you pout. See if she's passable. If she's a nightmare, then you get appendicitis and cancel the date.

(2) *If recon fails, don't go to jail; just be a male who knows how to bail.* Maybe you thought you saw her but you screwed it up and tracked the wrong person. Maybe you didn't have the time to run the proper recon. Or maybe you're a cheap bastard who won't spring for a few balloons or flowers or wrecked automobiles and would rather take his chances. No problem. Your job—now that you see that she looks *exactly* like her father—is to bail out and live to date another day.

How? Try these options: (a) Pretend to have a coronary and fall down at her feet (note: a high-risk ploy because she may know CPR), (b) say that you're really an auditor with the IRS and now you'd like to check her tax returns, (c) pull out the small jar of pig vomit you always keep in your coat pocket and spill it on your shoes while making retching sounds, (d) point toward the sky and ask her if she can see those big, red hoop snakes that have just flown down from the moon and are encircling the earth to smother all of us, (e) pick your nose and drool like a fool while you examine your boogers closely. (Don't forget to drink a lot of water, because drooling dehydrates you rapidly. If boogers are in short supply, add green food coloring to Vaseline and shove a wad of it up both nostrils. That trick has always worked well for me, I promise.)

(3) *What if you want in, not out?* This is the showstopper. What happens if your blind date hell becomes blind date heaven in a flash? What if she turns out to be gorgeous, and, as she opens her door, your perverted little heart goes boom-pety-boom? What if, in the first few seconds, you can tell that she is bright and witty and sexy, and the lovebug bites you right in your aorta and won't let go?

In that case, do what I tell you, and in this precise order: (a) Announce in your best Bogart voice, "OK, Slim, I read Asa Baber's *Men* column about how to get out of blind dates, so don't try any of those tricks with me, understand?" (b) ask her if you can come inside and stay for a couple of years (be prepared to bargain down from there, but don't accept any time limit less than an hour; anything shorter makes you look cheap, and a man has to keep his dignity), (c) ask if you can use her phone, dial a random number and pretend to be shorting 600,000 bushels of Houston hard red winter wheat against future delivery in Kansas City (if she has a seat in the wheat pit, you're fucked, of course, but consider the odds), (d) take a deep breath, cancel your plans for dinner at the local pizza parlor and book a table at a good restaurant, (e) above all else, never forget the words you might hear the next morning as she cuddles with you after an evening of incredible intimacy and sexuality: "I'm so glad you can't tell I'm a transsexual!" Not that there's anything really wrong with that, of course.

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WOMEN

By CYNTHIA HEIMEL

It was the best of times, it was the silliest of times.

It was the end of January 1998. Every TV station was all Monica, all the time. Revered newspapers reported on oral sex, in so many words. Anchormen and anchorwomen were discussing penile shape, blow jobs and perjury. My phone rang. It was my friend Hank. He was cackling madly.

"This just goes to prove what I've said all along," Hank said. "Never underestimate the power of the pussy.

"Think of it. The president of the United States, the most powerful man in the entire world, sees a cute girl and he cannot bring himself to walk past her without stopping. To avert an international crisis, all he would have had to do was keep on going."

"Well, you know what they say in Texas," I said. "The trouble with women is they have all the pussy."

Later that week, I went to my shrink. "Here's what I think," I said. "I think that most guys want to fuck just about everybody. When a guy says he's not attracted to a woman, all that means is that he wouldn't crawl through two miles of sewer to fuck her. He would go half a mile, tops."

"Well," she said pensively, "based on my 20 years of research and experience, I'd say that's pretty much it."

"Fat women?" I asked. "Skinny women, old women, young girls, women with terminal cellulite, women with gigantic hair and tattoos?"

"Don't forget all waitresses," she said.

"Fucking men," I said.

"Why are you feeling that?" she asked, of course.

Because they're sneaky bastards! Because I went through grade school, junior high, high school and decades out in the world before I knew this. Because I have been insecure about my ankles, my tits, my tummy, my nose, my thighs, my fucking eyebrows. And my brain. Mainly my brain. I was afraid I was boring them when they looked at me in that slackjawed way. Now I know it wouldn't matter if I had been reciting multiplication tables. Now I know they were just picturing me naked.

Pisses me off.

And meanwhile, guys have spent too many years wondering if women like them, if women want to sleep with them, worrying that maybe they will never, ever get to touch it again.

GREGORY MILLER

WHO WANTS TO GET LAID?

To all you guys out there who find yourselves in an agony of insecurity, I have something particularly important to say: Keep worrying.

Women are really picky. One tiny little thing, like a pocket protector or an ascot (definitely an ascot), can turn off a woman forever.

This doesn't mean, however, that women have less interest in getting laid. Pretty much everything a woman does is in the service of finding a man she wants to fuck. The salad eating. The agonizing over paint chips. The face cream. The self-improvement books. The air-popped corn. All details are crucial, including nail color (French manicure? Pink for innocent? Red for sexy? Blue for mentally ill? Matte? Metallic?). Because when a woman finds a man she really wants to fuck, she wants to keep him around. This is the hard part, the part that makes us buy self-help books by the stupefyingly moronic Dr. Laura.

The only time women are not trolling for the ultimate cosmic fuck of their entire lives is when they go to flea markets or antique fairs. The purpose of flea markets and antique fairs is to let a woman stroll hither and thither without having to hold in her stomach.

The crucial truth is that the reason for every human's existence is to get laid as much as possible. You've heard of propagation of the species. Our bodies are simply vessels for our nasty, greedy genes, which want to trample everybody else's genes under their tiny gene feet. (Read *The Selfish Gene*, by Richard Dawkins, and you will see I'm right, except about genes having feet.)

If one takes existence down to the biological floor, one can easily see why certain really annoying human patterns emerge.

Who seems to have built all the buildings, composed all the music, painted all the art, figured out carburetors, dug gold mines? Fucking men, that's who. Why? Because they wanted to get laid. Rock-and-roll stars? As Robbie Robertson said in *The Last Waltz*, they're in it for the pussy. You think David Kelley writes 17 television series every season because he enjoys hanging with network execs? He knew that it was the only way to get Michelle Pfeiffer into bed.

Where does that leave us women? Screwed, of course. I won't even go into the patriarchy, with its women-as-chattel-who-are-not-even-permitted-to-learn-to-read-let-alone-own-property agenda. Fuck that, we're not there anymore. What about the fact that every time a woman writes a poem or builds an airplane, men give her the hairy eyeball? Women lawyers, doctors and chief executives are, on a daily basis, knocked out of the way as men stampede toward cocktail waitresses.

Women become intellectual and powerful despite the fact that this drastically lowers our chances of getting laid. This is so heroic and brave and unfair that it's no surprise that sometimes we get despondent.

So we really enjoy a good, ironic laugh.

A man works as hard as he can, steps on other men's heads, pulls himself up by any bootstrap he can find so that he can have as many women as possible. If he's really, really good at it, maybe he gets to be the president of the United States. Which means he is the alpha male of the human pack. His genes are raring to go, demanding to multiply. If he doesn't go after every girlish intern who bats her eyelashes at him, he is clearly out of his mind. And do we want a crazy man with an entire military complex at his disposal?

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MONEY MATTERS

By CHRISTOPHER BYRON

Is inflation really dead? The recent news that Donald Trump put a $17 million price tag on a Manhattan penthouse that may have cost him no more than $4.6 million a couple years back makes you wonder. This month I'll suggest how you might make a buck out of inflation for rich folks.

Wall Street's runaway bull market has fueled enormous increases in salaries and bonuses for Wall Street investment bankers, sports figures and entertainment celebrities—as well as in the values of stock options and similar perks for corporate executives. But there aren't a lot of new toys in the world for a rich man to buy that weren't available a decade ago. And what's the point in having a net worth with more digits than a telephone number if there's nothing to spend the money on? So we come face-to-face with what is taught in Economics 101 as a fundamental cause of inflation: too much money chasing too few goods and services. In this case, of course, only the rich get hit. The prices of those yachts and private jets and lizard cowboy boots just keep going up.

Eager to cash in on opportunities among America's new class of overnight millionaires, the marketing geniuses of American business are again promoting the message that price is the best measure of value. This pitch was supposed to have passed into history with the Eighties, but it's back, gaudier and more in-your-face than ever. Browse the newsstands and you'll see new magazine titles such as *Millionaire* ("The Art of Living Well") and *Luxe*—created to celebrate the notion that financial exhibitionism is again a legitimate art form.

Trump's ex-wife Ivana has plans for a cable TV programming service called the Fifth Avenue Channel. Its raison d'être: that rich folks now have so much money—and so little free time—that they'll actually buy $5800 Adler billiard tables the same way shut-ins buy zircon on the Home Shopping Network.

By recent standards in the radioactive New York City real estate market, one might argue that Trump's $17 million asking price for his ten-room condo is downright reasonable. Other (arguably less impressive) New York apartments recently have changed hands for as much as $27 million. In an attempt to explain what would seem to be an utterly incomprehensible $27 million price

ROBERT MYERS

HIGH-INCOME INFLATION

for a duplex on Fifth Avenue a few blocks north of the Plaza, one real estate agent said: "It's the last status symbol, the confirmation you have arrived, to own a perfect place on Fifth or Park Avenue." But New York isn't the only place where trophy real estate has shot through the roof. Consider Sly Stallone's Miami mansion. Stallone paid $8 million in 1993 for what his real estate agent suggests was a 24,000-square-foot fixer-upper set on 11.7 acres. Stallone put in a gym, some waterfalls and whatnot, and now has it back on the market for $27.5 million. "The land alone is worth $15 million to $17 million," says the real estate agent.

And we're not just talking real estate. Want a boat? The most prestigious recreational-boat builder in the U.S. is Hatteras Yachts of New Bern, North Carolina. A decade ago, the biggest vessel the company built was a 70-foot cruising yacht. In 1994 the base price of such a vessel, new from the manufacturer, was $1.5 million. Hatteras continues to build the same boat, only now it's four feet longer and $1 million more expensive.

"The trend is to get bigger and bigger," says Karl Kemppainen of Hatteras Yachts. During the Nineties, Hatteras developed a custom program and now builds monsters from 92 feet to 130 feet in length. The base price is $8 million.

It's simple to see why businesses are being drawn to the luxury end of the market. At the high end of the market you sell image more than substance. That means your only significant new costs involve advertising and promotion.

Consider the Halo 36 Total Digital Entertainment Center, a product advertised in *Millionaire*. The ad doesn't list a manufacturer or distributor. Instead, the ad provides a phone number in Bryan, Texas that is connected to an answering machine. The entertainment center itself consists of a 50-inch projection-TV monitor, a CD-ROM, a desktop computer and some stereo speakers. You can spend $19,000 for this entertainment center as packaged by Halo, but the individual components, if purchased separately, would cost nowhere near that amount.

As an investor, can you make a buck out of this? Bear in mind that the image business will probably boom only so long as the stock market booms. You can grab a little back eddy of the yachting market by investing in West Marine Inc., the nation's leading distributor of supplies and accessories to the industry. The stock took a whack last year after West Marine ran into difficulties in its takeover of a rival, but its future looks bright.

If the upscale-resort game appeals to you, take a flier on Four Seasons Hotels, which operates hotels and resorts worldwide. Or, if expensive threads are your thing, there's Saks Holding Corp., owner of Saks Fifth Avenue. You might also try Neiman Marcus Group, which operates specialty retailing stores, including Bergdorf Goodman. And there's Steinway Musical, the company that makes the pianos of the same name. Without a Steinway no rich person's home may be said to be complete—even if no one in the family can play it.

These companies do well when folks have money in their pockets. And because they depend on high-end clientele for their businesses, they do best when rich folks are spending fast. How long that situation will last is anybody's guess. But right now, high-income inflation has them spending like mad. So give it a shot. What the hell, it's only money anyway, right?

You can reach Christopher Byron by e-mail at cbscoop@aol.com.

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MANTRACK hey...it's personal

Beetle Juiced

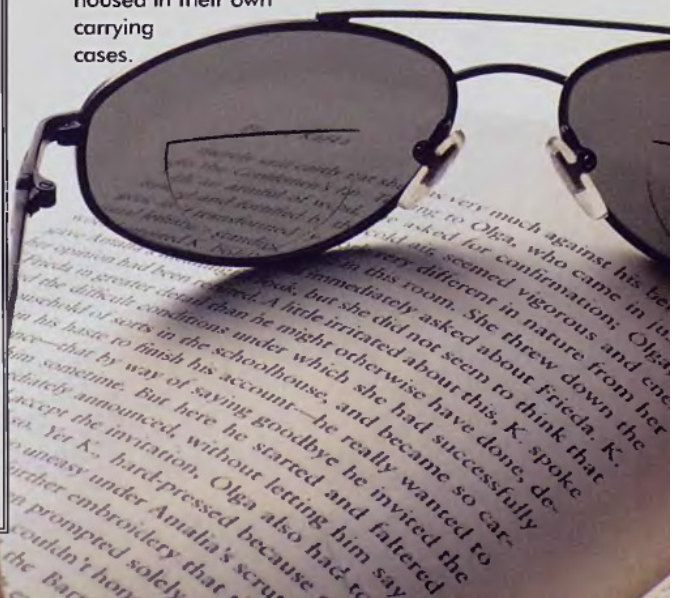
If you're looking for a traffic stopper, forget a Ferrari. Volkswagen's New Beetle took our grin meter to the max, rivaling the Plymouth Prowler in smiles per mile. Even though the new Bug looks as if it's a runoway from Toys R Us, it drives like a real car. Bucket seats, a bud vase, a passenger grab-handle and o cramped backseat that converts to o hatch will take you back to VW's Herbie era. But the four-wheel disc brakes, front and side air bags, air-conditioning and six-speaker stereo system are definitely of the Nineties. Independent suspension barrowed fram the Golf allows you to toss the car into a tight turn at speeds that would have toppled the old rear-engine model. (The motar is naw up front, and it's water cooled.) Choose from a turbo diesel model or—better still—one powered by a 115-hp four-cylinder engine that will get you from zero to 60 in 10.6 seconds. ABS brakes and an automatic transmission are optional, as are several packages that include heated front seats, cruise control and a leather-wrapped steering wheel. Base price for the new Bug is $15,200. A peppier 150-hp gas turbo model is due soon (and there's talk of a convertible and an all-wheel-drive version), but you may not want to wait. Order yours in red, white, black or yellow, or check out a metallic option in silver, bright blue, green or dark blue.

Hot Town, Hot Wheels

The Strip isn't Las Vegas' only fast track. The Derek Daly Performance Driving Academy at the Las Vegas Motar Speedway packs more of a rush than making your point at the craps tables at Caesars. Nemesis Formula SC99 race cars are the vehicles of choice. A variety of instructional programs are available, ranging from the $475 Half-Day Formula Race Car Introduction ("For those who just want to feel what it's like to drive a single seater," says Daly), to the Three-Day Formula Race Car School ($2195), where you'll learn advanced car control, spend time on the track's technique oval and generally get the bejesus scared out of you. (When you graduate from the three-day program, you can apply for a Sports Car Club of America regional license.) But if you have only one day to spare, the abbreviated Formula Race Car School ($B95) is a smart buy. It gets you plenty of classroom instruction plus a minimum of three hours' track time on the technique oval and road course. You'll experience using the proper racing line, downshifting correctly, braking properly and using the "heel-toe" technique.

The Eyes Have It

Want to read the *Rogue Warriar* series at the beach without having to remove your designer shades? Check out Optx 20/20 reading lenses, which consist af crescent-shaped pliable plastic pieces that adhere ta any style of sunglasses. The lenses ($25 a pair) are reusable, come in six strength levels (+1.25 ta +3.0) and are housed in their own carrying cases.



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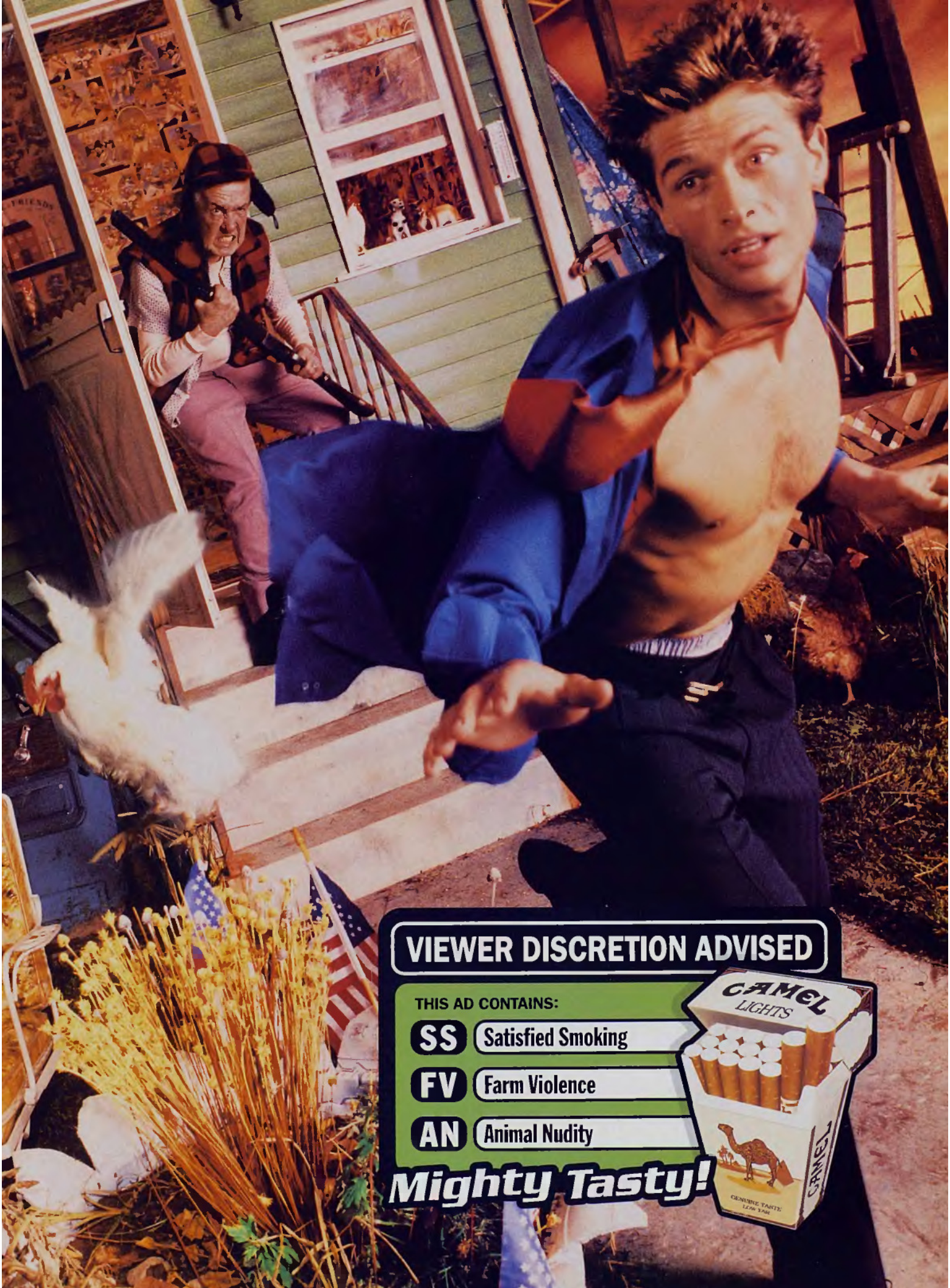
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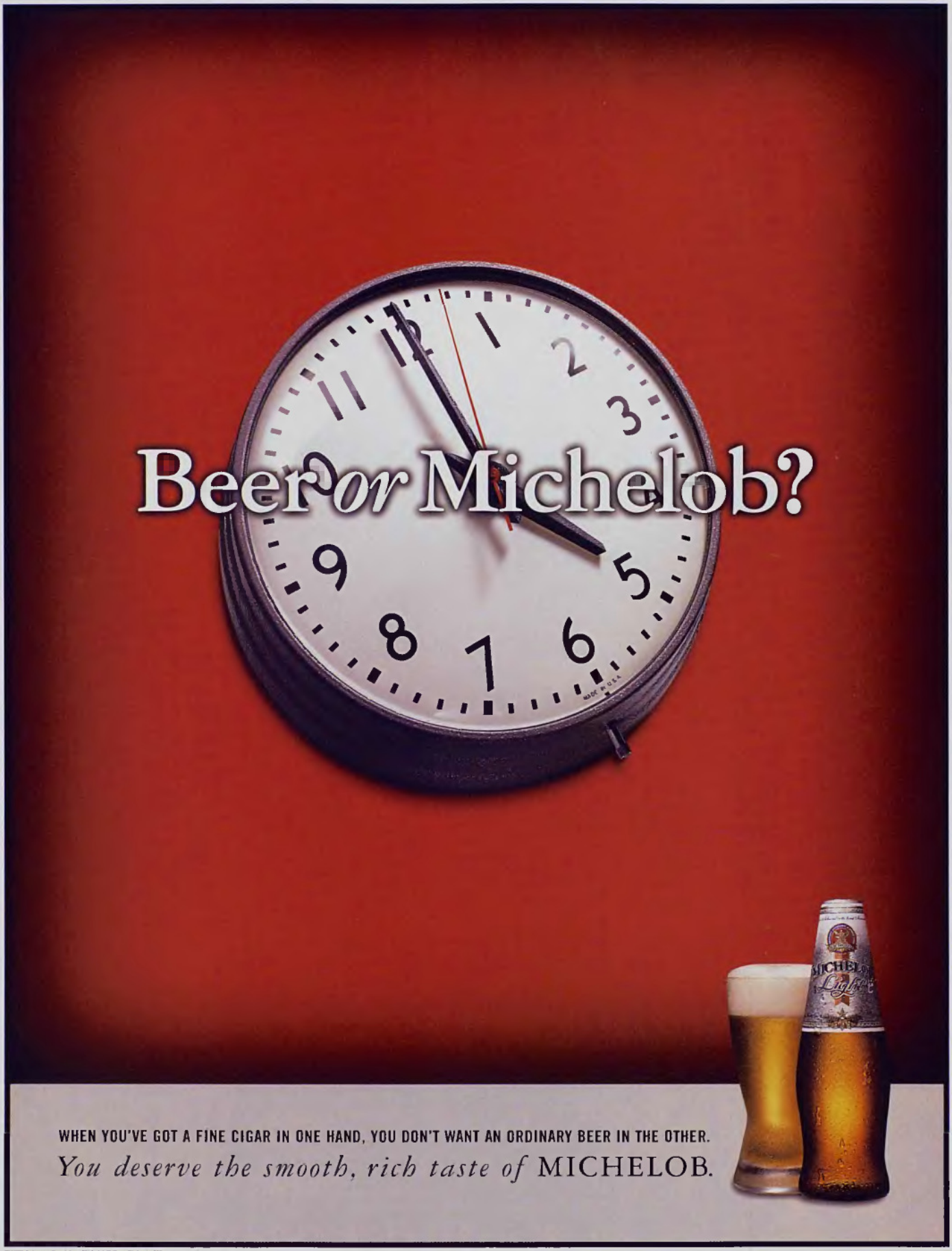
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Make Ours a Martini

Since it was introduced in 1986, Riedel's Vinum line of mochine-blown wineglasses has been considered the definitive stemware for serving different wine varieties. Now that the mortini hos been resurrected, Riedel hos introduced the classic silver bullet glass (pictured above) in 24 percent crystal. Price: obout $20 at fine wine merchonts notionwide.

Clothesline: Andy Richter

Andy Richter is the sidekick on *Late Night With Conan O'Brien*, but when it comes to fashion he's no second banana to his boss. Richter recently trimmed 55 pounds from his 6'2" frame, so he wos delighted when the show's stylist set him up with o personol shopper at Saks Fifth Avenue. His favorite ocquisition: o wool double-breosted pinstripe "gongster suit" by Corneliani. He wears it with o muted-orange dress shirt from Ascot Chong ond o Krizia tie that "looks like the trim on Heidi's lederhosen." On his size-12EEE feet, Richter fovors the forest-green nubuck oxfords by Alfred Sargent he bought on sale at Tootsie Plohound in Manhattan. For casuolweor, Richter just purchosed o pair of block leather unlined ponts from the Leather Man on Christopher Street between Bleecker and Hudson in Greenwich Village (where "you con admire their nifty collection of sex toys while your pants are being hemmed").

Seeing Is Believing

Nikon is synonymous with cameras, but not mony people know that its optics division has been around for 80 years. To commemorote its anniversary, the company has introduced o 6x15 Porro prism binocular (near right). The exterior is identical to the original model's, but the optic innards are contemporory. A close-focus distance of only 6½ feet mokes it ideol for sporting events, the theater or your fovorite gentlemen's club. Price: obout $390. While the Porro prism celebrotes the past, another new Nikon binocular, the 8x42 Venturer LX (far right), looks to the future with o new eyepiece lens design thot offers superior shorpness ond clarity as well as o completely flot viewing field. Its $2000 price is quite contemporary too.

Keeping Mr. Happy Happy

Biker numbness (which could leod to impotence) is on the rise. Doctors have discovered that the problem is caused by putting one's body weight on the orteries ond nerves to the penis. The Italian-mode Biko adjustable saddle pictured here helps alleviote the problem by elevoting the rider's position half on inch obove the seat's horn, thus distributing pressure from the perineal area to the butt bones. It also feotures seat pods thot are adjustoble in width to four positions for more support ond extra comfort. The price: $50.

Swing Time Without the Schlepping

Tiger Woods hos Fluff Cowens, but you have Golf Club Valet, the first nationwide golf club rental service that delivers premium clubs to your hotel and whisks them owoy after the last putt has been sunk. Callaways, Cobras, Pings, Titleists, Tour Edges, Odysseys ond others are ovoilable in o variety of shaft lengths and flexes—along with clubs for lefties, seniors and women. Volet's top-of-the-line rental package, which includes o Titleist titonium driver, Cobra Ti woods, Cobro II irons ond o Ping putter, goes for $42 o day. Other packages cost os little os $25. You can also put together your own set, or customize o package for an additional charge. It's best to coll obout o week in advance to ensure that you get your clubs on time. Coll 888-846-5318 for more information or to reserve your set of clubs.

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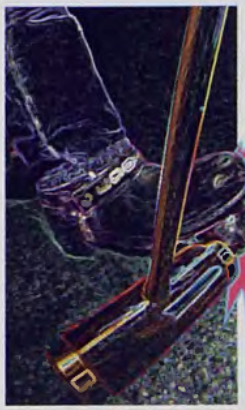
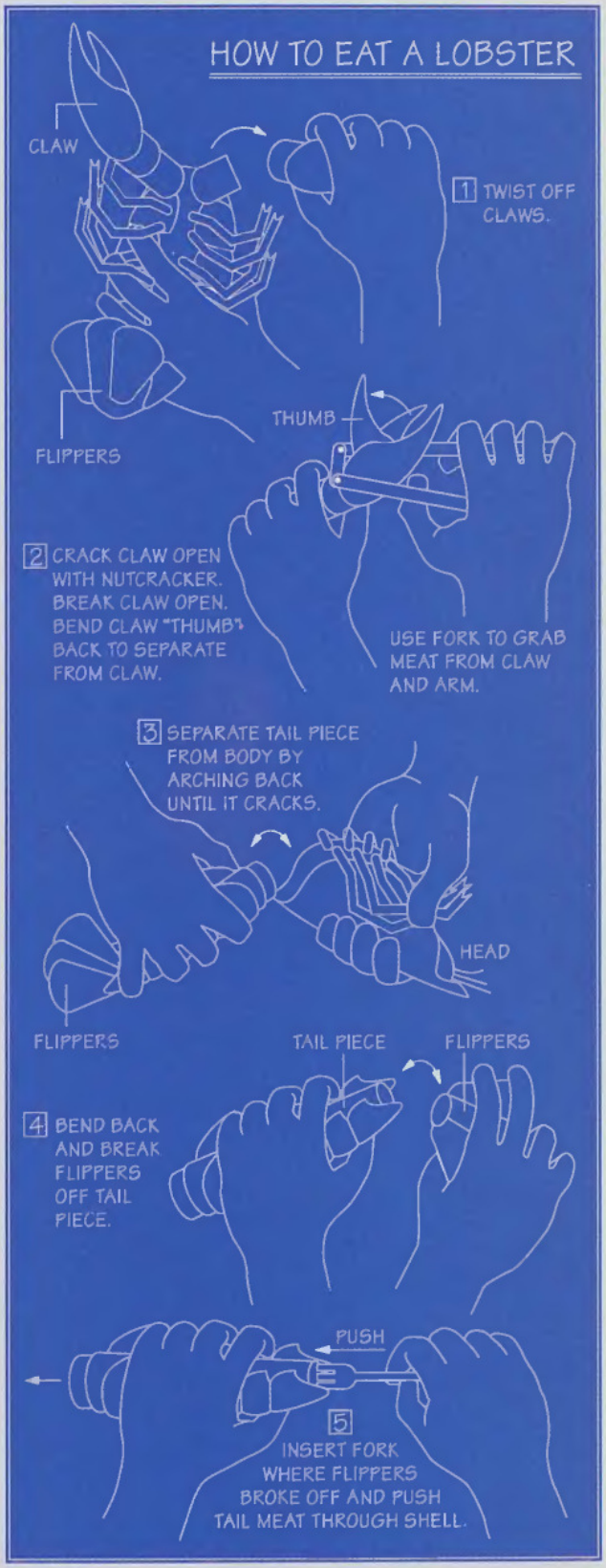


Croquet at Any Cost

The United States Croquet Association has more thon 3600 members, and none of them has ever been suspended for cheoting. "Nothing can be done to a cheoter, because strikers ore on an honor system," observes Michoel Mehas, one of the country's highest-ranking players. Offenses include double-topping the ball, or favorably placing a boll that hos rolled off the court. Etiquette olso requires quiet during your opponents' turns. Thot hosn't kept Mehos, called the "bad boy of croquet," from meditative chanting on the sidelines. But the sport's all-white dress code is inviolable. Mehos was banned from USCA title events for a year becouse he strolled onto the playing field in black tennis shoes.

The Wines of Summer

When the temperature is worm and the mood is light, you may find yourself with o taste for a less demanding wine. While the oaky, complex French chordonnays are fine in cooler months, we prefer Bourgogne aligoté in July. It is the only nonchardonnay white wine ollowed in Burgundy, and although it is a secondary grope variety, the wine is very pleasant when drunk young. Similarly, check out the sauvignon bloncs of the Groves region. The Châteou Carbonnieux, for example, is a crisp, elegant wine that hos a spicy character without losing its lightheortedness. When having seafood—including shellfish—try a Sancerre from the Loire Valley or a steely Chablis villoge wine (the 1996s are exceptionally good). The French take the month of August off—they are experts at vacationing—and cases of these wines are likely their only form of heavy lifting.


HOW TO EAT A LOBSTER
CLAW
1 TWIST OFF CLAWS.
FLIPPERS
THUMB
2 CRACK CLAW OPEN WITH NUTCRACKER. BREAK CLAW OPEN. BEND CLAW "THUMB" BACK TO SEPARATE FROM CLAW.
USE FORK TO GRAB MEAT FROM CLAW AND ARM.
3 SEPARATE TAIL PIECE FROM BODY BY ARCHING BACK UNTIL IT CRACKS.
HEAD
FLIPPERS
TAIL PIECE
FLIPPERS
4 BEND BACK AND BREAK FLIPPERS OFF TAIL PIECE.
PUSH
5 INSERT FORK WHERE FLIPPERS BROKE OFF AND PUSH TAIL MEAT THROUGH SHELL.

Art of the Shell

Dismantling and eating o boiled lobster is one of the greot joys of summer. Use the easy-to-follow blueprint obove to get the most out of the experience. There ore crustocean fanatics who suck the meat from the legs and sovor the green tomalley. But if you're that hungry, just order another lobster.

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 150

We care about you. Sign up for a Motorcycle Safety Foundation rider course today (for info call 1-800-447-4700). Ride with your headlight on and watch out for the other person. Always wear a helmet, proper eyewear and appropriate clothing. Insist your passenger does too. Protect your privilege to ride by joining the American Motorcyclist Association. ©1998 H-D.

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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

My girlfriend and I have been dating for 18 months. Three weeks ago, after a particularly good night of lovemaking, we began talking about what it might be like to be married. We both decided it was something we wanted. As soon as we announced the engagement, she began planning the wedding. Meanwhile, I've been preoccupied with doubt. The stress has paralyzed me; I can't sleep, and it's affecting my work. Before I asked her to marry me, I remember thinking, You're never going to do any better. Now, when I see a woman more attractive than my girlfriend, I think, Could I have her? I'm only 22, and I don't know if I'm ready to commit for the rest of my life. I'm also not one of those guys who tells himself, If it doesn't work out, we'll just get divorced. On the plus side, I trust her and care deeply for her, and ours is the most open and honest relationship I've ever had. I'm so confused, and that can't be how I'm supposed to feel. Tell me how to know if this is right.—W.T., Baltimore, Maryland

We'd be more concerned if you didn't have second thoughts. Marriage is a huge decision. Your fiancée likely has similar doubts. Tell her about your concerns, and that you'd like to extend the engagement. Your age, the length of your relationship and the fact that great sex prompted the proposal all point to the wisdom of waiting. (If your fiancée doesn't want to discuss it, what does that say about your "open and honest relationship"?) Find a counselor who can help you both focus on what you want out of life and a life together. Don't be afraid that you'll "ruin everything" by speaking out; couples who discuss their fears about marriage often find that it strengthens the relationship. (Other times it ends it, but those are the stakes.) Finally, don't ask your married friends for advice. Most will tell you they "just knew" their partners were "the one." They have faulty memories.

My entire life I have been coping with the size of my penis. It's not the problem you'd think. I'm endowed to the tune of ten or 11 inches. This has always been a terrible inconvenience, especially when I try to conceal my penis under clothes, and I dread climbing out of a pool. It also cramps my sex life. Several lovers have said sex is uncomfortable or painful, which makes me feel brutish. (I usually have to spend half an hour massaging their abdomens afterward.) Some women have refused to have sex with me after I've taken off my pants. My current girlfriend is five feet tall and weighs 88 pounds. It is almost impossible for us to make love. I would like men who consider themselves inadequate to know that there is nothing glorious about being

huge.—C.A., Virginia Beach, Virginia

You're not the first guy with this problem. In the 17th century, a French doctor recommended that the well-endowed man wear a doughnut-shaped piece of cork at the base of his penis to keep him from bumping his partner's cervix. Given the present-day shortage of cork doughnuts, you may have to experiment instead with different positions. Your girlfriend may enjoy femoral lovemaking, in which she climbs on top of you and rubs her labia along your well-lubed erection. The woman-on-top position also allows her to control the depth of penetration. If necessary, place pillows under her knees to elevate her. Or use pillows to raise her hips as she lies on her back, which allows your penis to follow the curve of her vagina. In some positions, you can place the tip of your erection into the space below the cervix known as the posterior fornix. Some couples report that this allows several more inches of penetration. Given your experience, it may be hard to believe that some women like large cocks. In "Playboy's Real Sex" (800-423-9494), model Shannon Harinck notes that "there's something to be said for being filled all the way up."

Every bottle of wine I pick up has a warning on the label that reads "Contains sulfites." Are sulfites dangerous? Do they affect taste? The wines I've seen in Europe don't say anything about them.—R.E., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

A small amount of sulfur dioxide occurs naturally during fermentation. Winegrowers add a bit more, as they have for centuries. It breaks down into sulfites, which act as a preservative, keeping the wine from losing its flavor and color. Vintners are required by law to add the warning to bottles of wine sold in the U.S. that contain anything but the bare minimum. The ten-year-old law protects the relatively few asthmatics who react badly to sulfites. (The vast majority of people can consume sulfites with no ill effects.) A common fallacy is that sulfites bring on the headaches some people get after drinking red wine, but reds have the least amount of sulfites. White dessert wines have the most.

After ending a stagnant four-year relationship, I rediscovered my passion for giving head. I use several techniques. First, I lick my partner's testicles with slow, steady strokes, then take each one gently into my mouth, sucking and nibbling. I then lick my way up his shaft, telling him how delicious he looks. As I become aroused watching him get aroused, I let him watch as I wet my fingers inside myself and wrap them around his erection, taking it into my mouth. While bobbing my head, I flick my tongue around and under the head. I also try licking his testicles while his entire penis is in my mouth. I alternate these techniques throughout the blow job, and that's where the problem lies. In the past, my partners told me which technique they liked best, and I used that steadily to make them come. When I ask my new boyfriend what feels exceptionally good, he won't specify. He says he likes everything. I've always thought repetition of one technique leads to better climaxes. Am I wrong?—B.T., Fresno, California

You sound all right to us. There's nothing more frustrating than having a partner change positions or lose focus just when he or she has found a groove. That's why most people prefer constant pressure and repetition as they near orgasm. Your boyfriend probably does too, but he's wise to keep you guessing. The question he wants you to ask yourself isn't "How can I make him come?" but "How many different ways can I make him come?" Enthusiasm and variation are at the heart of your technique, and if he gives you a map, you may be tempted to take the same route every time. That's no fun, especially when you're with a woman who can deep-throat you and lick your balls at the same time (or at least enjoys trying).

Can you shed some light on CD-Rewritable drives? Do they let you create your own audio CDs? If so, can they be played on a standard CD player?—K.L., Omaha, Nebraska

We're waiting for rewritable karaoke before we invest. You can record a compact disc with up to 74 minutes of music using a CD-RW drive. However, you won't be able to play it back on your car or stereo CD player. The reflectivity of a CD-RW (15 percent to 25 percent) is far below the reflectivity

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

required by a conventional CD player (40 percent to 70 percent). The immediate solution might be to purchase a CD-Recordable drive. You can't record over a CD-R disc when you tire of your dance mix, but blank discs are much less expensive than rewritables ($3 versus about $25). In the meantime, expect to see more stereo components (such as one made by Philips) that record to CD-Rs and CD-RWs. If you purchase a CD-RW drive for your computer, be sure it offers packet writing. That allows you to save several files to the 650-megabyte disc, then add more later. Without it, you can copy info only to blank discs.

Six months ago I met a 25-year-old woman who I believe is asexual. She's a virgin who denies ever having had sexual feelings. She's never touched herself. She says she has never wanted sex or even thought about it. She has an almost prepubescent view toward kissing, i.e., "That stuff is wet and slimy." She says she never knew she was different until I brought it up. But I also think she's feeling the first tinges of attraction toward a guy (me). We hold hands, but kissing is still out. I have never met anyone like her, and I'm wondering if dating will be futile. What do you think?—F.R., Riverside, California

We respect anyone's right to delay sex, but to view kissing as "slimy" seems more ignorant than innocent. Since you seem to enjoy this woman's company, we'll give her the benefit of the doubt. After lying dormant for so long, her sexuality might pack the punch of El Niño. Your patience and understanding could be what she needs to discover an important part of her life. On the other hand, dating her could be a long, frustrating experiment. If her claims are true (she may have been sexually abused as a child or experienced some other horror), she has managed to turn away a force of nature. That's no small feat. Even the most repressed, antisex zealots manage to get aroused once in a while, if only for procreation. You need to decide how important physical intimacy is to the relationship. If it is important, how long are you willing to wait?

My wife heard somewhere that frequent intercourse can take years off a person's life. The theory is that rushing hormones speed up the aging process and knock down the immune system. Is that true? Please respond soon.—T.C., Green Bay, Wisconsin

We've heard the opposite. Research suggests that the more orgasms a man has, the longer he'll live. As PLAYBOY *reported in May, scientists reached this conclusion after studying 918 middle-aged men from the Welsh village of Caerphilly. Between 1979 and 1983 they gave each man a physical exam and included questions about how often he had sex. Ten years later the scientists found that the men who said they had sex twice a week were half as likely to have died as those who had sex once a month. The researchers joked that "intervention programs could be considered, perhaps based on the exciting 'at least five a day' campaign aimed at increasing fruit and vegetable consumption." If you're tempted to use these findings to get laid ("baby, I can't live without you"), keep in mind that they may only prove that healthy people have more sex than sick people do.*

I'm one of your Japanese readers. This past spring I was transferred to an office in Sendai, which is two hours from Tokyo by bullet train. My girlfriend lives in Tokyo with her parents, so it has never been easy for us to date. The night before I moved, we finally made love. She found a way to get out of the house and came to my farewell party. It was a wonderful night. Last month I returned to Tokyo on an overnight business trip. I called my girlfriend from the bar of the hotel. We shared a drink, and at one point I put my room key on the table. She looked puzzled. "Wasn't tonight just for dinner?" she asked. I told her we could order room service. She became quiet. I ended up sleeping alone, an opportunity wasted. What was on her mind? Should I have asked her to stay in a different way?—L.R., Sendai, Japan

Consider the situation from your girlfriend's perspective. She misses you. You come into town for a quick visit, and you want to see her. But there's a catch: You want to see her naked. There's nothing wrong with your desire to sleep with her, especially in a long-distance relationship where the opportunity doesn't present itself often. But your girlfriend felt uncomfortable with your not-so-subtle hint that you wanted her for a quickie in a rented bed. The next time you return to Tokyo, ask to see her with no expectations of anything but her company. (And have none, as difficult as that may be.) You might be surprised at what you learn about her and the relationship when you aren't intent on getting laid. You also may find she's more open to sharing your bed if that's not the only reason she's there.

I'm a 25-year-old trucker, married, with three kids. What I need in the worst way are some erotic audiotapes. Since I'm away from home so much, I masturbate a lot. Do you know where I could find tapes of a sexy-voiced woman encouraging me?—T.D., Las Vegas, Nevada

We can offer a few suggestions, but only if you promise to keep both hands on the wheel. Aren't you overlooking the obvious? Record your wife describing what she would do with you if you were home, or what she's doing to you at the moment. Next, have her weave a few sexual fantasies. Add some sensual background music, if that's your taste. (While you're at it, record a tape for your wife to keep her company while you're away.) You could also record the audio from a few adult videos and have your wife provide a play-by-play narration in her best "fuck me" voice. For professionally produced erotic tapes, contact Passion Press (800-724-3283).

A couple of years ago the Advisor wrote about pills that could be taken the morning after intercourse to prevent pregnancy. Am I remembering that correctly? Can I get an update?—A.G., Memphis, Tennessee

We first explained emergency contraception in February 1996. Since then, the FDA has approved certain birth control pills that can be used shortly after unprotected intercourse. Though more physicians are prescribing emergency contraceptives, a Kaiser Foundation survey of 1000 women under the age of 45 found that nearly 90 percent know little or nothing about them. As we noted two years ago, there are several types available by prescription in the U.S. Birth control pills that contain estrogen, and minipills that contain progestin, can be taken in specific doses within 72 hours after sex. This inhibits or delays ovulation, reducing the chance of pregnancy by at least 75 percent. Alternatively, a copper IUD can be inserted up to five days after unprotected intercourse to reduce the chance of pregnancy by 99 percent. Keep in mind that these are emergency measures, and that some women experience side effects such as nausea or vomiting. Phone 888-NOT-2-LATE or visit http://opr.princeton.edu/ec for more details.

This is in response to the letters you've been running on fellatio. Whenever we were in bed together, my new boyfriend alternately begged for and demanded blow jobs. The more he begged, the more I refused. Finally, he gave up. After a few months I got curious. Since he was no longer making an issue of it, I felt more comfortable experimenting. The look on his face afterward—like I was a goddess—hooked me. Patience is a virtue, guys. Just ask my boyfriend.—H.H., Indianapolis, Indiana

In May, we asked women what men do right in bed. One told us, "They shut up."

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most provocative, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages each month. Write the Playboy Advisor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or advisor@playboy.com (because of volume, we cannot respond to all e-mail inquiries). Look for responses to our most frequently asked questions at www.playboy.com/faq, and check out the Advisor's latest collection of sex tricks, "365 Ways to Improve Your Sex Life" (Plume), available in bookstores or by phoning 800-423-9494.*

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putting a price on sexual harassment

By STEPHANIE GOLDBERG

Last year, the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission reviewed 15,500 sexual harassment complaints. Only 3253 were deemed to have merit. In other words, only one in five lawyers knows sexual harassment when he or she sees it. The cases that reach a judge or jury do little to clarify the confusion. Why is a rape worth $165,000 and a crude remark millions? If money talks, what is it saying in these cases?

$1

Who: *Robinson vs. Jacksonville Shipyards*, Florida

Why: When she went to work at a shipyard, the woman found herself being manhandled, fondled, verbally abused and besieged by pornography. A judge held that if sexually graphic material offended her, the company should ban it.

$10,500/$1

Who: *Faragher vs. the City of Boca Raton*, Florida

Why: A female lifeguard endured sexual comments, unwanted touching and crude insults from male supervisors. She received $10,500 from the men but $1 from the city because she had failed to give adequate notice of the problem.

$90,000

Who: *Mears vs. Cumberland County College*, New Jersey

Why: In 1995 a student had a kiss forced on her by a professor at a political rally. She sued for harassment.

$102,000

Who: *Richardson vs. CHI Institute*, Southampton, Pennsylvania

Why: The lone female in a technical-school class was the object of lewd jokes, sexual innuendos and X-rated computer images. She quit school two months short of graduation.

$165,000

Who: *Campbell vs. the City of Los Angeles and the LAPD*

Why: A police officer was allegedly raped by a male colleague in the women's bathroom of the Los Angeles Police Academy.

$285,000

Who: *Shanes-Hernandez vs. Clementoni, et al.*, White Plains, New York

Why: A male colleague of an office worker in the Westchester County Office of Employment repeatedly waved his clenched fist in her face. He also grabbed her around the waist, pinched her and pounded loudly on the wall separating their offices. After complaining, the woman was the object of retaliation. She later resigned.

RON VILLANI

$362,500

Who: *Haberman vs. the Colorado Department of Corrections*

Why: A prison guard was subjected to degrading comments and requests for sexual favors from co-workers. They led her to believe they would not respond to calls for assistance if she filed a complaint.

$815,000

Who: *McQuagge vs. Hendrick Automotive Group*, Oakland, California

Why: A male sales manager at the Hendrick Automotive Group made repeated sexual comments about female workers and customers. When the finance manager complained, she was told to put up with the behavior.

$1 MILLION

Who: *The EEOC vs. Indiana Bell and Ameritech Corp.*, Indianapolis

Why: Three women were harassed by a co-worker who exposed himself or rubbed his penis against them on a number of occasions. The EEOC, which represented the women, introduced evidence that 14 other women had been harassed by the same man.

$1.1 MILLION

Who: *Barta vs. the Honolulu Police Department*

Why: A female police officer claimed that a posse of nine officers pestered her for dates, tormented her with vulgar comments, physically and sexually assaulted her and showed her pornography. After complaining, the woman was dismissed.

$4.9 MILLION

Who: *Reid vs. Brinker International, Inc.*, Dallas

Why: A restaurant chain's director of research and development was harassed by her male supervisor. According to the woman's lawyers, the man called her obscene names and made disparaging remarks, telling her and other workers to "bring their kneepads." After she complained, her duties were reduced. The judge reversed the judgment, notwithstanding the jury's verdict.

$6.9 MILLION

Who: *Weeks vs. Baker & McKenzie*, Palo Alto, California

Why: A secretary put up with harassment from her boss, including his touching her breasts, his grabbing her, being asked which breast was bigger and having candy dropped in her blouse pocket. Other employees testified that the man harassed them, including a lesbian who said he had proposed a three-way in a hot tub.

MR. NEWT'S SPORTING PROPOSITION

the speaker wants to score for morality

By BOB WIEDER

And you thought Newt Gingrich couldn't possibly come up with another boneheaded idea.

The Speaker of the House has declared that our professional sports organizations—leagues, associations, tours and so forth—should automatically suspend for one year any athlete who tests positive for illegal drugs.

The first conclusion we can draw from that is that Gingrich is not a basketball fan. Suspend every NBA player who tests positive for, say, cannabis, and you will be able to drive the active roster to a game in a Land Rover. There won't be enough players to suit up two teams when you get there, of course, but that's the price you pay for meddling.

And forget about snowboarding, a sport that—gosh—had shown so much commercial promise.

Gingrich implied that such a draconian penalty is appropriate, given pro athletes' status as role models to the nation's young and not-so-young. "It seems to me you have to bear a certain responsibility as a star," said the star of the political right wing. Gingrich certainly set a good example with the House ethics violations that cost him $300,000 in 1997.

But maybe he has a point. After all, it's not as if our professional sports organizations put out any negative moral messages, such as All Star second basemen spitting in the faces of uniformed officials, or basketball players resolving authority issues by strangling their coaches, or America's Team doing its increasingly polished impression of a street gang.

For the record, note that the Gingrich proposal was announced during the same 24-hour period in which the Atlanta Falcons' marquee linebacker, Cornelius Bennett, was sentenced to jail for sexual misconduct and the New England Patriots' similarly esteemed Dave Meggett was arrested for robbery and sexual assault.

The fact is, of the serious social problems confronting pro sports, drug abuse ranks somewhere in the vicinity of faulty stadium plumbing. The "wrong messages" conveyed by our athletic heroes are expressed not through covert use of illicit substances but through flagrant violence and sociopathic abuse of other people, compounded by the attitude that their star status exempts them from accepted rules of conduct.

In a nutshell, pro sports' moral affliction is a case not of too many drugs but of too many thugs.

And though Gingrich would probably agree, don't expect him to make a big deal out of it. Unpleasant behavioral excesses, such as choking a coach or throwing an annoying bar patron through a plate glass window, don't flick the switch with Gingrich's core constituency. What does is its cherished and time-worn moral word-association: drugs mean hedonists mean liberals mean true evil.

RICHARD SALA

This quaint right-wing conviction—that a threat to their nitwit, narrow-gauge value system is more dangerous than a loaded gun—has given us alpha primitives convicted of assault and mayhem but walking out the door on probation because our prisons are overflowing with marijuana farmers.

Speaking of prisons, there's also the matter of how a zero-tolerance policy would actually work in pro sports. Would it resemble the way zero tolerance works in our penitentiaries, where you practically have to be the warden to avoid getting loaded? Or would it be more like it is in public schools, where kids have been suspended for possession of Advil, cough drops, mouthwash, Alka-Seltzer, lemon drops, breath mints and—I'm not making any of this up—a homegrown chili pepper?

Odds are, the professional sports industry's implementation of zero tolerance would be a blend of these two: the rule being routinely ignored but occasionally misapplied—to some expendable second-stringer testing positive for poppy seeds—resulting in a flurry of lawsuits and lots of material for Jay Leno.

The line between drug abuse and pharmaceutical performance-enhancement is already blurred beyond recognition in pro sports. If you've found previous league responses to "misbehavior" amusing, you'll certainly relish the first time some megabucks athlete unleashes his lawyers against league officials and the bottle-knockers at their substance analysis labs who dared to threaten his livelihood.

But wait, there's one more detail. Along with the mandatory one-year suspension, Gingrich also proposes that an athlete who tests positive be banned from his sport until he divulges the source of the drugs. "We have to make life very frightening for dealers," he explained.

Right. To some two-striker whose business enterprise includes turf wars, drive-by shootings and execution-style murders, the idea of being ratted out by a point guard or shortstop is going to be terrifying. The only people likely to find life more frightening under Gingrich's rules are the players and the team trainers. But hell, why should they be spared?

For a multitude of us, life gets a little more frightening every time Gingrich opens his mouth.

S*W*E*E*T L*I*B*E*R*T*Y

by our scandals we are known

By TED C. FISHMAN

It is something of a miracle that the fate of the presidency hinges on sexual favors. The news of Bill Clinton's alleged dalliance with Monica Lewinsky sickened me at first, especially when everyone (from the news media to the parents at my son's basketball practice) let the gossip drown out discussion of all else in the world. I hated the right-wingers for their byzantine plotting and opportunism. *The Wall Street Journal* pretty much called for Clinton's impeachment just hours after the sex-with-an-intern story broke. I hated Clinton's having to answer not-so-veiled questions about oral sex while hosting Yasir Arafat in the Oval Office. How absurd that the spokesman for a movement acquainted with bus bombs and exploding passenger jets should sit in the White House as a state guest while the leader of the free world is nearly hounded out because he may or may not have had sex with a woman he gave a dress to. But when gossip about the affair overwhelmed news of a possible war with Iraq, medical insurance reform, organized-crime busts, the booming Dow Jones industrial average, economic collapse in Asia and the spread of AIDS, I began to cheer up. Where else but in America are people so fat and happy and starved for political drama that a presidential blow job commands larger headlines than the Allied invasion of Normandy? Real news leaves us bloated, so we choose news lite. And then gorge on it. A country in which people don't suffer vapidity but embrace it is truly blessed.

To measure just how lucky we are, I looked at what citizens of other countries worry about where their leaders are concerned. The evils of blow jobs didn't come up nearly so often as other, more tangible forms of corruption. In Southeast Asia and South Korea, political corruption has left so much debt that those governments are asking people to bring in their gold jewelry to pay off foreign obligations. And that's the smallest sacrifice they will make. Poverty and hunger will be the heavier prices.

For more than three decades, Indonesians have had to worry about their president stealing from them. In Indonesia, as in many other countries, you don't need to ask about presidential sex habits to get thrown into jail or to disappear mysteriously. Saying something slightly critical of the ruling party will do. The Suharto clan, which controls the lion's share of the economy, is rumored to have tens of billions of dollars in foreign banks. Pilfered fortunes may not be as scintillating as stolen kisses; all the same I'm glad America's presidents haven't yet discovered the joys of Swiss numbered bank accounts. In places such as Iraq and Nigeria, mass executions are a bigger concern than sex scandals. In Bosnia and Serbia, the man on the street wonders when his political leaders (the ones who refuse to step down, even after being voted out) will be arrested for war crimes that include genocide. While American parents wring their hands over how to explain adultery and oral sex to their kids, parents in countries such as Pakistan and Colombia must teach children to hide under the floorboards when the men in uniform show up.

DENNIS CALERO

In Burma, locals worry that the government will enlist their support—enforced at the end of a rifle—to build access roads through the jungle. Human rights groups claim tens of thousands of people, including pregnant women and the elderly, have already been put to the task. The roads will help service a pipeline owned and operated by military rulers and foreign partners. Incidentally, that enterprise should prove a bit more lucrative than the Clintons' soured real estate deals.

The leaders of Indonesia, Nigeria and Mexico (where the former-president's brother and confidant is implicated in a murder plot) routinely deny any wrongdoing, which I suppose gives them something in common with the Clinton administration. Pol Pot, the Khmer Rouge leader whose regime killed at least a million Cambodians, told an interviewer that he never did anything wrong.

Granted, some, such as Republican congressman Dick Armey, believe the fate of nations ought to balance on sexual indiscretions. "My guess," he told students at a Texas high school, "is that Clinton spends little time and effort pursuing anything other than his own physical comforts." Given Armey's many pressing duties as House majority leader, I wonder whose attention is wandering.

I have heard many people say they can forgive Clinton for his amorous adventures, but not for his lies to the American people. But I'd rather suffer his lies than those of a junta. When a U.S. president holds a news conference to tell the country, frankly, that he doesn't have a banker in the Cayman Islands, or that he isn't behind the death of the opposing party's chairman, I'll start to worry.

READER

SOUTHERN EXPOSURE

I read Chuck Shepherd's "Going Down Down South" (*The Playboy Forum*, April) with great interest, wondering why these sex laws were enacted. Was it to protect one partner in a relationship from being abused or forced into certain sexual acts against his or her will? Maybe. More likely, the hypocritical religious community has extended its reach beyond the pocketbooks of naive followers and into the halls of local government.

Imagine if these laws were vigorously enforced. Law enforcement personnel would surely end up behind bars. Perhaps the reason for enacting such invasive legislation has to do with lawmakers' attempts to hide their own activities. Being sexually healthy is a blessing, not a crime.

Joseph King
Los Angeles, California

Repressive sex laws often interfere in situations where no sex is involved. I live in Athens, Georgia and attend the University of Georgia. Recently, I tried to secure a house for myself and a few roommates but discovered that a house cannot be purchased, rented or leased here without two or more of the roommates being from the same family. Since I've learned that the best defense against ignorance is laughter, I need only look to my municipal ordinances for a daily dose.

Sean McCullough
Athens, Georgia

HOSPITAL MERGERS

Stephen Rae's entire argument ("Thy Will Be Done," *The Playboy Forum*, April) hinges on the premise that hospital mergers decrease medical freedoms: "Who decides what kind of health care you will get? There should be only one answer: you." Rae failed to present one piece of evidence that would suggest that Catholic-run hospitals believe otherwise.

I find it ironic that those who preach about lost freedoms see no problem with forcing Catholic-run hospitals to provide, at no cost, services that violate their religious precepts to individuals who have been irresponsible in their behavior.

I suspect that if Rae were to set his biases aside and investigate hospital practices a bit further, he would discover several things: (1) that government regulation is one of the primary causes of both increased health care costs and decreased quality of services, (2) that Rae's philosophically correct health care institutions might survive longer if they more closely followed the administrative example set by Catholic hospitals and (3) that freedom does not mean free of charge.

Keith Martin
Alpharetta, Georgia

ABSTINENCE

I thank Daniel Radosh for "Abstinence Ed" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), which points out the absurdity of abstinence-only curricula. The $250 million, five-year federal program for sexuality education requires grantees to teach that abstinence outside marriage is the expected standard and, in effect, discourages instruction in medically factual information about STDs and birth control.

Today's young people enter puberty earlier and get married later. This means the period during which they experience sexual desire yet are expected to remain abstinent can last ten to 20 years. How realistic is this?

Studies by the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention and others show that sexual intercourse has been experienced by almost 70 percent of 12th graders (27 percent of them with four or more sex partners), by one half of eighth graders and by 28 percent of sixth graders. Predictably, this means there are high rates of unwanted pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases. In fact, two thirds of new STD infections each year occur in people under 25; one fourth occur in teenagers. Genital herpes, one of the most prevalent STDs, is spreading fastest among young people and is five times

FOR THE RECORD

NOT THE NEWS

ACLU DEFENDS NAZIS' RIGHT TO BURN DOWN ACLU HEADQUARTERS

BUCHANAN WOOS GAY VOTE: "I PROMISE I WILL NOT INCINERATE YOU"

CHRYSLER HALTS PRODUCTION OF NECKBELTS

CIA UNVEILS NEW GHETTO DRUGS FOR 1998

COMMUNITY LEADERS OUTRAGED OVER PORN VIDEO: "THIS TAPE CONTAINED NO 'ALL-ANAL ACTION' AS PROMISED," SAY CONCERNED PARENTS

MASTURBATOR HELD FOR QUESTIONING IN SERIES OF BRUTAL MASTURBATINGS

NEW STUDY SHOWS PROGRESS MADE BY BROADS

POSTERS OF NAKED WOMEN FAIL TO DRAW REAL NAKED WOMEN TO DORM ROOM

—Headlines from "The Onion," a laugh-out-loud satirical newspaper based in Madison, Wisconsin and on the Web at www.theonion.com

RESPONSE

more common among white teenagers than it was in the Seventies.

Parents may say they want to be in charge of their children's sexuality education, but the fact is that most of them do not play this role. In 1995 a Gallup Poll sponsored by the American Social Health Association, a nonprofit organization dedicated to stopping STDs, it was discovered that two thirds of teenagers first learned in school about such diseases while only 12 percent learned about them from a family member. The high prevalence of STDs in young people and the fact that STD education does not take place at home make a compelling argument for comprehensive sexuality education in schools, including but not limited to abstinence messages. Adolescents should be encouraged to delay sexual activity until they are ready, physically and emotionally, for sex and its consequences. But sexuality education should also teach adolescents about the prevention of pregnancy and STDs.

The legislation tying federal dollars to abstinence-only programs is a politically expedient action designed to placate those who consider STDs and unwanted pregnancy to be moral issues. This requirement is not only unrealistic, but highly irresponsible as well.

Linda Alexander
President
American Social Health Association
Research Triangle Park,
North Carolina

Abstinence-only education undoubtedly focuses on thwarting heterosexual sexuality, but what about the homosexual urges that no one wants to talk about? Shrouding sexuality in secrecy not only leaves our young people ill-equipped to handle sexual responsibility, but it also encourages the repression that leads to deviant behavior like gay-bashing.

Bob Haines
Los Angeles, California

RATINGS

Congratulations on your criticism of the ratings systems from the Recreational Software Advisory Council and Safe Surf ("How Do You Rate?" *The Playboy Forum*, March). But how many people are actually going to see Chip Rowe's article? Not nearly as many as are going to see the RSAC and Safe Surf ratings on the Playboy Web site—placed on the home page, prominently enough to constitute an all-out endorsement. You rightly chided Safe Surf for rating pages with "homosexual themes," but your Web masters went with the flow anyway and rated with the Safe Surf system.

If Safe Surf were promoting a rating system that distinguishes between "same-race romance" and "interracial romance," there would be protests and boycotts. Few people would stand for it—no matter how many racist parents believe it's their right to shield their children from cultural crossover. So why do you endorse a system that treats gays that way?

Bennett Haselton
Nashville, Tennessee

Rowe did a great job on the topic of Internet censorship. An article in the March 2 edition of the *Chicago Tribune* gave another excellent example of the silliness of these efforts. It talks about Illinois Republican senate candidate Peter Fitzgerald's campaign against "cybersin" and his assertion that it is the government's duty to censor the Net. But even as Fitzgerald issued such dire warnings, the article noted that Web surfers can access online nudity through a most unexpected source: the Web site of Harris Bankmont Inc., the banking company where Fitzgerald ("pornography is a mouse-click away") is a director.

Dozens of Harris clients—Archer Daniels Midland, United Airlines and Times Mirror—have their own home pages with clearly marked hyperlinks so the viewer need only click on the name. Included on that list is the Playboy site, complete with a tour of the Mansion and other virtual treats.

Now I'm proud to say I use a Harris Bank Visa card.

Steve Migala
Chicago, Illinois

We would like to hear your point of view. Send questions, opinions and quirky stuff to: The Playboy Forum Reader Response, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611. Please include a daytime phone number. Fax number: 312-951-2939. E-mail: forum@playboy.com (please include your city and state).*

FORUM F.Y.I.

Offended by the presence of courtesan Phryne, newer members of the National Press Club want her removed, a request senior clubbers dismiss as "censorship unbecoming the fourth estate."

TALKING SEX

landmarks in free expression

By DAVID STEINBERG

Saturday Night Live has always parodied television news. On one Weekend Update aired during the Seventies, Jane Curtin and Bill Murray had this exchange:

Curtin: The drive against pornography districts in major cities continued to gain momentum this week, as more demonstrations were held in New York. Bill Murray was on the scene at one of them in Manhattan and has an eyewitness report. Bill?

Murray: Thank you, Jane. The citizens' committee to clean up New York City's porn-infested areas continued its series of rallies today, as a huge, throbbing, pulsating crowd sprang erect from nowhere and forced its way into the steaming nether region that surrounded the glistening intersection of Eighth Avenue and West 42nd Street. And thrusting, driving and pushing its way into the usually receptive neighborhood, the highly excited throng, which had now grown to five times its original size, rammed itself again and again into the quivering, perspiring, musty dankness, fluctuating between eager anticipation and trembling revulsion. Suddenly, the tumescent crowd and the irresistible area were one heaving, alternately melting and thawing, turgid entity, ascending to heights heretofore unexperienced. Then with a gigantic, soul-searching and heart-stopping series of eruptions, it was all over. Afterward, the crowd had a cigarette and went home. Jane?

AVI CREHORE

Television was an easy target. Those were the days when talk shows interviewed their guests beforehand and ran answers past a network censor. One sex expert recalls his appearance on *The Merv Griffin Show* in the mid-Eighties. The topic was going to be sex. The network told him that he couldn't say the words oral sex or masturbation.

"Fine," he recalls answering. "Blow job and jerking off OK?"

Prime time, it seemed, would never be ready for sex, except in the most-coded references.

But all that has changed. I never thought I'd see the day when Mike Wallace would utter the word pussy during serious television news, but there you have it.

It was February 15 and *60 Minutes* was doing a background report on Vernon Jordan, Bill Clinton's close friend and career coach for Monica Lewinsky. The report included extended duels between Wallace, ex–presidential counsel Lloyd Cutler and former Democratic National Committee Chairman Robert Strauss.

Cutler and Strauss are also Jordan's close friends, or at least close enough to have the inside dope.

At one point Wallace asked Cutler to comment on a *Newsweek* report on what Jordan and Clinton had talked about when they played golf together, heart-to-heart buddies that they were.

"Jordan said, 'We talk pussy,'" Wallace reported. Actually Wallace said, "'We talk pu____,'" because CBS bleeped half the word. But you didn't have to be a lip-reader to know what he was saying.

Cutler didn't lose his composure in the least. But you could tell that Wallace had surprised him. He shrugged it off with a smile, saying only that Jordan and Clinton could talk about whatever they wanted to while playing golf. "If they have a certain amount of locker-room banter, or tell jokes to one another, who among us can cast the first stone? You and I will tell one another jokes. That's talking pussy." The message was fundamental and clear: Regular guys talk about pussy. Jordan and Clinton are just regular guys.

Wallace, knowing he was on to something, didn't leave it there. Next thing you know he was talking pussy again—this time with Washington commentator Sally Quinn. He repeated the *Newsweek* story. There was that word again, on prime-time TV. The story had shifted from how amazing it was that Clinton and Jordan had talked pussy to how amazing it was that Wallace and Cutler had talked pussy on *60 Minutes* to how amazing it was that Wallace and Quinn were talking pussy.

Wallace was into it, like a two-year-old child who has discovered the power of shocking his parents by saying the word no.

Quinn was into it too. "I'm nearly

falling out of my chair right now because you're saying it."

"It's astonishing," Wallace said.

"Nobody even flinches when you say it anymore," Quinn observed. The Lewinsky incident, she said, has "certainly changed the rules of discourse," and changed how sex is talked about in political circles and among the national press corps. Sitting together in the CBS studio, Quinn and Wallace shared a chuckle.

Curtin and Murray couldn't have done it better.

How did we get to this point? One watershed occurred when Lorena Bobbitt took a kitchen knife to hubby John Wayne in 1993 and the word penis made its way onto the nightly news without being bleeped. The word masturbation became popular on talk shows when Surgeon General Joycelyn Elders was forced to resign after proposing that sex ed classes discuss masturbation as a safe alternative to intercourse. Pubic hair joined the national vocabulary when Anita Hill alleged that Supreme Court nominee Clarence Thomas joked about finding one on a can of Coke. More recently, Ted Koppel nearly choked on the phrase oral sex, warning his audience that the topic by its very nature is offensive. The president's alleged belief that a blow job is not cheating had people discussing the boundaries of adultery.

This seems to be the way that sexual territory expands in American culture: through the back doors of the various ridiculous sexual scandals, outrages and social panics of our infantile national sexual outlook.

Scandal is pornography for prudes. Associating sex, sin and sensationalism is as American as cherry pie. It allows the speaker to describe in detail perfectly normal acts and body parts while at the same time clucking his or her tongue in solemn disapproval.

But for all the disapproval and condemnation, something almost healthy has occurred. The Lewinsky scandal returned sex talk to the office. It gave pussy and blow jobs places in the popular culture—where they belong (it's hard to think of two things more popular, if not more cultural). Suddenly it feels like everybody wants to loosen up about sex. Most people want to stop pretending to be nonsexual automatons. They want to acknowledge that sexual feeling and even so-called sexual indiscretion are parts of everyday life—from the basement to the boardroom, from the bunkhouse to the White House.

We're all human. Now let's grow up and get on with the things that really matter in the world.

ORAL SEX AND ADULTERY: THE VOTE

Shortly after Monica Lewinsky's name began to float around watercoolers, we asked visitors to the Playboy Web site—specifically, those who visited a Forum feature by James R. Petersen called "Sex in Washington: Playboy Visits Some Landmarks of the Sexual Revolution"—for their views on the nature of adultery. Over a two-week period, more than 2400 surfers who visited the article at www.playboy.com completed our unscientific but insightful poll. (An additional 600 or so people started but didn't complete the poll. Did they feel that answering a poll about adultery was adulterous? Or did someone come in the room?) Not surprisingly, the respondents reflected the demographics of the people who frequent our site: overwhelmingly young and male. Seven in ten were under the age of 31, and eight in ten were men. Keep that in mind as you consider the results.

Few of the respondents accepted what might be called the Clinton standard. About 90 percent felt that oral sex outside marriage is adultery. Accepting a hand job was condemned as well, by 73 percent. About the same number—72 percent—saw adultery in visiting a prostitute.

Technology has relaxed the tenacity of moral outrage. About 40 percent of respondents thought exchanging sex stories online or downloading explicit photographs should be considered cheating. About the same percentage felt getting a massage or watching an adult video fell into that category. About half believed that a person can commit adultery without having any physical contact. And more than a third (36 percent) said masturbation can be adultery. Does that mean it's wrong to "love the one you're with," even when you're alone?

There was no consensus on the question of whether it's better to lie about a one-night stand or come clean—we recorded a 50–50 split. However, 60 percent of respondents would allow a friend to use their apartment for an affair.

Once a person strays, is there hope? About two thirds of respondents said adultery—however it might be defined—is a forgivable offense. A third showed less understanding: They wanted cheaters sent to jail. Finally, 69 percent of respondents said they have always been faithful to their partners, and 73 percent said they always will be faithful. We'll see about that.

NEWSFRONT

what's happening in the sexual and social arenas

LOOSE LIPS

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA—*Sometimes a kiss is just a kiss; sometimes it's evidence. A peeping Tom got too involved in his work outside a neighbor's window and left a lip*

print on the glass. Police asked a suspect to provide a sample smooch, and the state crime lab said the prints matched. A judge sentenced the voyeur to five months in jail.

PANTIES TO GO

HOUSTON—*When a city councilman asked the vice squad to visit Condoms & More, police found nothing to indicate that the store should be regulated as a "sexually oriented business." So the councilman changed tactics: He sent the health department. When its inspectors discovered the sex novelty shop sold edible panties, they demanded $200 for a food-service permit. "If we're going to go to all this trouble," the shop owner told a reporter, "I should at least heat them up."*

CRACK IN THE LAW

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA—*A state appeals court, in overturning a conviction, ruled that mooning someone cannot be considered indecent exposure because it doesn't reveal "private parts." In July 1995 Mark Fly pulled his shorts to his ankles and, according to court documents, revealed "the crack of his buttocks" and his "fanny" to a woman. The woman called police and Fly was arrested. Prosecutors have taken the case a step further, to the state supreme court.*

KINKY BUSINESS

PULASKI, VIRGINIA—*A jury ordered a chiropractor to pay $90,000 to a former assistant who said he massaged her pubic area through her clothes. The chiropractor told the 28-year-old that massaging muscles near her intestines would relieve her chronic constipation. The woman said she realized the treatment was inappropriate only after several sessions did nothing to help her problem.*

UNEVEN JUSTICE

ROCKVILLE, MARYLAND—*Talk about a double standard. After a judge sentenced a woman to just 18 months in jail for torturing her boyfriend's five-year-old son, the woman's sister shouted across the courtroom, "Ingrid, that's a great sentence!" She was right. Two weeks later, the judge sentenced the boy's father to eight years behind bars, saying he had a "higher duty" to protect his son. According to prosecutors, the woman tied the boy to a bedpost for as long as 22 hours a day and force-fed him whiskey and hot peppers. He was hospitalized with liver damage.*

WHITE HOUSE SEX

WASHINGTON, D.C.—*Senator Lauch Faircloth (R–N.C.) wants to outlaw the use of Web addresses that mimic those used by government agencies. He was incensed to learn that a porn site operates at white house.com, hoping to capture surfers who mistype the address for the official White House site at whitehouse.gov.*

FIRM AND DIRECT

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK—*A judge ruled that telling a co-worker to "fuck right off" is not grounds for dismissal. The local YMCA–YWCA fired Violet Legere after she lost her temper with a fellow employee. The judge ruled that Legere had been dismissed unfairly, and that she receive 15 weeks of pay as compensation. "'Fuck off' is just a forceful and intense way to say 'Leave me alone,'" the judge wrote. He said Legere deserved credit for not adding a personal insult to her rebuke.*

SPEECH TESTS

KENDALL, FLORIDA—*Nine students from Killian High School spent a night in jail after they distributed about 200 copies of a zine called "First Amendment." It included vulgarities, sexually explicit cartoons and a cover drawing of their black principal being shot through the head with a dart. Officials charged the five girls and four boys with illegal leafleting and committing a hate crime. The ACLU says the students intended the zine as satire.*

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA—*Police jailed rapper C=Bo for violating parole, saying his new album promotes illegal activity. One song suggests that a sheriff's department spokesman be killed; another suggests drivers who are pulled over by police "shoot 'em in the face." The rapper was paroled after serving 15 months for firing a shot that killed a man.*

GOTCHA! TWICE

ROME—*An Italian senator proposed changing the way police ticket speeders after a colleague suffered an embarrassment. Currently, police snap photos of the front-seat occupants of speeding cars, as well as the license plates. The photo, along with a ticket, is sent to the motorist. According*

to a Milan newspaper, a senator's wife opened the mail and found a photo of her husband and another woman. The proposed law would require police to send photos to the local station house rather than mailing them to the offenders' homes.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KEVIN POPE

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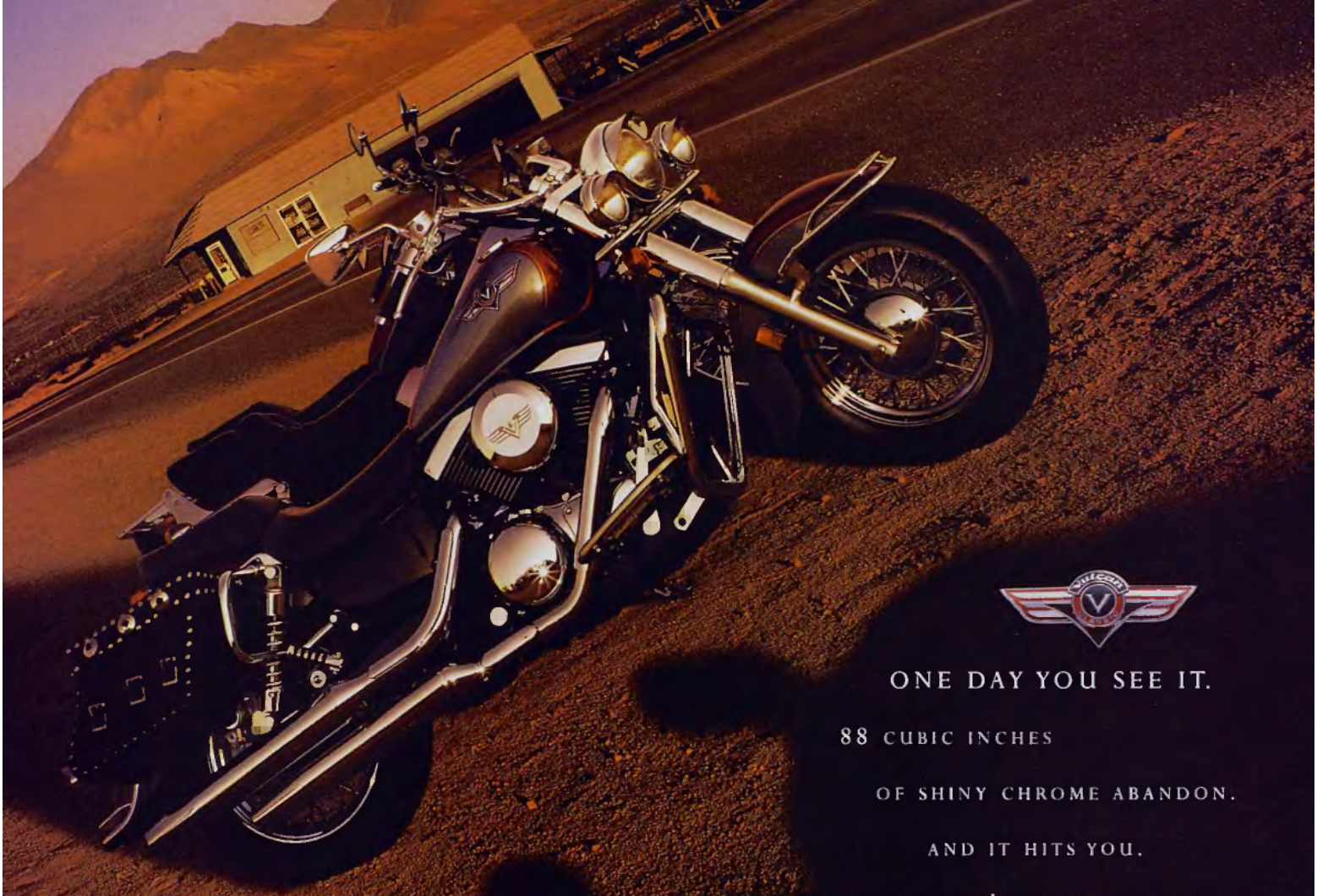

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JERRY SPRINGER

a candid conversation with the host of tv's most outrageous show about his daily brawls, whether guests fake it and the sex scandal that's dogged his career

On this particular morning, Jerry Springer is on a cell phone in a limo speeding toward Mickey Mantle's Restaurant and Sports Bar in New York City with his bodyguard, Steve, the bald security guy who separates the fighters on America's wildest TV spectacle, the "Jerry Springer Show." Springer is talking to his agent in Hollywood. (He's since signed a $2 million movie deal with "Dumb and Dumber" producer Steve Stabler.) When the limo pulls in front of Mantle's, it is greeted by a camera crew and reporter from "Access Hollywood." They ask to tail Springer for the day, one that will take him to "The RuPaul Show," then to "Late Night With Conan O'Brien," then on to a late flight back to Chicago so Springer can tape episodes of his own show the next day. Springer agrees, but first there is lunch at Mantle's, his favorite hangout when he's in Manhattan.

Before he can enter the restaurant, a delivery van careens past the parked limo. A beefy passenger leans out of the cab with an Instamatic, shouting, "Hey, Jerry!" The star of TV's most controversial show swivels to smile and wave as if on cue. It's a scene that's repeated wherever Springer goes. His public loves him, his ratings are skyrocketing, he's making a fortune. There's a problem, though. Jerry Springer may well be one of the most despised men in America, blamed for a surprising percentage of America's ills and often called, by otherwise smart people, a harbinger of the end of civilization as we know it.

It's easy to see why. No show in the history of television has ever sunk quite so low: "I Stole My 12-Year-Old's Boyfriend," "I'm Pregnant and Have to Strip," "I Slept With 251 Men in Ten Hours," "My Girlfriend Is a Man" and "My Man Wears a Dress." If that weren't bad enough, Springer's guests, generally depicted as a gathering of inbred ne'er-do-wells who live in trailers while planning their next infidelities and sex-change operations, behave badly—language is coarse, fistfights are frequent and some guests seem to have trouble keeping on their clothes. Any given hour of "Springer" features more "expletives deleted" than does Nixon's entire Watergate oeuvre.

As a result, the host everyone loves to hate (and hates to love) has become an easy and frequent target—critics and comics tear him to shreds. "The Atlanta Journal-Constitution" called the show "an emotional snuff movie that debases the people who are on it, the people who watch it, even the TVs on which it airs." On "Politically Incorrect" Bill Maher suggested that "one more mistress, and Clinton's going to have to give his State of the Union Address on 'Jerry Springer.'" And one understated critic, writing in the "Chicago Sun-Times," said, "Springer doesn't seem much perturbed by the widespread opinion that he's a despicable, loathsome entity." ("I don't think he likes me," shrugs Springer.)

It's a formula that works as well as offends. The "Springer Show" has become one of the country's favorite guilty pleasures, its popularity fueled in part by a top-selling (more than half a million to date) video of outtakes, "Too Hot for TV." In February 1998 Springer pushed past Rosie, Sally, Jenny, Montel and Ricki and became the first talk show host to overtake the once-invincible Oprah Winfrey in the ratings since she hit number one in 1987. In Los Angeles, Springer beats Letterman and Leno. His ratings have jumped 183 percent in the past year. Despite this leap, even the show's owners, USA Networks Studios, have publicly voiced reservations about the show's violence.

Not that the star takes any of it too seriously. His staff doesn't either. Indeed, the bulletin board down the hall from Springer's office in Chicago's NBC Tower features bumper-sticker mottoes written by the show's employees:

THE SHALLOW END OF THE GENE POOL

WE TALK TO FREAKS SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO

"I'm not kidding myself. Thirty years from now people will remember Oprah and the impact she's had on our culture and on television. I'm a blip on the screen in terms of TV history, and I recognize that."

"I had sex with a woman I shouldn't have, OK? And she was a prostitute. I was young, I felt stupid for what I did and I had to get my life in order. So I thought the easy way out was to resign from the city council."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GEORGE GEORGIOU

"Of course, no weapons are allowed, and as soon as someone hits someone else, the security guards break them up. So far we've lost only hair, in a few girl fights. Hey, men go bald, why not women?"

YOU DON'T HAVE TO LIVE IN A TRAILER—BUT IT HELPS

IT'S KLANTASTIC!

ROSIE WHO?

PUTTING THE T AND A BACK IN TALK SHOW

One critic observed that despite the fact that Springer lives on the 91st floor of Chicago's John Hancock Center, with an awesome view of the Loop and Lake Michigan, everybody seems to look down on him.

In truth, Springer is less America's most controversial star than he is its unlikeliest. He was born on February 13, 1944 in London, where his German parents lived after fleeing the Holocaust. The Springers moved to New York City when Jerry was five. He attended Forest Hills High School, received a B.A. from Tulane University, then graduated from Northwestern University Law School. In 1969 he moved to Cincinnati and joined a law firm. Through a woman he was dating, he became active in a local referendum to lower the voting age in Ohio to 19. Though the referendum failed (and the romance faltered), Springer impressed area Democrats. In 1970 he ran for Congress. He was a good campaigner but narrowly lost the election. The next year, he was elected to one of nine at-large seats on the Cincinnati city council. Through the Seventies he won reelection as a popular populist.

In conservative Cincinnati, Springer was a rare liberal politician and apparently ahead of his time. He was a city councilman who was (a) Jewish, (b) a transplanted New Yorker and (c) someone who was caught writing checks for sex and who resigned from the council in disgrace. Incredibly, he remained in Cincinnati and staged a political comeback that not only returned him to the city council but also whisked him into the mayor's office in 1977. Though the mayor's post is a cloutless, honorary one (Cincinnati adopted a city-manager form of government in 1925), Springer's second political coming was astounding.

In 1982 he ran for Ohio governor, acknowledging in a TV advertisement that he once paid for the services of a prostitute: "Nine years ago I spent time with a woman I shouldn't have," he said. "And I paid her with a check. I wish I hadn't done that. And the truth is, I wish no one would ever know. But in the rough world of politics, opponents are not about to let personal embarrassments be laid to rest."

The ad was a gamble. "But you have to remember I'm not running for God," he told "The Washington Post." "I'm running for governor. What's wrong with the public's knowing I'm a human being with warts?"

He lost the primary, and instead of becoming governor, Jerry Springer was out of work. He signed on as commentator with WLWT-TV (Channel 5), the third-place station in town. "It's like the excitement of the night before an election, every single day," he told "Cincinnati Magazine." "I'm incredibly lucky. I keep running into exciting things to do, and I get paid." In March 1984 Springer was named news co-anchor with Norma Rashid, and by May 1987, the Springer–Rashid team had taken over first place. But it was his nightly commentaries that made Springer's reputation in Cincinnati. They were two-minute reflections, always liberal Democratic in their thinking, delivered calmly. Some thought he would return to politics, but by the late Eighties the question in Cincinnati wasn't "Will Jerry run again?" Rather, it was "Did you hear Jerry's commentary last night?"

The owners of Channel 5 saw promise in Springer and built a talk show around him. The "Jerry Springer Show" premiered on September 30, 1991 in Cincinnati and four other cities. At the time, Springer was being groomed to replace the retiring Phil Donahue, and the early shows had a serious tone: Waco survivors, AIDS issues, homeless people. But the high road led to low ratings, and the show began to experiment with such topics as "I Performed My Own Abortion" and "I'm Leaving My Husband for a Fat Man." While critics scoffed, viewers began to tune in to a parade of strippers, hookers, porno junkies, Klan thugs, women who sleep with their sisters' husbands, drag queens, nudists, faith healers and cross-dressers—and those are the good guys.

The job I have now requires no skill. Anybody could do what I do. I'm lucky I have the show.

In August 1992, for its national debut on 93 stations, the show moved to Chicago. It now airs on more than 150 stations and in more than 30 countries. The studio audience is mostly college-age kids and housewives who file through a metal detector, take their seats and start chanting, "Jer-ry! Jer-ry!" In 1996 Springer signed a multimillion-dollar contract through the 2001–2002 season. (He reportedly makes $3 million a year.)

Controversy follows Springer wherever he goes. When a Chicago TV station hired him to do commentary on the evening news, both anchors refused to introduce him on the air. One, Carol Marin, quit before his first appearance, calling Springer "the poster child for the worst that television has to offer." Springer told "The New York Times" that Marin was "being tremendously rude to me. She ought to write me an apology. What kind of lesson is this for her children?"

"Just say Jerry Springer's name, and it is a statement of the kind of television that descends to the lowest rung," said Marin.

After just two appearances, Springer resigned, saying, "I walked into a civil war." (There had already been disputes between Marin and the show's management over news practices at the station.)

Another criticism is that some of Springer's shows are rigged. He says some fakes may slip through, but insists "that 99 percent of our guests are absolutely legitimate."

How did this unlikely politician segue into his current role as a synonym for sleaze? PLAYBOY *dispatched writer* **John Brady** *to find out. Brady reports:*

"After tailing Jerry for several days on the road doing PR, I hung out for three days to watch him in action as he taped segments of his show. Later I accompanied him on a visit to Cincinnati, where he returned to some of his old haunts—the TV station where he was a news anchor and the city council, where he was applauded and spoke to old political colleagues. That evening he spoke to a packed auditorium of cheering students at the University of Cincinnati.

"The next morning, back at his office in Chicago—it's filled with baseball memorabilia, a veritable shrine to Mickey Mantle and Yogi Berra—Springer produced a couple of great cigars from the humidor his staff gave him for Christmas. He is taller (six feet), trimmer ('a perfect 42 regular') and more casual (jeans and a denim shirt) than the little guy he seems to be on TV, running around the aisles in fashionably baggy Armani. 'The truth is, I didn't know about Armani till my first producer said, "Here, put this on,"' he says, laughing at what he calls his 'Ted Baxter wardrobe.' His face looks youthful for a guy who's 54, though craggy stress lines are starting to peek through the stage makeup on his cheeks. He is bright and witty and is impervious to his depiction in the media as a slimemaster.

"'Doesn't that hurt?' I asked. 'I would rather be known as something else,' he said as though he had no illusions of grandeur. 'But does it affect my life? No.'"

PLAYBOY: How would you describe what you do for a living?

SPRINGER: I'm the ringleader of a circus. My show isn't a talk show. There's no talking. There's just yelling, cursing and throwing whatever's at hand. Some people would be less upset if we didn't call it a talk show—if we said it's professional wrestling.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to explain the show's success?

SPRINGER: I have no idea why it's successful. It's crazy. I think home viewers with remote controls get to our show and suddenly stop and say, "What's going on? What's that about?"

And young people get it. They are not sitting there watching the show and saying, "Maybe this is how I should live." No. They've been in class all day, they want to free their minds for an hour. When I was in law school, we used to get out of class and run home to watch *Batman*. I can't tell you that we thought we would one day put on capes and race around town. OK, maybe some of us did.

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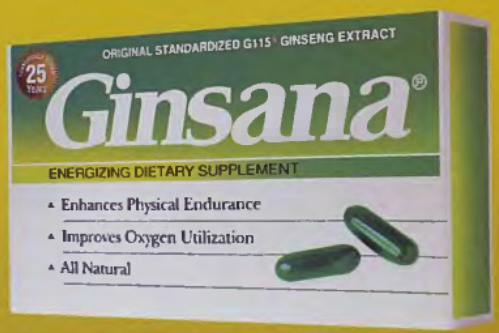

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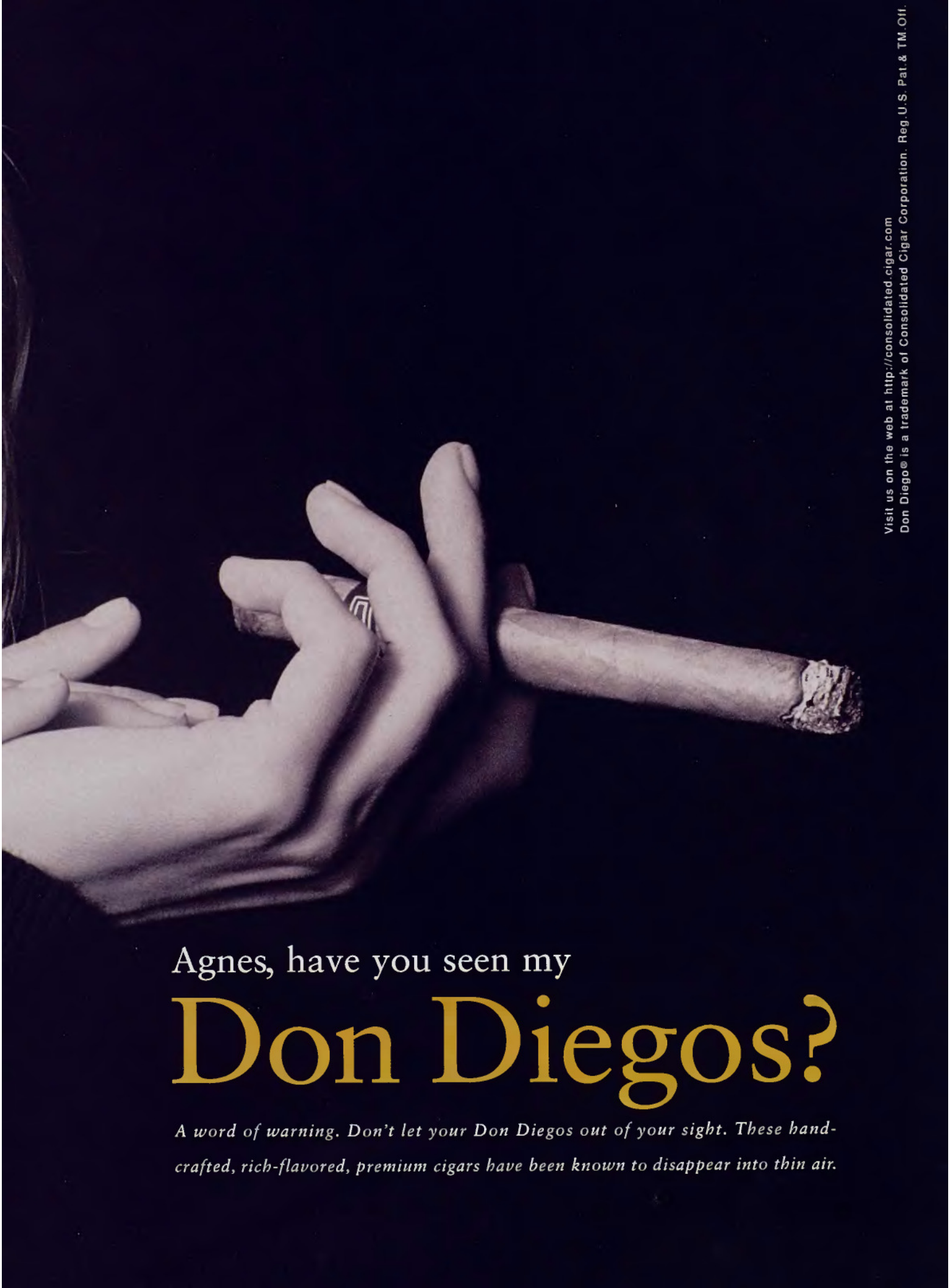

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irresponsible, don't you think?

SPRINGER: Sure has.

PLAYBOY: How did the video come about?

SPRINGER: I take no credit. In fact, I totally misread it. I didn't want to do the tape. I thought it would just increase the heat. I thought every columnist in America would look at the tape and say, "Aha, the trashy Springer is at it again." And we'd have another round of what a slimebucket I am. I also thought no one would buy it. So we'd get all this heat, and for what? I signed off on it for a nominal fee. No percentage of sales.

PLAYBOY: Who is your business manager, or, should we say, ex–business manager?

SPRINGER: I did it on my own. And the video has become an all-time best-seller. What a schmuck. We're making sequels, however, and I'll have a piece of those.

PLAYBOY: How many outtakes of nudity and fights do you have?

SPRINGER: As many as you want. We're here to make your life good.

PLAYBOY: A common criticism of you is that some of the shows are rigged.

SPRINGER: I'm not aware that they are. I can't look into everybody's mind. The premise of the show is that it's all real, but we've been involved in suits when it hasn't been. If during a show I believe someone isn't telling the truth, I'll say, "I think you're making up this story." I've even kicked people off the stage and said, "I'm sorry—this just isn't believable." We've sent people home when we've found out that their stories are garbage.

Have we ever been duped? I believe all the people who work for us are honorable. I can tell you, with God listening, that I—me, personally—have never put someone on the show who I knew wasn't telling the truth. I can speak to my own honor on that issue. If someone three years from now says, "Well, I once got a guest to say this . . . ," I'll be as surprised as anyone. It's entertainment, so I don't think there are any truth requirements. But I think the show has more of an edge when the stories are truthful. So that's what we try to do every day.

PLAYBOY: How did Jerry Springer become so famous?

SPRINGER: The job I have now requires no skill. Anybody could do what I do. I'm lucky I have the show. I have no particular talent in this area. The company that owned Channel 5 in Cincinnati when I was doing the local news also owned *Donahue* and *Sally Jessy Raphaël*. The company decided to start a new talk show and I got it. I didn't audition or beat out anybody else, and I've never pretended that my job requires any intellect or great talent. It's just a fun show. I get paid to go to camp.

PLAYBOY: Recently your ratings have hit an all-time high, even beating out *Oprah*. How does that feel?

SPRINGER: Of course it feels good for now, but I'm not kidding myself. Thirty years from now people will remember Oprah and the impact she's had on our culture and on television. I'm a blip on the screen in terms of TV history, and I recognize that. My show is hot and very popular, and I enjoy it. Obviously a lot of viewers do too, but some people hate it. That's OK. This is America and we ought to have those choices.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a say in what goes into the show, or are you merely following orders?

SPRINGER: There are no orders to follow; we all agree that our show is about outrageousness. As long as the subjects are outrageous and the guests are outrageous, I don't interfere. It's escapism. It's entertaining.

PLAYBOY: How do you define "entertaining"? Your show has been called "Stupid Human Tricks."

SPRINGER: I think I said that. I love being quoted. I want to say the show is interesting rather than entertaining. While most of our shows are entertaining, occasionally we have a serious subject, and no one out there is laughing. The show has to be interesting. It has to grab you. You have to say, "Whoa—don't hit the remote, what was that?" And sometimes what's interesting is silly. Why do you watch Letterman's "Stupid Pet Tricks"? Not because it's deep. It's funny as hell.

PLAYBOY: Your show is often accused of using violence to fortify its ratings. As it has become more violent, the ratings have risen. Isn't that irresponsible TV?

SPRINGER: It's still tame compared with the rest of television, where murders, robberies and rapes are routine. I've seen more violence in hockey games. On my show, most of the fighting is done by the security guards who run onto the stage to stop the shoving or to get someone out of a headlock.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think there's a difference between dramatized violence on *NYPD Blue* and the barroom-style fights on your show?

SPRINGER: There's nothing on our show that's attractive, nothing that would induce people to say, "This is how I'm going to behave, this is good." I would argue that they make violence look attractive on soap operas and even on prime-time television, where everything is made to look exciting. The people on those shows are attractive, even the music is enticing. Nothing on our show is enticing—we're obviously a cultural cartoon. OK, it's kind of dangerous, but that's the price we pay for the First Amendment.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you hiding behind the First Amendment in order to make a lot of money?

SPRINGER: First of all, I don't know that anyone has to hide behind the First Amendment. I think we should celebrate it. If you have a job, you're entitled to be paid. And this is what the company wants to pay me for. I pay taxes on my salary, I don't steal it. I don't know what else I'm supposed to do.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you worried about someone losing an eye or otherwise getting seriously hurt? Are there any rules of war for your guests?

SPRINGER: Of course, no weapons are allowed, and as soon as someone hits someone else, the security guards break them up. So far we've lost only hair, in a few girl fights. Hey, men go bald, why not women? Has it gone too far? Yes, probably. But we're treading that edge, and that's the risk that makes it exciting. Otherwise everything's vanilla.

PLAYBOY: This has to be the only show in the history of television that has six security guards on the sidelines.

SPRINGER: One for every guest's chair.

PLAYBOY: Who are those guys?

SPRINGER: They're mostly off-duty Chicago cops, great guys, and they've become celebrities themselves. People all seem to know Steve, the bald guy. He's got his own fan club. So does Todd. They're young, good-looking guys, and I think the girls like them.

PLAYBOY: Has anyone ever been seriously hurt during or after your show? Any unreported deaths?

SPRINGER: No, more people have died from watching our show than from being on it.

PLAYBOY: You appear ready to fight a neo-Nazi on the *Too Hot for TV* video.

SPRINGER: I kind of lost it. But did you see me hit anyone? No.

PLAYBOY: It looks like they are holding you back.

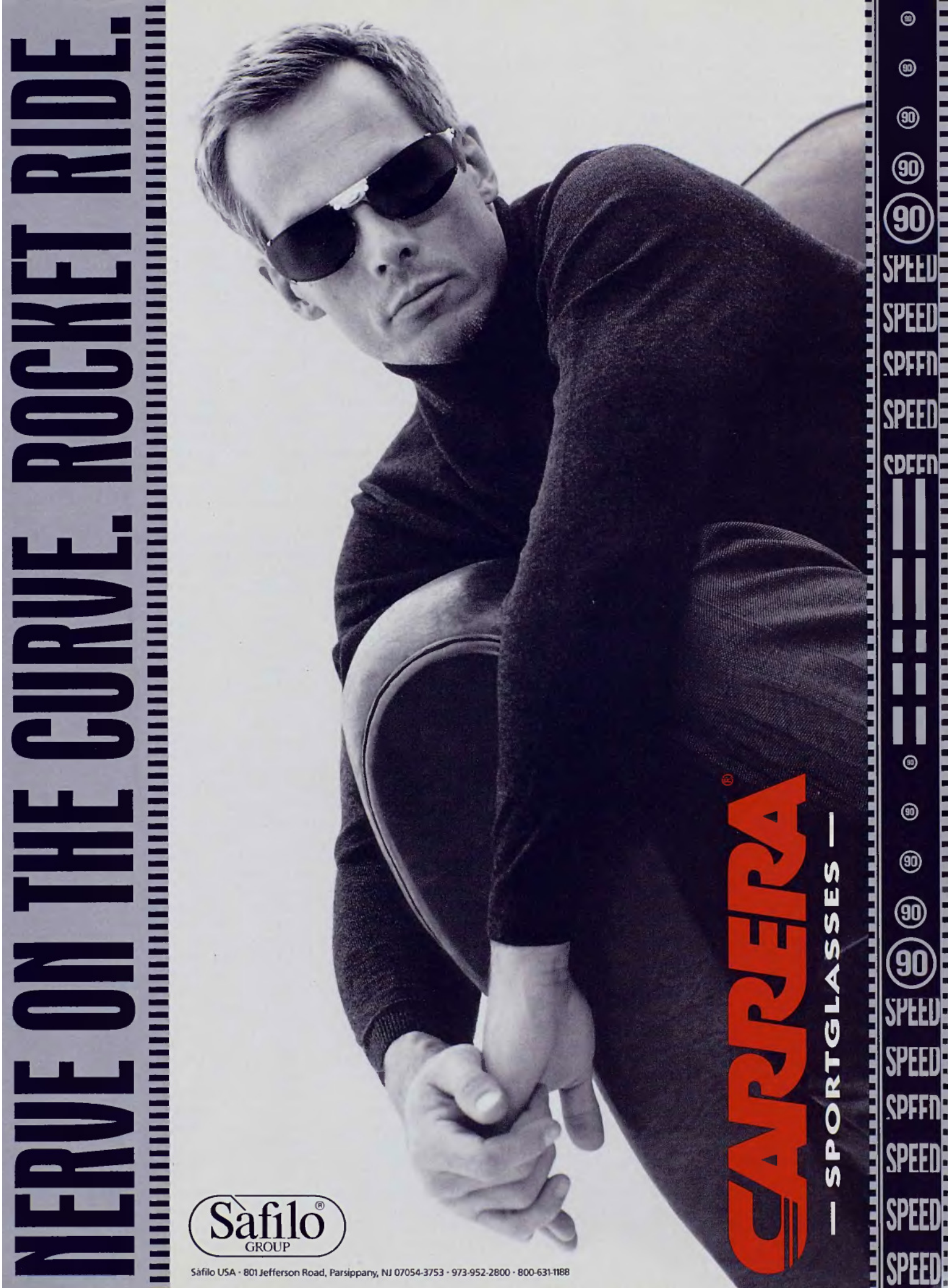
SPRINGER: That's the only time I really got pissed, but, again, no punches were thrown. Play that again in slow motion and you will notice that I go after the guy only when he's fully in grasp, because I'm a chicken. I don't think I've ever hit a person.

PLAYBOY: How would you have handled the *Jenny Jones* incident in which a guest killed another guest who had revealed his secret crush on the guy?

SPRINGER: With our show the guest is always told ahead of time what the parameters of a surprise are. For example, you could get a list of 20 possible surprises, and you have to approve every one before you sign to be on the show. The only people who are on our show are those who are ready for any possibility. Now, we didn't start doing that because we thought what happened with *Jenny Jones* would happen to us. We just don't want our guests angry at us. We want people to want to be on our show. So that was a business decision we made early.

PLAYBOY: Does the show have a fistfight quota?

SPRINGER: We like 2.7 fights by the second commercial break [*laughs*]. Actually, we go through phases. A year ago everyone on the show would say, "Don't even go there." And that became a catchphrase. The only way you get on our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show is by calling us—the phone number is given on the screen. Therefore, anyone who comes on our show has seen how people have behaved on the show before them. They assume they can behave the same way. In a few months it won't be fighting anymore, it'll be something else.

PLAYBOY: What about the announcement by the company that owns your show that it plans to limit the fisticuffs?

SPRINGER: Management came to town last week and I got nothing out of those meetings except a lot of money. They came out and said, "God bless you and here's a bonus." It was amazing. They said, "Keep doing the show, God bless you, couldn't be happier." Their concern was that no one get hurt. So far no one's gotten hurt. We've been lucky. Let's keep that going. Their suggestion was that we beef up security. They own the show. They're the boss. They can have whatever kind of show they want. I'm fine. I have no objections with anything. All we're going to do is have more security guards to make sure nobody gets hurt. We want to make sure the fights don't get out of hand.

PLAYBOY: Is the rough stuff going to be edited out in advance of broadcast?

SPRINGER: We edit every day. You watch. You be the judge.

PLAYBOY: You don't feel you are being muzzled?

SPRINGER: Not at all.

PLAYBOY: So does that mean you're a go-along kind of guy?

SPRINGER: Unbelievably go-along. I'm hosting the *Jerry Springer Show*. They just gave me a ton of money, signed me on for five years. But it's their show. If tomorrow they want me to do basketball games, I'll do basketball games. I'm totally fine. It's their show. If it were my show, we'd do Yogi Berra and politics.

PLAYBOY: Do you pay your guests?

SPRINGER: No, because they'd make up the stories if we paid them. Plus, there's no need to. We get about 2000 calls a day from people who want to be on.

PLAYBOY: Do guests think they will find a real answer on the show?

SPRINGER: I can't believe there is a human being on the planet who would come on our show thinking, Aha! This will solve my problem. I meet these people after the show. They don't think we're a replacement for a psychologist. And let's face it, 99 percent of the shows we do have nothing to do with anything serious, other than who is dating or dumping whom. People come on our show because they know they're going to get on the air for 15 minutes to have fun, yell and scream.

PLAYBOY: What sort of goals do you have for the show?

SPRINGER: My greatest goal is that my child will never be on my show [*laughs*]. I have no goals for it. This is a ride. I mean, sometimes I feel like my life has been a ride. I have had all these great jobs, totally unrelated to one another, and I'm just passing through, having a great time. Now that I have this show, I want it to be the most successful show on television. That's my goal.

PLAYBOY: How much money do you make these days? We hear $3 million a year.

SPRINGER: Why, you need some? I knew it would eventually come down to that. I was just wondering when you'd ask.

PLAYBOY: Four million? Five?

SPRINGER: It's a lot, yeah. Considerably more than I ever dreamed of making in a lifetime. After a while it just doesn't matter much. I'm paid to be an entertainer. And entertainers are paid based on market value, not on what we do for society.

PLAYBOY: If you weren't the host, is yours the sort of show you would watch?

SPRINGER: No, this isn't my interest at all. I've never watched the show. Except for sports, I rarely watch television. It's horrible to admit, but I've never seen *ER*, and I've seen *Seinfeld* only a few times, on United Airlines flights. They show that and *Mad About You* on long flights.

PLAYBOY: Has success cost you much of your privacy?

SPRINGER: I'm uncomfortable. I can be anyplace—shopping, standing in line for a movie—and I can't even scratch because someone's always looking. Plus, people are constantly talking about me. I'll check into a hotel and turn on the TV, and they're talking about me on a show that has nothing to do with me. Or I'll pick up *Newsweek*, as I did recently, and they're comparing the White House to the *Jerry Springer Show*. The *Jerry Springer Show* has become an idiom. All you have to do is say that and you don't have to define anything else. It's weird, because I don't see myself as that. I make no apologies for the show. I'm having the time of my life. I love it. But I think it's silly when I see myself being defined by my show, the good or the bad.

PLAYBOY: Where's the good?

SPRINGER: Chicago has, in a sense, adopted me. You wouldn't know that from the newspaper reporters; that's their job. But the regular people are great. Everywhere I go I hear, "Come on in." If I felt that people thought I was loathsome, I'd say, "Oh shit, what am I doing?" But I get on airplanes, go to restaurants, and go anywhere, and people are so damn nice to me.

PLAYBOY: You started in TV on a local newscast. What makes a good anchor?

SPRINGER: I certainly wouldn't assume that a TV anchor is a good journalist. What anchors are hired for has nothing to do with journalism. They're hired because they look good, have the right voice and read well. You can be the brightest person in the world, but if you don't look believable when you're reading, stations won't hire you. It's primarily a cosmetic job. If you can't read off a Teleprompter, you're not an anchor. It infuriates those in the business when they hear that. But I was there. They know it's the truth. That doesn't mean all news anchors aren't bright. Some are. Not most, but some. They're not always the brightest because the brightest young people usually wind up in serious professions. The best students, those who get the highest scores on their SATs, don't usually become news anchors. The reporters in a newsroom are invariably snickering in the background at the news anchors. It's not a very respected profession.

PLAYBOY: What about someone like Ted Koppel?

SPRINGER: He's excellent. Could other people do what he does? Probably. What I find interesting is that his guests are never there. It's a technique that puts Ted at an advantage. You and I are sitting here talking. I can challenge anything you say and we've got a debate. He doesn't permit that. The only person I know of who sat alongside Ted on *Nightline* was Gary Hart, because that was the only way he would go on. But virtually no one ever sits at the desk with Ted Koppel, because being separated from his guests puts Koppel in a superior position. They can't see whether he is frowning or agreeing—and that's why his guests always look guilty. He's sitting there with total control. He can shut you off. He's excellent, but anyone in that setting would look powerful.

Most anchors are uncomfortable with live interviews, because they are used to being able to edit anything that makes them look not smart, or that refutes their original premise. What is left on the cutting-room floor, what they do with interviews, news programs, magazine programs, is almost criminal. It is unbelievable.

PLAYBOY: Getting it down to the sound bite?

SPRINGER: You can talk for 20 minutes and they'll take one sentence.

PLAYBOY: Has that been done to you?

SPRINGER: When we were first being attacked, I remember doing interviews for network news programs and challenging them, saying, "You're talking to me about hurting people? Look what you do when you jam a microphone in the face of people who don't want to be on TV, without worrying if it will ruin their career, embarrass their children, humiliate them. You run to a family that has been involved in a horrible tragedy, and you just fire off your questions, having no regard for their privacy. How dare you talk about who I'm hurting!" Not one station ran that answer. Not one. And if they did that to me, what has been left out of other interviews? Have I been forming judgments about people because TV news departments edit and I don't get the full story? Was I wrong in disliking Nixon? Maybe Nixon had an

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answer.

PLAYBOY: Aren't you blaming the messenger for the message?

SPRINGER: Yeah, because the messenger is creating a message when it's no one's business. I am blaming the messenger. I'm not blaming human beings for being human. Otherwise no one could ever run for public office. God says, "Everyone sins." Now, the question is, how are we going to choose our leaders? How about choosing them based on their performance, on whether they do the job they were elected to do. Stop talking about all the other stuff, unless the person chooses to let you know about it.

PLAYBOY: Do you fear the media might become a kind of Big Brother?

SPRINGER: Oh, they're already there, and if you talk to anyone in public life they'll say they feel it. There is a fear of the media. People care about what the media are going to find out or what the media will say about them. Clinton doesn't go to bed worrying about Gingrich—that's not the problem. It's the damn newspapers. The political talk shows. And who are these people? On Sunday mornings at their little roundtables before the camera, they determine the agenda for America. And these aren't even brilliant people.

PLAYBOY: Are they like news anchors—good on camera?

SPRINGER: I know some of them and, without mentioning names, they're not at the head of the class.

PLAYBOY: There are straight news programs and tabloid-style news shows such as *Hard Copy*. Are their rules different?

SPRINGER: It's a little different, but I draw the same line. I don't believe you should ever talk about somebody who doesn't want to be spoken about on television—unless the public has a need to know. Let's assume your reputation is your personal property. Why should someone else be able to make money off of your property? If the media want to talk about Marv Albert, they should pay him. A television program sells commercials and pays salaries, and if it's going to talk about Albert against his wishes, it had better pay him for it. It's his personal property.

PLAYBOY: That's ludicrous. Marv Albert wanted to be in the public eye. He hired publicists to put him there.

SPRINGER: There's a difference. Again, you're volunteering—to get publicity.

PLAYBOY: In becoming a public person, don't you have to take your chances?

SPRINGER: Where is that written? Can you show me that law?

PLAYBOY: What do you think of your fellow talk-show hosts?

SPRINGER: It's not fair to put the others in my category, because most of them try to be serious. I think. At least there's the appearance of being serious. I don't think the others have a circus, as I do. Oprah deserves to be respected for being a great talent, for running a serious talk show. In terms of talk shows, it's not fair to mention Oprah and me in the same sentence.

PLAYBOY: You don't think so?

SPRINGER: Not in terms of our show. She does a serious talk show. And she's a great talent. I'm not a great talent.

PLAYBOY: Oprah started a book club. Any plans for a Jerry Springer book club?

SPRINGER: Can you imagine the day I announce my book club? I'd be ripped to shreds. Most people would think it's a porn club. I think the sincerity of anything I do right now is going to be questioned. If I try to talk about something important, no one's going to listen. So I'm going to ride this out for a bit, let everyone take their shots.

PLAYBOY: Gut reaction: Geraldo?

SPRINGER: Edgy. I could not do what he does. I'm always in the background. I can be the ringleader, get them going, but when Geraldo is on, no matter what show he's doing, it's Geraldo. He's very good at that. That's not easy to do.

PLAYBOY: He's gotten into at least one fistfight with guests.

SPRINGER: Well, he's a street fighter in personality and I'm not. I'm the kid he would have attacked on the way home from school. He would have thrown me into the bushes, taken my briefcase and run away. We're totally different. He's going to get into a fight because he can win. I'm not going to get into a fight because I'd have my clock cleaned.

PLAYBOY: Montel Williams?

SPRINGER: I know he wants to be taken seriously. And there's a niche for that. I don't know him well enough to say if he's sincere or not. I'll take him at his word. You can see that he's trying to mark some ground. My strategy is to let it all hang out, to be outrageous. His seems to be more disciplined; nothing's out of place. Be neat, be serious, furrow the brow.

PLAYBOY: What do you anticipate with Roseanne's entry into the daytime talk-show wars?

SPRINGER: She could be great. We'll see. She has incredible talent; she's an unbelievable presence. Sometimes there's baggage that comes with her because she's so controversial. If you put 20 people in a room, you'll notice her first.

PLAYBOY: Rosie O'Donnell?

SPRINGER: Great comedic instinct. Others think they can put a desk up there and be Rosie. They can't. They're not that funny. She's funny.

PLAYBOY: Don't these shows seem boring after a while?

SPRINGER: The difficulty is that we're on every day for an hour. That's a lot. Who isn't boring after an hour, five days a week? You know, you look at some people on television more than you look at someone you live with. Everything on TV gets old. Dave Letterman's routines get old after a while. And he's a great talent. I don't know anyone who can stand up to that standard. Who can be funny five hours a week?

PLAYBOY: Do you think you can keep your show from going stale?

SPRINGER: Yeah, because I don't do anything. What do I do? We've done it for seven years, and I'm doing it for another five. There's no trick to it. If I had to stand there for an hour a day and entertain people by myself, they'd tune off in five minutes.

PLAYBOY: Is there any strategizing in terms of the content of the show?

SPRINGER: No. The only things I've ever said are: I want to go for a young audience, and I want to be outrageous. Once you hit 30, your interests are the same for the rest of your life. But if you aim for 18-year-olds, each year you get a new bunch. You guarantee a new class of viewers every year. That's how you stay on the air.

Here's what I do know: There's no formula. If there were, every show would be successful. We pretend to know. People are paid lots of money based on their most recent success, and more often than not, their next effort fails. And so when people ask, "Why don't you quit your show and do a different kind of program?" I say, "Wait a second, just because I'm successful at this doesn't mean I'm going to have another great show. You crazy?"

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about "Politicians Who Pay Prostitutes With Checks—on the next *Springer*!"

SPRINGER: Yeah, and let's get it straight. A lot of people get it wrong.

PLAYBOY: What is your version of the episode?

SPRINGER: In 1969 I moved to Cincinnati, where I ran for city council and was elected. I later joined a "health club" across the Ohio River in Kentucky. It was a real health club in some ways, but it was also a front for prostitutes. The club was raided and records were confiscated. In the spring of 1974, I started getting phone calls. "We know you were at the club," this voice said, and I got scared. I thought, Oh Jesus, is this going to be blackmail?

I was young, I felt stupid for what I did and I had to get my life in order. I just wanted it behind me, whatever it was. I didn't want to live the rest of my life thinking, One day they're going to find out. So I thought the easy way out was to resign from the city council.

PLAYBOY: Who was making the phone calls? Political enemies who had access to the materials from the raid?

SPRINGER: I would be speculating. I can't imagine they were friends of mine. I think I surprised them by announcing my resignation and explaining why. That took the wind out of everyone's sails. Suddenly the issue was gone.

PLAYBOY: The direct approach.

(continued on page 149)

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

He's a man who revels in summer. Barbecue, beer and ballparks, sure, but our guy prefers to excel in the active lane. He's one of 6 million PLAYBOY men who participated in sports in the past 12 months. That's more than the readers of *Men's Health* and *Men's Fitness* combined. PLAYBOY men spent $620 million on athletic equipment last year—that's ten percent of all dollars spent by men on sporting goods. PLAYBOY—it's where the action is. (Source: Fall 1997 MRI.)

BY SCOTT HOWARD-COOPER

MAGIC

WILL IT TAKE MORE THAN HE'S GOT TO SURVIVE LATE-NIGHT?

Whoopi Goldberg. Keenen Ivory Wayans. Pat Sajak. Jon Stewart. Lauren Hutton. Dennis Miller. Chevy Chase. The world of former talk show hosts is a graveyard. But that's not stopping Magic Johnson. His *Magic Hour* debuted last month, and Magic is in training. Writer Scott Howard-Cooper caught up with Magic between sessions with his speech therapist and his interview coach. Johnson admits his new job has made him more nervous than anything since high school. It's an amazing admission from a man who faced down the NBA's toughest opponents and who remains the most famous man in the world to go public about testing positive for HIV.

PLAYBOY: You've played college and pro basketball, you've coached, you're a businessman and a sportscaster. How does hosting a talk show compare?

JOHNSON: It's a lot of hard work. People don't really understand that. Hosting late-night is just like preparing for a season or a game. You work hard.

PLAYBOY: And how have you prepared?

JOHNSON: Every day it's something, whether it's two hours with my speech coach and another hour and a half with my interview coach, or meeting with the show's producers and directors. It's a lot of work—it's not just getting up there and saying, "OK, here I am."

PLAYBOY: What has your speech coach been working on with you?

JOHNSON: My "th's." Everything. It's just amazing.

PLAYBOY: Do you notice yourself speaking differently?

JOHNSON: Oh yeah.

PLAYBOY: Did you know you weren't speaking as clearly as you should?

JOHNSON: I could tell. You just tell yourself it's OK. But it isn't. I'm glad that I got the coach.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever listen to any tapes from your pre–speech therapy days? What do you think?

JOHNSON: I was horrible [*laughs*]. Especially compared with how I speak now. It's like night and day.

PLAYBOY: It seems like the number of failed talk show hosts includes almost half of show business. Do you worry that you are going to end up on that list?

JOHNSON: That's the challenge. I need challenges in my life. It's going to be fun.

PLAYBOY: How did you feel at the beginning?

JOHNSON: Nervous and scared. I didn't know if I could do it.

PLAYBOY: Are you doing this because you need to be cheered in one way or another, even if it's not by basketball fans?

JOHNSON: I think I needed it more right after I announced that I have HIV. But now I wouldn't say I need it. Because the cheering happens everywhere. In New York, they love me. I don't know why, but it's everywhere. These days I need to get away from it more. That's why I go to Hawaii, to get away. That's why I got my yacht. I need time to just chill and get away from it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think you'll ever be involved with the NBA again, as an owner or as a coach?

JOHNSON: No. I'll just be the commissioner.

PLAYBOY: Is David Stern aware of this?

JOHNSON: David Stern is going to be there for however long, and then they'll turn it over to me.

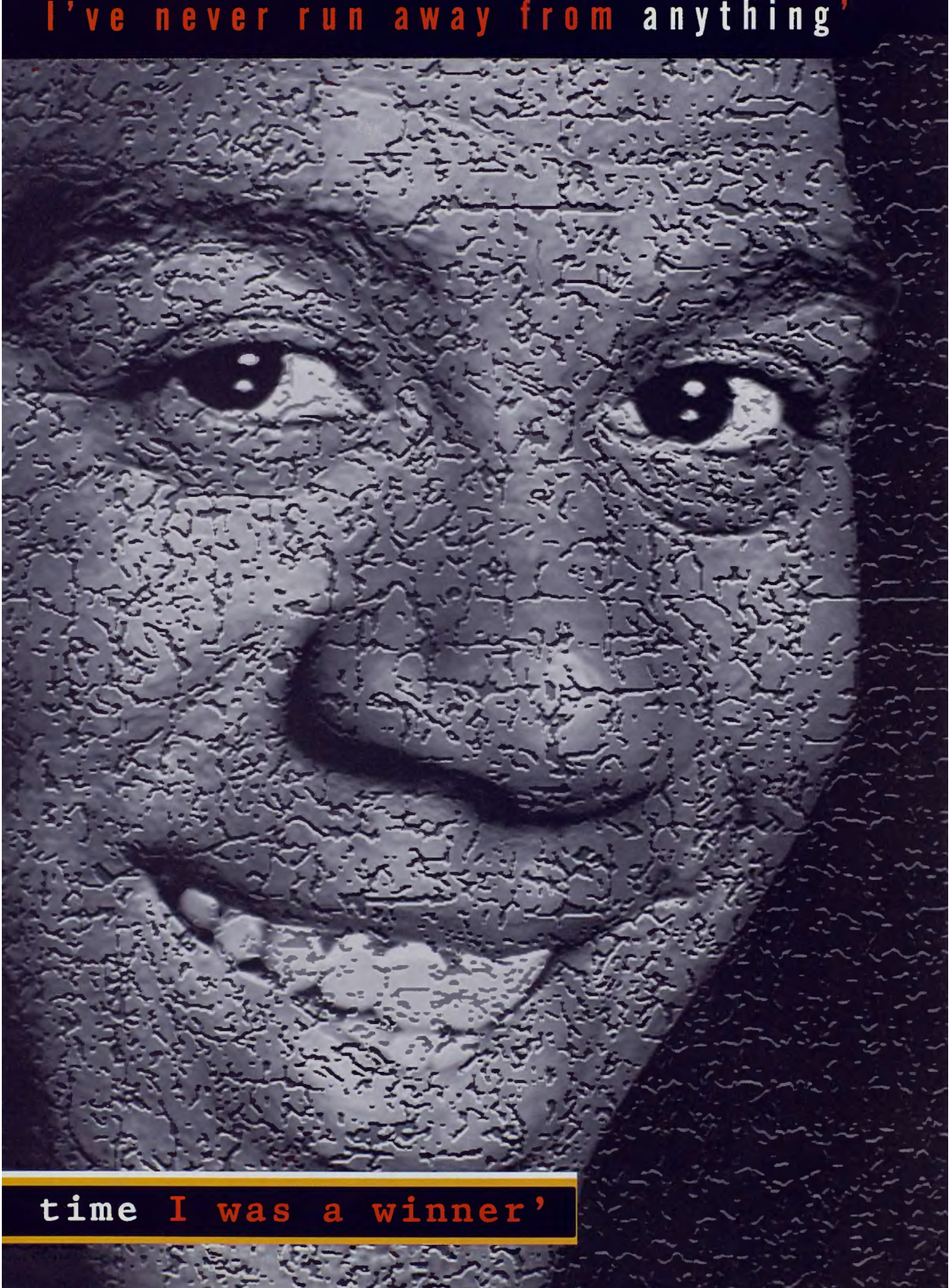
PLAYBOY: How will you do?

JOHNSON: Very well.

PLAYBOY: What would you do with a player who chokes his coach?

JOHNSON: Kick him out. He

'The dream team had a lot of casino


I've never run away from anything'
time I was a winner'

would definitely be banned.

PLAYBOY: You have coached. What would you have done if a player had tried to choke you?

JOHNSON: He would have been in for a long fight. There wouldn't have been any "Get him off me." If he really wanted to fight, I would have said, "Let's go."

PLAYBOY: When you say fight, you don't mean a legal fight, as in "We'll let the commissioner handle it and take it to the arbitrator"?

JOHNSON: No. If he comes after me, he'd better be ready for a real fight, because I'm one of those people who'll fight forever. Because of my competitiveness, I'm not going to let him win. Plus, once he comes to choke me, I'm going to pick up whatever's closest. He's already challenged my manhood. Now I've got 11 guys and two coaches looking, so we've got to go all the way. Got to go some rounds. If I ever made a player so mad that he told me, "I want to kick your butt," I'd say, "OK, let's go. If you really want to do it, let's go."

PLAYBOY: You have such a friendly demeanor that sometimes people forget that side of you. But you've had contentious relationships your entire career—for instance, your relationship with Michael Jordan got off to a bad start. Was it jealousy on your part?

JOHNSON: Of course. He came in with all that attention, making all the commercials and the money. And he could play! Of course there's some jealousy. People are always going to be jealous *(continued on page 164)*

Can Magic Johnsan stay out of the limelight? It seems highly unlikely. Every aspect af Jahnson's life has been public fodder—whether he's campaigning against AIDS with Sharon Stone (above left) or talking with children an his AIDS Benefit Tour (abave right).

Magic gives fellow Dream Teamer Michael Jordan credit far forcing him ta play better (abave left). But as a Laker, Johnson also had to please a celebrity constituency. There was Jack Nichalsan, of course, but Magic also orbited Planet Hollywood with the likes of Arnold Schwarzenegger (abave center).

Jahnsan is well known far starting businesses in inner-city neighborhaads that ather companies avaid. He also taak a visible rale with Muhammad Ali at the 100 Black Men dinner in 1997 (abave).

'I haven't had tough days like people might expect'

If Magic runs law an big-name guests for his new syndicated talk shaw, he cauld always call an same af his past cantacts, such as farmer President Geaarge Bush (left), wha appainted him ta a federal AIDS commissian, pal Janet Jacksan (abave) and fellow AIDS activist Elizabeth Taylar (right).

"We can't take him without you putting him in a plastic sack."

THE NEWTON GIRLS

Helmut Newton can transform women. With that in mind, we asked him to photograph six women who are dear to our hearts—Playmates, in fact—and work his flashy way with them. Newton works in a world of careful contrivance filled with aberrance and artifice. His photos often describe the difference between nude and naked. The former is being seen without clothes on, the latter is being caught with nothing on. This is an essential law of Newtonian physics.

At left, Carrie Stevens points out a sudden and disturbing light in the Los Angeles sky. Below, Barbara Moore seems to be on a crusade. She may be an excellent motivational speaker, but she may very well be preaching to the converted.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HELMUT NEWTON

On the previous page, at left, Traci Adell rests on her considerable laurels. Top and bottom, Kimber West engages in full frontal ground control. On this spread, above, Victoria Fuller exploits the only place in California where it's still legal to light up a cigarette. At right, Julie Lynn Cialini hangs from a forklift much like a limber piece of human linguine.

508
W

A JAMES BOND ADVENTURE

deadly chemical poisonings in cyprus were clearly the work of a terrorist group. who better to hunt it down than 007?

THE FACTS OF DEATH

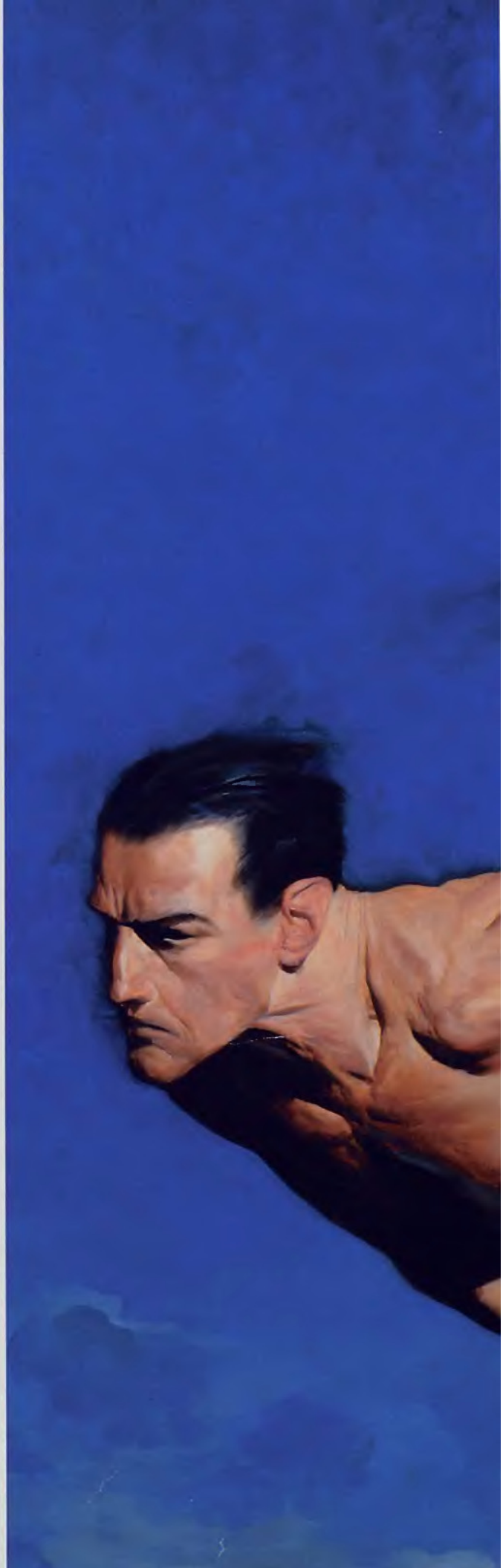
By RAYMOND BENSON

THE TABLEAUX of pain and suffering might have been a freeze-frame from a dance of death.

The 12 men—three corporals and nine privates—were sprawled about in various positions in the barracks room. They were fully dressed. One man was half-on, half-off a cot. Three were piled together, clutching one another in a macabre embrace. All of them had vomited and bled from the nose and mouth. They had clearly experienced a horrible death.

The team of four investigators dressed in protective gear made a thorough search of the premises. Each wore a Willson AR 1700 full-face gas mask with a respirator and in-cheek filters, airtight goggles, a hood, an impermeable butyl rubber suit, 18-gauge rubber gloves and boots. Every inch of skin was covered. The investigators were thankful that the gas masks blocked the stench. They were sweating profusely beneath the suits for, in late October, it was still hot in southern Cyprus.

James Bond peered through the eyepieces of his gas mask, taking in every detail. Twelve soldiers had been killed by an unknown chemical agent, possibly administered through the air ducts. It seemed the only possible explanation. Equally disturbing was the



PAINTING BY PHIL HALE

number three painted in red on the wall of the room. Below the number, on the floor, was a six-inch alabaster statuette of the ancient Greek god Poseidon.

Bond watched the two British SAS investigators do their work and then followed them outside into the sun. One investigator, the sole Greek on the team, remained inside to finish making notes and to take photographs.

The men removed their gas masks and hoods. The temperature was already 85 degrees. It would have been a good day for a swim.

The British Sovereign Base Areas in the Republic of Cyprus cover approximately three percent of the island. The Western Sovereign Base Area, which consists of the Episkopi Garrison buildings and the Akrotiri RAF airfield, and the Eastern Sovereign Base Area, the garrison at Dhekelia, remained under British jurisdiction when the Treaty of Establishment created the independent Republic of Cyprus in 1960. Prior to that, Cyprus had been a British Crown Colony.

Bond had been dispatched to Cyprus shortly after midnight and had been shuttled to Akrotiri by a Royal Navy aircraft. He was met by Captain Sean Tully and taken directly to Episkopi, which housed the Sovereign Base Areas Administration and the headquarters of the British Forces in Cyprus. Bond had always thought the island a lovely place, with its beautiful beaches, rolling hills in the north, near-perfect climate and quaint and colorful cities. It was unfortunate that Cyprus had such a turbulent recent history.

It was an unnamed British officer who had drawn a line with a green marker across the map in 1963, when tensions between the Greek and Turkish Cypriots culminated in violence. The United Nations moved in shortly thereafter in an attempt to keep the peace along the aptly named Green Line. Eleven years later, as a result of an attempted coup by the Greek government and the Turkish invasion of the northern part of the island that occurred in reaction to that attempt, the island was divided not just by a symbolic Green Line but by a political one. Today, Her Majesty's government, along with the UN, recognizes only the government of the Republic of Cyprus, which administers the southern two thirds of the island. The so-called Turkish Republic of Northern Cyprus, which illegally occupies the northeast third, is not recognized by any nation other than Turkey. The situation has been a source of tension, mistrust and conflict for more than 20 years.

The current disaster had struck in a barracks near the Episkopi helicopter landing site. Bond had been joined by two SAS forensic identification specialists from London and, at the last minute, by a member of the Greek Secret Service. He was puzzled by the presence of the Greek agent, who was still inside the barracks taking notes. M had advised him that a Greek agent would be contacting him in Episkopi, but this was obviously a British matter as it involved British military personnel and occurred on territory governed by neither the Republic of Cyprus nor Greece.

Winninger, one of the London investigators, wiped the sweat from his brow and asked, "Commander Bond, do you have any preliminary impressions?"

"It was some kind of aerosol agent, I would imagine," Bond said. "The number on the wall and the little statue are some kind of signature that the killer or killers left behind. I understand there was something similar at Dhekelia two days ago."

"Right," the second man, Ashcraft, said. "A small squad of men was killed by a nerve toxin called sarin—the same stuff that was used recently in a Japanese underground train by a religious fanatic."

Winninger added, "And then there was poor Whitten two days before that."

Bond nodded. He had been briefed. Christopher Whitten had been an MI6 operative in Athens. His body had been found by the Greek police sprawled on the steps of the Temple of Hephaestion in the ancient agora near the Acropolis. He had died by an unidentified poison, but Forensic Toxicology believed the cause of death to have been ricin, a deadly protein derived from the simple castor bean.

In all three cases, the perpetrators had left a number painted near the body or bodies. The number one had been scrawled on a rock by Whitten's head. The number two had been painted on the wall of the Dhekelia barracks where the small squad of soldiers died the other day. Another similarity to the Episkopi incident was that a small statue of a Greek god had been left at the Dhekelia scene.

Ashcraft said, "And now we have the third attack in four days. Looks like we've got a serial terrorist or something. One complete section and half of another from the platoon were killed. That's three corporals and nine privates—three fire teams. It happened late last night after they had come in from drill. What do you make of the condition of the bodies, Ray?"

Winninger rubbed his chin. "From the amount of bleeding the victims experienced—from nearly every orifice of their bodies—it appears to be tricothecenes. Wouldn't you agree?"

"Yes," Ashcraft said. "We'll have to get the lab to verify, of course. Terrible way to go." He turned to Bond. "Tricothecenes is a poison that causes radical bleeding from the eyes, ears, nose and mouth, internal bleeding, burns, convulsion and death—all within half an hour."

Bond was familiar with the various types of chemicals used in terrorist attacks and in warfare.

"Is it my imagination, or can I smell their bodies from out here?" Winninger asked.

The Greek agent emerged from the barracks, still wearing the gas mask and protective hood. Now out in the fresh air, the gas mask and coverings were quickly removed, revealing a head of long, black hair. She had Mediterranean features—thick eyebrows, brown eyes, full lips, a large but not unattractive nose and a long neck. She was unusually tall—nearly six feet. Bond and the other two men were surprised. They hadn't realized the agent was a woman when she walked into the barracks after them. She hadn't spoken and the protective uniform covered any hint of female shape.

"Are you from the National Intelligence Service? You're Mirakos?" Winninger asked.

"That's right," she said. "Niki Mirakos of the Greek NIS." She pronounced her first name Nee-kee.

"What are you doing here, exactly?" Ashcraft asked. "If you don't mind my asking."

"I'm investigating these terrorist attacks, just as you are," she said with disdain. "Your man Whitten was found in a public area of Athens—a national park that was a holy place for the ancient Greeks, no less. These attacks are not random. There is a purpose behind them. My government has an interest in what has happened."

"Maybe you can fill us in on your hypothesis, then?" Ashcraft said.

"Later," she said. "I want to get out of these hot clothes and take a shower." She turned to Bond. "You're 007, aren't you?"

Bond held out his hand. "Bond," he said. "James Bond."

"We're supposed to have a little talk," she said. She glanced at the two other officers and added, "Alone."

Bond nodded. He led her toward the building in the barracks that had been assigned to them as temporary quarters. As they walked, she unzipped her coveralls, revealing a white T-shirt soaked with sweat. Her full breasts were perfectly molded into the shirt. Bond couldn't help stealing a glance or two as they walked. She was not

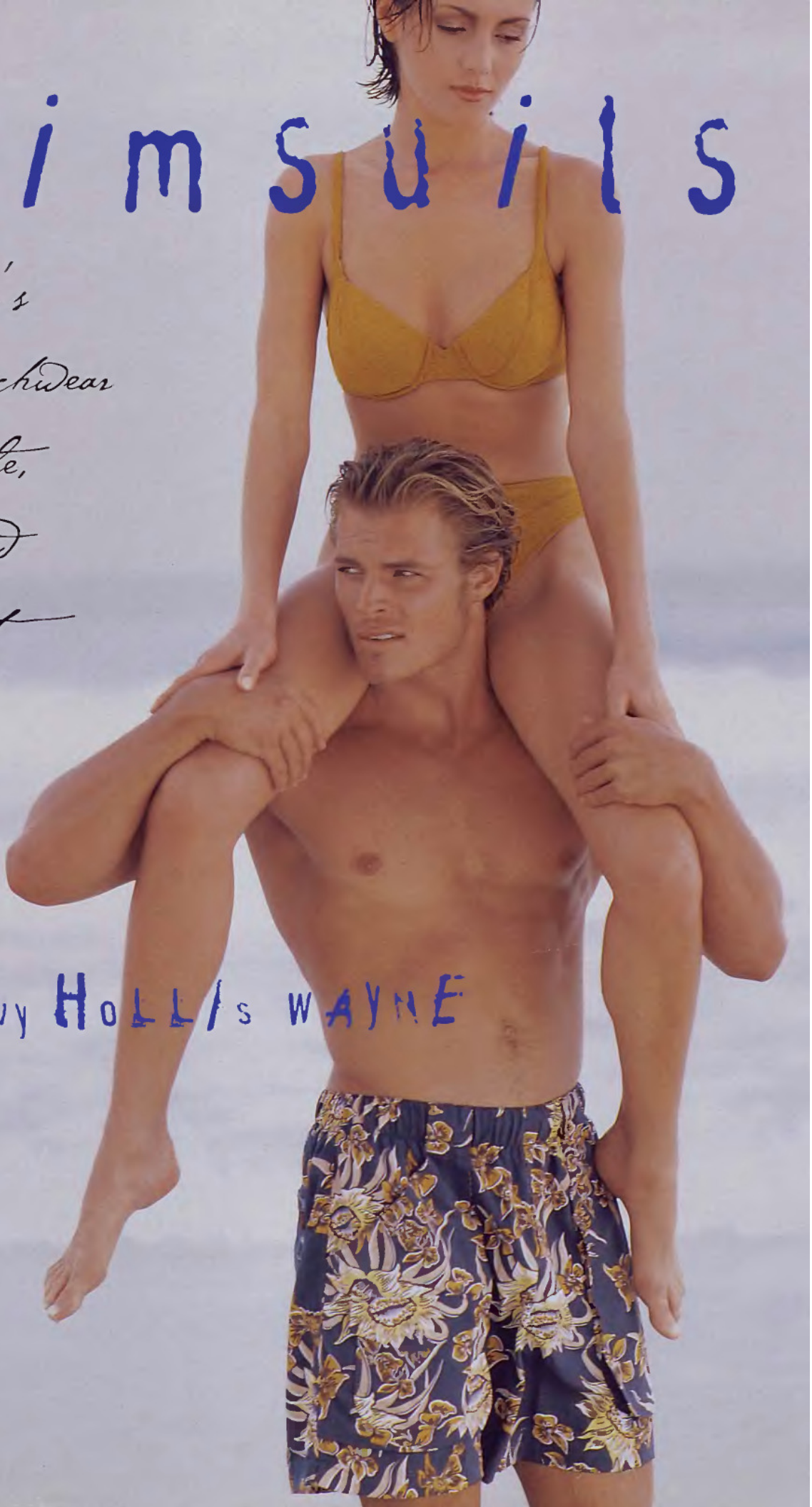
(continued on page 154)

"I'd ask you in for a drink but my husband's a light sleeper."

swimsuits

This summer's beachwear is subtle, striking and adult

fashion by HOLLIS WAYNE



The new wave in swimsuits has washed neon colors off the beach. It has also taken shorts higher on the leg. However, if you insist on looking like a sandlot Allen Iverson, or if your body type demonds it, you can weor o longer surfer style such as the Hawaiian-print trunks at right. They have pockets and are made by Tommy 8ahama ($48). Her mustard-colored bikini is by Gottex ($106).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHUCK BAKER

Why is this couple so well matched? Aside from the fact that our leggy betty would moke any beach bum look good, these two hove styling suits. So while you're looking for a set of togs for yourself, you might wont to do some shopping for your girlfriend. Below, Mr. Lizard is lounging in print boxer shorts by Gottex ($62). Her bikini is by Emporio Armani ($125). Its metollic finish is reminiscent of a fishing lure, but as far os this brunette is concerned, you're the boit, chum.

Control is important at the beach. You don't want o suit thot droops after o swim or one that twists and hikes during o nop under the umbrella. If tight feels right, think obout slipping into these stretchy swim trunks by Emporio Armani ($90). They ore novy and green with violet side panels. Her bikini is by Gottex ($98).

Everybody is tired after a photo shoot, but only compatible models can relax as comfortably as our two friends can. The pose is no optical illusion; the shorts, however, are another story. He's wearing black-and-white-check trunks by C.P. Company ($85). She is in shorts by Donsky. At $75, a top is included but not entirely necessary.

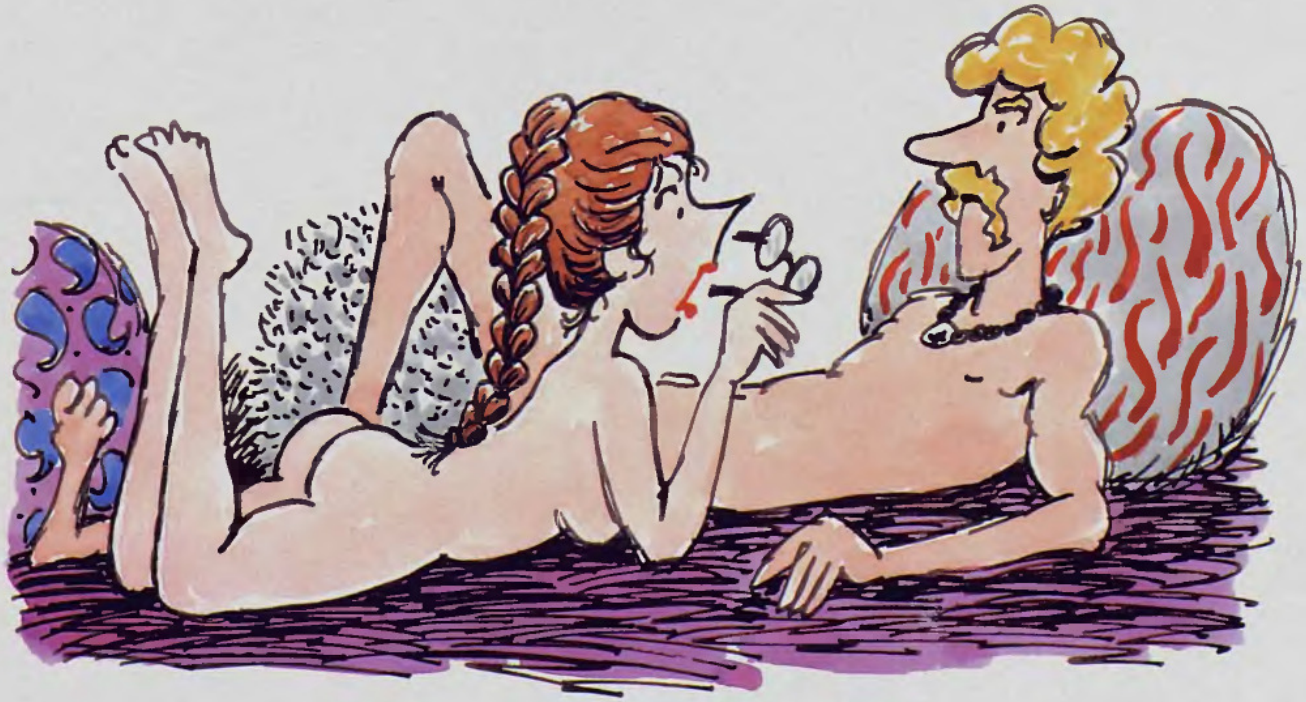
WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 150.
HAIR AND MAKEUP BY ERIC RAYMOND FOR MICHELE POMMIER ARTIST MANAGEMENT

in which our cartoonist faces up to the facts of contemporary life

EAT ME!

by Eikoon

"No! It's disgusting and gross and I won't do it—unless you do it first."



"Well, I'm sorry, but I can't do it right if I can't see it and I can't see it without my glasses."

"Allison doesn't drink, but she always ends up under the table."

"Hey, are we going to have oral sex or are we just going to talk about it?"

"My God, you're right! It cured my hiccups."

2 0 Q U E S T I O N S

CRAIG KILBORN

"the daily show's" sassmeister on suspensions, garlic and the "baywatch" gig that got away

To the dismay of his father, who wanted him to be a baseball player, Craig Kilborn admits that he "just couldn't throw the ball very well." Luckily, young Kilborn had a backup sport. "I started dribbling the basketball when I was in second grade." And his height topped out at 6'4" in the ninth grade. Kilborn's ball-handling skills and long frame propelled him along the jock track right through college. After graduation, he toured Europe with an American basketball team and got an offer to turn pro with a Luxembourg team looking for an American to lend it credibility.

To this day, Kilborn regrets turning down the offer. "I have some eligibility left," he says. "I think I could still play in Europe." But at 22, the basketball addict realized the NBA wasn't in the cards and decided to try a slightly less long-shot career: "I started looking for a TV job."

Before long, Kilborn parlayed his anchorman looks, sports knowledge and aptitude for comedy into radio and television sports gigs in Savannah and Monterey. The California station KCBA-TV also dispatched Kilborn, an aspiring gourmet, to cover such events as the Garlic Festival in nearby Gilroy. In 1993 he went national, signing as an anchor with ESPN. His shift was the two A.M. edition of "Sports Center." "I had no choice when it came to achieving cult status among college students pulling all-nighters," he deadpans. The downside: "I can't think that it was healthy for me to sleep until one in the afternoon. It was hard to grab a workout, and my basketball game suffered."

Two years ago Kilborn made the jump to Comedy Central when the cable network was looking to create a high-profile replacement for "Politically Incorrect." Since its debut, "The Daily Show" has developed an uncanny resemblance to that television staple, action news. The format features fast-moving graphics, roving correspondents and an anchor with a great head of hair.

Contributing Editor Warren Kalbacker met with Kilborn after tapings of "The Daily," as the show's anchor calls it. "Kilborn holds to this principle: Work first, then eat," Kalbacker reports. "And he's serious about both. After one session we broke for a long restaurant meal. Kilborn insisted on sampling—and discussing—five varieties of cheese. But then, the Minnesotan grew up just a couple of miles from the Wisconsin border."

1.

PLAYBOY: You've made the transition from sportscasting to the wide world of comedy. Do you consider yourself an example to those who labor at the microphone calling play-by-plays and narrating game highlights?

KILBORN: I let other people judge that. But if I've inspired some young sportscasters to branch out, read the front page, see a foreign movie—preferably one with Sonia Braga—that's a bonus. These people can do more than sportscasting. Sportscasting is not work. I don't necessarily want to work. But I wanted to do a little more.

2.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you worried about running out of catchphrases to describe game highlights? We understand "Jumanji," your signature on a slam dunk, was handed to you by an ESPN producer.

KILBORN: I don't worry about anything. I had fun doing the NBA highlights, using catchphrases that college kids become obsessed with. Gus Ramsay, the producer, whispered "Jumanji" in my ear right before a show. That's not overly creative. That's why I'll let him have that. When I first got to ESPN, I wouldn't take anything. I pride myself on my writing. I would say, "On fire!" when a player made three shots in a row. A cameraman suggested, "How about *en fuego*?" I said, "No, I'll come up with my own." They gave *en fuego* to Dan Patrick, who got a lot of mileage out of it. I don't steal catchphrases. Keith Olbermann is known for that. I can't figure out why. The man is quite creative.

3.

PLAYBOY: Pitch *The Daily Show* to potential cable subscribers.

KILBORN: It saves time. You don't have to watch Peter Jennings *and* an entertainment show. *The Daily Show* is news and entertainment rolled into half an hour. That's economical. I hope what I'm all about comes across in the "Moment for Us" and the interviews: We're only on this earth for a little while, so let's have fun. I want to be the nightlight when you go to bed. I display a certain flair, a joie de vivre, panache, if you will. I learned those words when I played basketball in Europe.

4.

PLAYBOY: You've introduced Peter Jennings as a "colleague." Don't you wish?

KILBORN: I have no desire to do that news stuff. None at all. I have freedom, and I can get away with things. You think Jennings doesn't want to go on the nightly news and just say, "Hey, Bubba, keep it in your pants"? I have that luxury. My life is free. You can't beat it. I never applied myself in high school. I've coasted my whole life. I'm an inspiration to a lot of young people who aren't exerting themselves. Because of basic cable, you can make it. Look at me. I make a decent living and I'm still not trying.

5.

PLAYBOY: Critics have described *The Daily Show* as tasteless, snide, sophomoric, insensitive and cruel. Care to offer a rebuttal?

KILBORN: It's all those things. Why stop there? I remember watching Johnny Carson once, when he was interviewing Dolly Parton. He leaned over and said, "Can I just have a little peek?" He immediately recoiled and his face turned red. He said, "I'm so sorry, I lost myself. Would you please forgive me?" That was classic Carson.

There's a place for every kind of humor. We know when we should move forward on a subject. Monica Lewinsky gave us a handful of jokes, and we thank her for that. I think it was a fan—maybe one of the few guys she rejected—who offered us a tape of Monica's performance in a high school production of *The Music Man*. We paid maybe $20 for that thing, so we had to use it. We even used it on consecutive nights and during the credit roll. We're the fun place to be. People in the public eye are fodder. Sonny Bono's death was blown out of proportion. When Sonny passed away, we noted in a related story that his daughter Chastity suffered mild neck strain when she ran headfirst into a bush.

6.

PLAYBOY: Cite five qualities of a sterling anchorperson.

KILBORN: One: The voice has to be mellifluous. Talk from the diaphragm. There are *(continued on page 175)*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

GET LOST

no need to ask for directions when you're packing gps tech

Talk abaut your tax dollars at wark. The global positianing system, a $10 billian satellite navigation netwark devised in the Seventies by the Department of Defense, has become the basis far a hat cansumer-electranics praduct: the handheld GPS receiver. But while the military targets cruise missiles and coordinates troop movements via GPS, we're having fun using the system to mark hot fishing spots, plat backcauntry treks and pinpaint gaod restaurants in unfamiliar cities. And ta make GPS devices even more useful, manufacturers have cambined navigatianal functions with other smart features. If yau dan't want to invest in a full-blawn car navigation system, for example, turn yaur natebaak computer inta a guide with Etak's Sky Map Pra (pictured below left with Tashiba's Libretto). This $300 GPS receiver works with CD-ROM mapping saftware to find restaurants, banks, businesses and mare. Moving to the right, Garmin's NavTalk combines a GPS receiver and cellular phane ($500, pending FCC approval). Orienteers will dig the display on Magellan's ColorTRAK; it lets yau use red, green and blue to separate paints af interest from places to avoid ($2B0). Eagle's 12-channel Map Guide Pra has a Narth American map datobase plus a camputer cannectian to download additional map details aff CD-ROM software ($500). Garmin's StreetPilat (top right) is a portable auta-navigatian system with a built-in U.S. map and optional data cards that affer details sa specific you can use them to find the lacatian af the nearest ATM ($600, plus $100 ta $200 a card).

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 150.

Speed SED

My best ideas don't come from above—they come from below me.
Hmmm! Did he say, "BLOW ME"?
That's a really penetrating question. I'm thinking really hard. Why don't you come inside and we'll talk about it.

ARTICLE BY PETER ALSON

TIRED OF LOVE TAKING ITS SWEET TIME? ROSS JEFFRIES TELLS YOU HOW TO CUT TO THE CHASE

THE PHONE wakes me. It's 8:15 A.M. and I'm still groggy as the machine picks up. A mysterious female voice invades my bedroom.

"Hey, Peter, this is Vanessa. You called me and left a very compelling—psychologically compelling—message."

Suddenly I am wide-awake, sitting up in bed, giddy and slightly in shock.

Jesus, it worked.

I feel like the skeptic who finds out that a magic potion actually does what the snake-oil salesman said it would do. Let

U C T I O N

me explain: A few days ago I began listening to a set of tapes titled *Advanced Speed-Seduction*, 13½ hours of instruction in the art of getting laid, taught by a California geek turned lothario named Ross Jeffries. On the tapes, Jeffries says that for practice he sometimes leaves messages on women's voice mail, and that he has devised one that never fails to get a response.

After having wasted a bit too much time trying to snag the perfect woman, I admit to being intrigued by the concept of seduction and speed in tandem. The personal-ad gambit seemed the ideal litmus test to Jeffries' claims, a safe and anonymous way to try out his "speed seduction" patterns. So yesterday I called a personals 900 line advertised in *The New York Observer*, listened to a number of voices and selected Vanessa. ("Hi, fellows. I'm looking for a guy who's looking for a girl who likes to read Baudelaire in bed and take long, luxurious baths and is not afraid to say what's on her mind.")

But first a confession: A year ago, on an evening when browsing personal ads was not part of a magazine assignment, I left a phone reply to another woman's advertisement, in which I described myself in a straightforward

ILLUSTRATION BY POLLY BECKER

manner as a Harvard-educated journalist who likes travel and adventure. Surely, I thought, she would be impressed by the résumé and my sensitive, honest voice.

I am still waiting to hear from her.

Rewind to yesterday and my Jeffries-scripted message to Vanessa, spoken in a bedroom voice, with lots of suggestive pauses: "Vanessa, have you ever been really attracted to a man's voice while listening to your messages? And the warmth of that voice just began to wrap itself around you and penetrate your thoughts? You began to have certain ideas. And maybe as you allowed that warmth to heat up into a fire, and as your heart began to pound with the excitement of that, you realized there's something you've got to have, deep inside. You know this is true. So listen, I really liked your message and if you find yourself reaching for the phone, I just want you to know that you should take all the time you need in the next 30 seconds. Here's my phone number."

You realized there's something you've got to have, deep inside?

Are you kidding me? Did I actually say that? Did she actually respond?

Just to be sure, I ask a friend to call and leave her a normal message. In other words, to be my control group. Five days after her psychologically compelled response to me, he still awaits a reply.

Despite my glee at this, I'm in no hurry to establish in-person contact with Vanessa. For one thing, I'm not sure what to say to her for an encore (I haven't listened to all the tapes yet); for another, I don't want to puncture the fantasy, which right now is perfect.

Like almost all ordinary guys who have seen a beer commercial, this is my fantasy: to be able to seduce any woman I want simply by talking to her. Since I don't look like Mel Gibson or have Bill Gates' money, words are my only hope.

The fact is, I have known lotharios whose only special attribute was a good rap. I had a friend in college whose success with women was mind-boggling, given his Napoleonic stature and receding hairline. I tried to emulate him; we talked about strategy and approaches. But his gift was his and I could never get it to rub off on me. I wasn't hopeless, I just found that whenever I got anywhere with a woman, it was a mysterious occurrence, an accident. My friend would ask, "Did you get lucky?" not only because that was the euphemism we used but because luck was the only reasonable explanation for my occasional success. The knack, I concluded, isn't something you can learn.

That is, I thought so until I got Vanessa's message.

Had I always been wrong? Ross Jeffries certainly thinks so. Nine years ago, as a failed comedy writer, he penned a self-help book called *How to Get the Women You Desire Into Bed: A Down and Dirty Guide to Dating and Seduction for the Man Who's Fed Up With Being Mr. Nice Guy* that gave a Nineties twist to the Seventies Eric Weber (*How to Pick Up Girls*) approach.

Warming to his subject, Jeffries combined some of the ideas from his book with the principles of neurolinguistic programming and began developing Speed Seduction. Neurolinguistic programming, co-founded by Richard Bandler and John Grinder, is an approach to psychotherapy that uses language patterns and metaphor to communicate with the unconscious mind.

For Jeffries, a self-confessed nerd, the development of Speed Seduction was a personal triumph. By breaking down the art of seduction into patterns of speech and word formations that would eliminate chance, he transformed himself into the Don Juan he had always dreamed of becoming.

The concept also became a small cottage empire for Jeffries. The home-study tapes go for as high as $345, the video version is $195, and the three-day "get laid" workshops he teaches several times a year will lighten your wallet to the tune of $895. He also markets other paraphernalia to help shy guys snag women, including a handwriting analysis prop that is called the Grapho-Deck and a video titled *Flirting With Magic*.

When combined with his overheated back-of-the-comic-book sales pitches ("How to Totally Mind-Fuck Almost Any Woman Into Screwing Your Brains Out and Make It Seem Like You're Just Having a Normal, Innocent Conversation!"), one might easily conclude that Jeffries is just a cheap huckster trying to take advantage of lonely, horny guys.

"Talk to my students," he said to me when I raised the issue. "Is it 'taking advantage' if the stuff works?" And while he admits that about 30 percent of his followers are "what you would expect them to be," he claims the other 70 percent are "edge junkies." "They want to beat the system and they don't want to play the dating game. I teach them how to get that edge."

Jeffries tells his students that "women don't really want a guy with a great body, a handsome face or lots of money. What women want is the emotional states they experience when they are around a guy with a great body, a handsome face, etc." And he guarantees he can show them how to create these states "in virtually any woman, using simple but powerful language patterns."

Among the NLP crowd, Jeffries is not the most popular guy, the feeling being that he is using their great invention not for good but for evil. Nevertheless, his teachings have elicited delirious testimonials from his students: "I used your 'have you ever' weasel pattern to score my ultimate fantasy: two girls in bed at the same time! Thanks!"—Hayden Basanta, Winnipeg, Manitoba; "Using your 'instantaneous connection' pattern, I got a bikini model in bed the same night I met her."—John Kent, Woodland Hills, California; "Not to brag, Ross, but it doesn't matter how old she is, if she has a boyfriend or husband or if I'm her type—nothing matters! You're a fucking genius!"—Mark Cunningham, Maumee, Ohio.

Whatever qualms I have about Jeffries and the concept of using conscious manipulation to seduce women (certainly many of my friends, especially the women, find Jeffries' ideas repellent), I wonder if I can really claim to stand on higher moral ground. I mean, when I go out with a woman I've just met, don't I take care in selecting the clothes I wear? In choosing the right restaurant? Do I not tell her things I think will impress her, stories that have made other girls laugh and admire my wit?

Is that any less contrived or manipulative than what Jeffries teaches? OK, maybe I'm not using someone else's words. But is that even true? I've uttered lines from Gide and Whitman as if they were my own; I've repeated things friends have said that I thought were clever or interesting; I've affected other people's style, the cool way Jean-Paul Belmondo rubbed his thumb on his lower lip in *Breathless* or the way Bogart inhaled his cigarette. And why? To get laid, of course.

Listening to the tapes, my slight queasiness about morality gives way to my real fear: that I am seeking help in scoring chicks because I'm some kind of loser geek. I can picture my fellow geeks at Jeffries' seminars as they sit in masking-taped glasses, discussing the science of getting laid. Jeffries says that everything he teaches is designed to "capture and lead the imagination," but some of the strategies and language patterns sound as if they were lifted straight out of a *Saturday Night Live* sketch about seduction. There are "blammo" patterns and "weasel" phrases. The "boyfriend destroyer." And, of course, the "blow job" pattern, in which the would-be Speed Seducer says to an unsuspecting target, "I used to think my best ideas came from above

(continued on page 158)

"I was hoping that everyone would keep their name tag on."

DRIVING AMBITION

golf is just one way in which lisa dergan aims to score

CATCHING UP with Lisa Dergan is not easy. Just shy of 28, Lisa is already an in-demand model. You may remember her from three *What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?* pages (in June 1996, January 1997 and January 1998). Now this San Diego–bred beauty has turned her talents toward acting (landing parts on *Silk Stalkings*, *Renegade* and *Frasier*). We meet as she takes a breather after a morning workout at her West Los Angeles health club.

Q: Do you usually start your day with a workout?

A: No, coffee. I'm an early bird. I start off with coffee, and within 30 minutes I'm at the gym. I work out as much as I can. Sometimes that means five days a week, sometimes, if I'm traveling a lot, it means two. On a typical acting or modeling job, if the call time is late enough, I'll go to the gym before the job. I prefer working out in the morning, because my day goes so much smoother if I've already been there.

Q: In college, you studied interior design. Did you think you would design for a living?

A: Yes, I used to be Chili's restaurants' interior decorator in charge of the Western region. I did restaurants in northern California and Los Angeles and even one in Dallas. That was a great experience and a lot of responsibility for a college student.

Q: And then you were discovered on your college campus, right?

A: A scout recruited me. I always wanted to do typical teenage stuff—to be a cheerleader in high school and do my own thing. I never particularly wanted to be a model. Then I interviewed for an agency in Los Angeles—Wilhelmina—and my life started getting

Lisa has been a golfer since her mother got her into it at the age of 12. "My mother would play golf and I didn't want to be home alone," she says. "One day my mother took me along but said, 'You're not here to drive the cart, you're going to play.'" These days, Lisa says, "I can hold my own. I've beaten a few guys." We're fine with not keeping score.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG AND STEPHEN WAYDA

After making the jump from modeling to acting, our July Playmate landed a small part as a cheerleader on *Frasier* and quickly found herself receiving star treatment. "At the time I was taping, Kelsey Grommer was somewhere off the set and they gave me his dressing room to hang out in," she recalls. "They had me sitting there all day with my one line. It was pretty funny."

crazy. I was constantly working. I've done some really great campaigns. I did Guess golfwear ads for spring and fall. I did a Miller print campaign. They put big cardboard cutouts of me in liquor stores and in bars. My collector friends try to rip them out of bars whenever they see them. And I just shot a Budweiser television campaign.

Q: At home, you're still a designing woman, right?

A: Oh, yeah. I'm Martha Stewart. I'm constantly remodeling. I love to do faux finishes and rag rolling. I like my place to look like Italy. Right now, I've got the neoclassical look going on. I have iron rods with sheer drapes coming off the window and puddling on the floor.

Q: You made your first appearance in PLAYBOY three years ago, but you didn't become a Playmate until now. What took so long?

A: I had a boyfriend at the time who definitely would have freaked. Not that that would have stopped me. If anything, that probably would have made me want to do it even more. I just wasn't ready. In between I've been hired for PLAYBOY jobs three more times. That's why shooting this pictorial was a piece of cake. I enjoy going into the PLAYBOY studio every day. I'm friends with everybody there. It's not like modeling a product. In these pictures I'm the product, so I want to put an extra effort into it.

MISS JULY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Lisa Dergan

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Lisa Dergan

BUST: 34C WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'8½" WEIGHT: 120

BIRTH DATE: 8·10·70 BIRTHPLACE: CORPUS CHRISTI, TX

AMBITIONS: MY DREAM IS TO CONTINUE ACTING AND TO ONE DAY BECOME THE NEXT JAMES BOND GIRL!

TURN-ONS: RED WINE, CANDLES & THE GOLDEN LIGHT AT SUNSET WITH A MAN WHO SMELLS AMAZING!

TURNOFFS: NARCISSISM, HYPOCRISY, MOODY PEOPLE.

EVERY WOMAN SHOULD HAVE: INDEPENDENCE, CONFIDENCE AND A CLOSET FULL OF SEXY SHOES.

MY DREAM GUY: DRIVEN, AMBITIOUS, WORLDLY; NOT TOO CLEAN CUT. I LOVE OLIVE SKIN & A 5:00 SHADOW.

I'M ALWAYS...: CALLING MY FAMILY (AT LEAST 4x A WEEK).

ROLE MODELS: MICHELLE PFEIFFER, KIM BASINGER, SHARON STONE - TALENT THAT MATCHES THEIR BEAUTY!

MY PHILOSOPHY: THE WORLD CAN NEVER HAVE ENOUGH BLONDE AMBITION!

JUST TURNED 15

JUNIOR VARSITY
RAH · RAH · RAH

ME & THE FRASIER DOG

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A matron sitting at the counter of a sandwich shop was obviously annoyed by the cigarette smoke from the young woman seated beside her. The older woman turned to the girl and bellowed, "Young lady, I would rather commit adultery than smoke!"

"So would I," the girl replied with a wry smile, "but there just isn't enough time during a coffee break."

How does a single woman get rid of a cockroach? She asks for a commitment.

BATTLE OF THE SEXES DEPARTMENT, C'EST LA DIFFÉRENCE DIVISION: A man was driving up a steep, narrow mountain road. A woman approached in the opposite direction. As they passed each other the woman leaned out the window and yelled, "Pig!" The man immediately leaned out his window, shot her the finger and hollered, "Bitch!"

They each continued on their way. As the man rounded the next bend he ran into a pig in the middle of the road.

An Army grunt stands in the rain after marching 12 miles with a 35-pound pack on his back and says, "God, this is shit."

An Army Airborne recruit stands in the rain after jumping from an airplane and marching 18 miles with a 45-pound pack on his back and says with a smile, "God, this is the shit."

An Army Airborne Ranger lies in the mud after jumping from a plane into a swamp and marching 25 miles at night past the enemy with a 55-pound pack on his back and says with a grin, "God, I love this shit!"

A Green Beret kneels in the stinking mud of a swamp with a 65-pound pack on his back after jumping from an airplane into the ocean, swimming ten miles to the swamp and crawling 30 miles through the brush to assault the enemy camp and says with a passionate snarl, "God, give me some more of this shit!"

An Air Force recruit sits in an easy chair in his air-conditioned, carpeted quarters and says, "The cable's out? What kind of shit is this?"

John returned home late and found a naked man in his wife's bedroom closet.

"Hey, what are you doing in there?"

"I'm riding a bus."

"That's a stupid thing to say!"

"That's a stupid thing to ask!"

THIS MONTH'S MOST FREQUENT SUBMISSION: A beautiful redhead sat down at the bar in a rural pub and gestured seductively to the barman. When he came over to her, she signaled for him to bring his face close to hers. "Are you the manager?" she asked, softly stroking his face with both hands.

"Actually, no," he replied.

"Can you get him for me? I need to speak to him," she purred, running her hands up into his hair.

"I'm afraid I can't," the barman answered hoarsely. "Is there anything I can do?"

"Yes there is. I need you to give him a message," she continued huskily, popping a couple of fingers into his mouth and allowing him to suck them gently. "Tell him there's no toilet paper in the ladies' room."

What does a blonde say when she sees a banana peel on the ground? "Oh no, I'm going to slip and fall again!"

John Glenn's custom space shuttle equipment:

- All important devices are operated by the Clapper.
- Thermostat is set at 80 degrees.
- Little bowls of hard candy are placed around the ship.
- Bumper sticker: ASK ME ABOUT MY GRANDCHILDREN.
- Space pants go up to armpits.
- Turn signal stays on for entire mission.

Why do so many women fake orgasms? Because so many men fake foreplay.

Bill Gates and the president of GM were attending a Q. and A. session during a business seminar. In answering a question from the audience, Gates boasted about the innovations his company had made. "If GM had kept up with technology the way the computer industry has," Gates concluded, "we'd be driving $25 cars that get 1000 miles per gallon."

"Yes, I suppose that's true," the GM executive agreed. "But would you really want your car to crash twice a day?"

Send your jokes on postcards to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, *680 North Lake Shore Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60611, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. $100 will be paid to the contributor whose submission is selected. Sorry, jokes cannot be returned.*

"This patch is supposed to help me stop smoking, and <u>this</u> one is to help me stop jerking off."

Rock's Book of Love

by
Gavin Edwards

everything we needed to know about love, sex and girls we learned from rock-and-roll lyrics

Marvin Gaye preached sexual healing, Mick Jagger complained he wasn't getting enough (even though he was) and Alanis Morissette bragged about her theatrical head games. Obviously, the next best thing to being a rock star is having the love life of one. Now you can. All you have to do is to pay attention to what they say in their songs. For five decades they have been giving away their secrets and for years we have been collecting them.

The Rock Girl

SHE'S APPALACHIAN

"I know a girl, she lives on the hill/She won't do it, but her sister will."—ZZ Top, "Tube Snake Boogie"

SHE'S KILN FIRED

"She know she's got everything a woman needs to get a man/How can she lose with the stuff she use: 36-24-36."—Commodores, "Brick House"

SHE CAN TIDY UP TIBET

"Girls to do the dishes, girls to clean up my room/Girls to do the laundry and in the bathroom."—Beastie Boys, "Girls"

SHE'S ZOROASTRIAN

"Catholic girls start much too late."—Billy Joel, "Only the Good Die Young"

SHE'S A KICKBOXER

"She had the sightless eyes, telling me no lies, knocking me out with those American thighs."—AC/DC, "You Shook Me All Night Long"

Sex Tips

BE DIRECT

"I don't want to see no panties."—Barry White, "Love Serenade"

KNOW YOUR UNGUENTS

"When you're stuck like glue: Vaseline."—Elastica, "Vaseline"

HUMOR HER PET SOUNDS

"I give you something sweet each time you come inside my jungle book."—Sophie B. Hawkins, "Damn I Wish I Was Your Lover"

LEAVE NO FINGERPRINTS

"Some girls, they like candy, and other girls, they like to grind/I'll settle for the back of your hand somewhere on my behind."—Madonna, "Hanky Panky"

FORGET THE MATH, JUST WEAR LATEX

"Be a little bit wiser, baby—put it on, put it on/'Cause tonight is the night

(concluded on page 174)

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

VE LOVE A BAD NAME
your kisses are as wicked
as an M16

he has the swing,
the speed,
the stats and the money,
but 28-year-old ken griffey jr.
isn't playing for numbers,
he's playing for history

by Tom Boswell

THIS IS semiserious business. Just semiserious. That's because to Ken Griffey Jr., nothing is completely serious. He won't allow it to be.

Serious is too scary. Serious is too big and threatening. Serious makes you think about your place in sports history. Your role in society. Your responsibility to your talent. The hopes of your parents. The investments of your corporate endorsers. The world title fantasies of Seattle fans. And the World Series rings your teammates crave. Serious is 62 home runs in a season, or 756 in a career.

That kind of seriousness can turn deadly. It can even kill you. Or, in Griffey's case, lead you to try to kill yourself.

When Griffey was ten years old, his mother had to take his birth certificate to youth league games to prove that although he was too good for the other children, he wasn't too old for the team. When opposing parents cursed him up there on the pitcher's mound, his mother told him to strike out the side. Make 'em scream even louder.

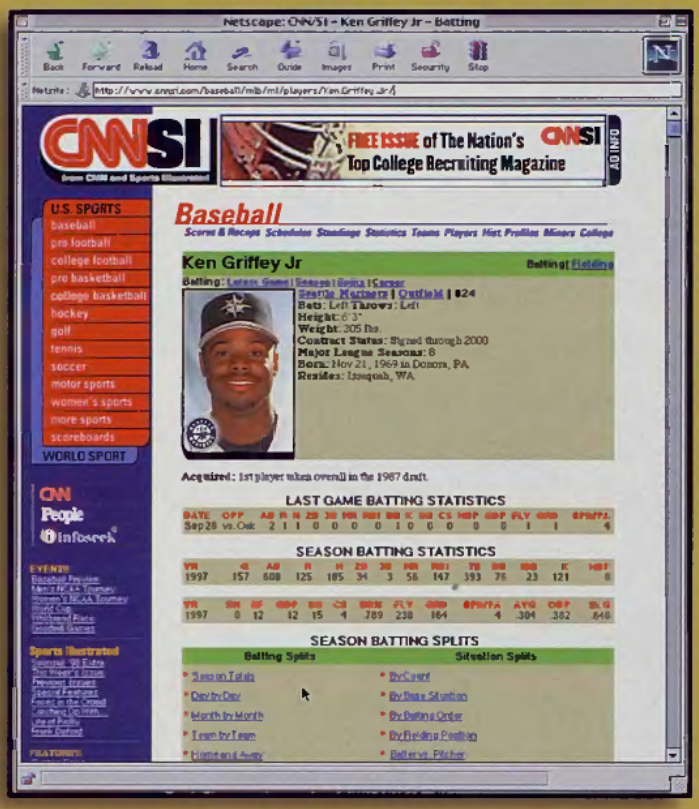
When Griffey was 12, his father—Ken Sr.—showed the family the swollen scar on his knee from his recent surgery. Dad would be out of the New York Yankees lineup for a while. In the backyard, Junior still pitched to the gimpy Senior, but the boy, his arm now strong and his fastball alive, carefully kept the ball on the outside corner. "Inside, come inside," Dad yelled. Finally, Junior did, and hit his father full force on the surgical incision. The son broke down in tears. The father stood up. "That didn't hurt," he said. The game continued, and the son threw as hard as he could. Inside.

When Griffey was 15, he popped out, threw a tantrum and told his mother he'd never play baseball again. Current mythology has it that the boy had never before made an out of any kind in an organized game. Be that as it may, the mother says that she told her son, "It's OK. Your dad makes outs all the time." "I'm not my dad," said Griffey Jr. "I don't make outs."

When Griffey was 17, right out of high school, he went to Bellingham, Washington in the Northwest League. He had been drafted number one in the nation by the Seattle Mariners. Scouts called him "the best baseball prospect ever." He was compared to Willie Mays as a fleet center fielder, and wore the same number, 24. He was compared to Ted Williams as a six-foot-three, left-handed hitter with a swing so perfect—long, yet quick—that even on videotape nobody could find a flaw. And he was compared to Hank Aaron because, clearly, he would end up in the major leagues by the age of 20.

Williams was "the Kid." Mays had been the "Say Hey Kid." At Bellingham, Griffey slugged over .600 and was called "the Kid," the kind of nickname that gets bestowed perhaps once a generation.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID LEVINE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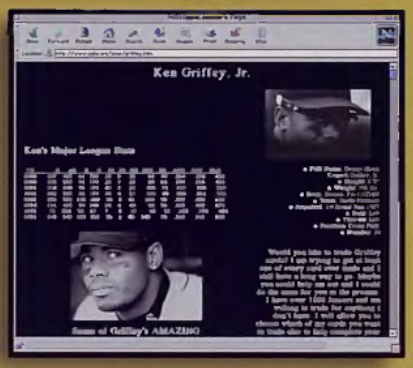

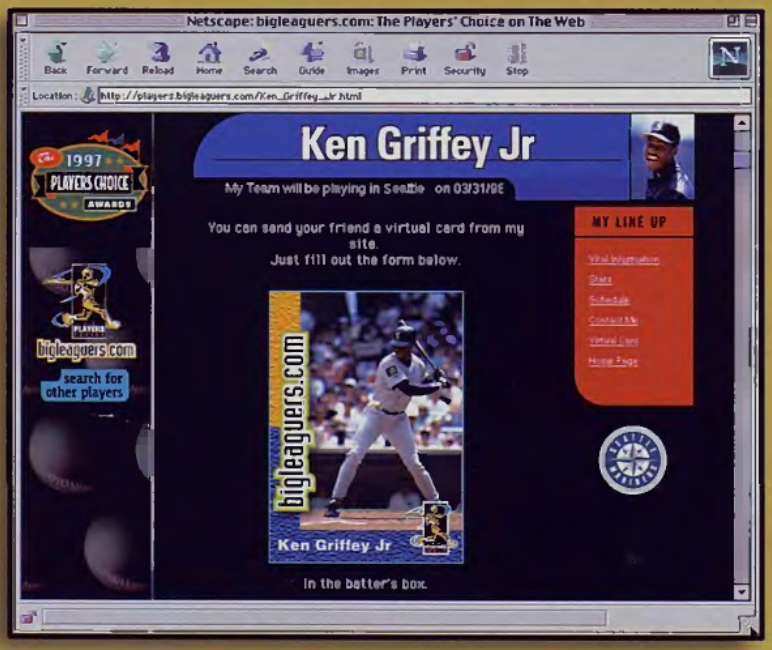
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Ken Griffey Jr
My Team will be playing in Seattle on 03/31/98
You can send your friend a virtual card from my site.
Just fill out the form below.
MY LINE UP
1997 PLAYERS CHOICE AWARDS
bigleaguers.com
search for other players
Ken Griffey Jr
In the batter's box

How big a star is Ken Griffey Jr.? A search on the Web will turn up tens of thousands of entries—from the official Mariners site to personal fan pages.

Griffey, then 18, went home from Bellingham and tried to kill himself. He took a couple hundred aspirin. In the emergency room he said, "I was 27 points above critical."

Griffey recalled the incident several years ago, on the only occasion he has ever talked publicly about the suicide attempt. Why had he done it? "I felt like everybody was yelling at me," he said. Then again, maybe the voices were only in his head—internal incarnations of all the coaches, scouts, friends and family who expected so much of him on a baseball field. Always yelling at him, in his own mind, to break every record in the books.

Since then, Ken Griffey Jr., now 28, has taken baseball semiseriously. That is to say, he has loved it with all his heart but, ultimately, he has not taken it to heart. He has studied it, but hasn't let it monopolize his mind. He will dance with baseball but won't slow dance.

That line of defense is essential when, in fact, everybody does yell at you almost all the time, telling you to hit those 62 home runs—not just 56, as Griffey did last year. To win the Most Valuable Player award—not once, as he did last season, but several times, as an immortal should. To win the World Series—not just make the playoffs. "What's wrong with you, Junior? Why can't you carry baseball—old, slow, disorganized baseball—on your back, as Michael Jordan has done with basketball? You have the talent, the smile, the youth, the popularity. It's so easy for you. Everybody can see that. Just try harder. What's your problem, Kid?"

So now you know why Ken Griffey Jr. wears his hat backward.

In batting practice, in TV commercials and even in the locker room, that cap is always spun around, like that of a mischievous teenager who's slacking. Some other players do it occasionally, perhaps imitating him. But Griffey does it constantly. It's his trademark as well as his talisman. If he allows his game to be fun—if he lets his life be fun—he can have both success and joy. In a family full of high standards, one mantra was paramount: Be the best, but have fun doing it. Otherwise, what's the point? As he has grown, the Kid has learned that to be his best, he has to stay a kid. A Junior as serious as that other Junior, Cal Ripken, might explode.

Our entire culture—especially the grinding, dutiful, stats-obsessed, 162-games-a-season religion of baseball—conspires to mess with Griffey's hat. He knows that if he turns his cap around for too long—if he takes his job, his talent and his celebrity too earnestly—the pressure of expectation may eat him

(continued on page 126)

"John, I want to rent a porno film to see how the rest of the world lives."

SECRETS OF THE PROS

THE PRIVILEGE OF POWER: HOW TO RULE THE GREENS, DIAMOND AND COURT

TIGER WOODS HAS a power swing. So do Mike Piazza and Andre Agassi. You want one—indeed, need one—to hit 300-yard drives, homers and scorching forehands. The good news is, you don't have to spend long hours in the gym pumping iron. Speed, flexibility and coordination are as important as strength. Biomechanically, golf, tennis and softball swings are similar. Power starts from the ground up, in the big muscles of your lower body. Through proper hip and shoulder rotation, you coil your muscles like a giant rubber band. When you swing, energy is transferred from your arms to your hands to your equipment and into the ball. We asked a prominent coach from each sport to explain the nuances of the power swing and to offer the best training drill for getting those arms and hands moving faster. As you hone your swings, you'll also want to take advantage of technology with the latest power-packed gear on the market.

article By Larry Olmsted

Talk about an explosive swing. Hidden inside the 300cc head of PowerBilt's Air Titanium driver is a chamber filled with compressed nitrogen. Reinforcing the head with this technology reportedly results in an enlarged sweet spot—one of the keys to longer, stroighter shots. Price: about $350.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JAMES IMBROGNO

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 150

The DeMarini Double Wall has been called the best bat in softball, thanks to a design that increases the sweet spot from an average of 3½" to 6½". "A mediacre player can learn to knock the ball out of the park with this bat," says Mike Kelly, a softball and DeMarini devatee. Price: $270.

Call it stealth tennis. Head's new titanium and graphite Ti.S7 is the world's lightest tennis racquet, weighing in at a mere half a pound. In additian to its large head and jumbo sweet spot, the Ti.S7 has an extra-long reach and a special grip that reduces vibratian. Price: abaut $300.

SOFTBALL

"In softball and baseball, power starts with the right stance," says Charley Lau Jr., a former Chicago White Sox hitting instructor who now tutors many of the world's best batters. His advice (for righties; opposite for lefties): "Keep your left arm close to your chest—any time your hands get away from your body, your larger muscles can't help you. To start the swing, pull the knob of the bat toward the ball and don't swing in an arc. Keep your head still, always in the center of your body." Lau says a batter should "release the top hand from the bat after impact and extend through with just the left, or pulling, hand. That gives you 15 to 20 mph more bat speed." Other hitting instructors disagree, and tell you to use both hands to push the bat. "When you snap a wet towel, it's a pull that creates the snap, not a push," Lau says. We suggest trying both, along with Lau's drill: Assume a normal stance, take your stride, then stop. Start from this position, with your weight evenly distributed, your head centered and the bat in the ready position. Take your swing without moving your head forward. "It's difficult, because you don't have the stride, so you're forced to rotate your hips. If you don't start the swing with your upper body, this drill will teach you the correct movements to maximize power."

GOLF

Crushing a golf ball comes from the backswing. "If you can get into a proper, fully loaded backswing position, you've won the battle," says Mike Adams, director of golf instruction at the PGA National Resort and Spa in Palm Beach Gardens, Florida. "The downswing is automatic. Anything you try to do on the downswing will inhibit power." When it comes to stance, flare your toes slightly to either side. This creates resistance in the lower body and allows you to coil the upper body to create torque. "On the backswing, swing the left arm across your chest and let it pull your shoulder behind the ball, winding your upper body against the resistance of your lower body," he says. "Keep your left arm against your chest. If it separates, there is no body behind the shot and you lose power." Adams' drill: "Start this strength-and-speed exercise by tying a towel to the head of a club. This adds resistance. Take 10 to 20 full swings as directed above. Then turn the club around and hold it by the head, because the handle is lighter and has less resistance. Do 10 to 20 more swings, fast. You're building and training muscles for strength, then working on speed. These combine to build power. You can start with 20 to 30 percent more weight and resistance than a normal club has, then 20 to 30 percent less."

TENNIS

In this sport, the challenge is that you don't know where on the court you'll have to hit your next shot. Balls hit hard at you tend to be easier to slam back. Those hit low are the best for power, because you can take advantage of your larger lower-body muscles. According to Larry Wolf, director of tennis at North Carolina's Pinehurst Resort and Country Club, power is generated by rotating your hips and shoulders during the backswing. For maximum intensity, you need to bend your wrist back, pointing the butt of the racquet toward the net as you rotate your shoulders. "Start with your shoulders parallel to the net, and on the backswing, take them just past perpendicular," says Wolf. "At impact hit straight in the direction you want the shot to go." Wolf's tennis drill: "Mimic your stroke using a dumbbell. Start with two pounds or less. Hold the dumbbell upright, with your wrist flexed back, keeping the dumbbell vertical. Begin with your shoulders parallel to the net, rotate your shoulders a little past perpendicular, then shift your weight forward, swinging from low to high, finishing with your hand above your left shoulder. Keep your wrist back through the point where contact would be made; it will release on the follow-through. Do this 20 times, gradually increasing the weight to five pounds."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MIKE BENNY

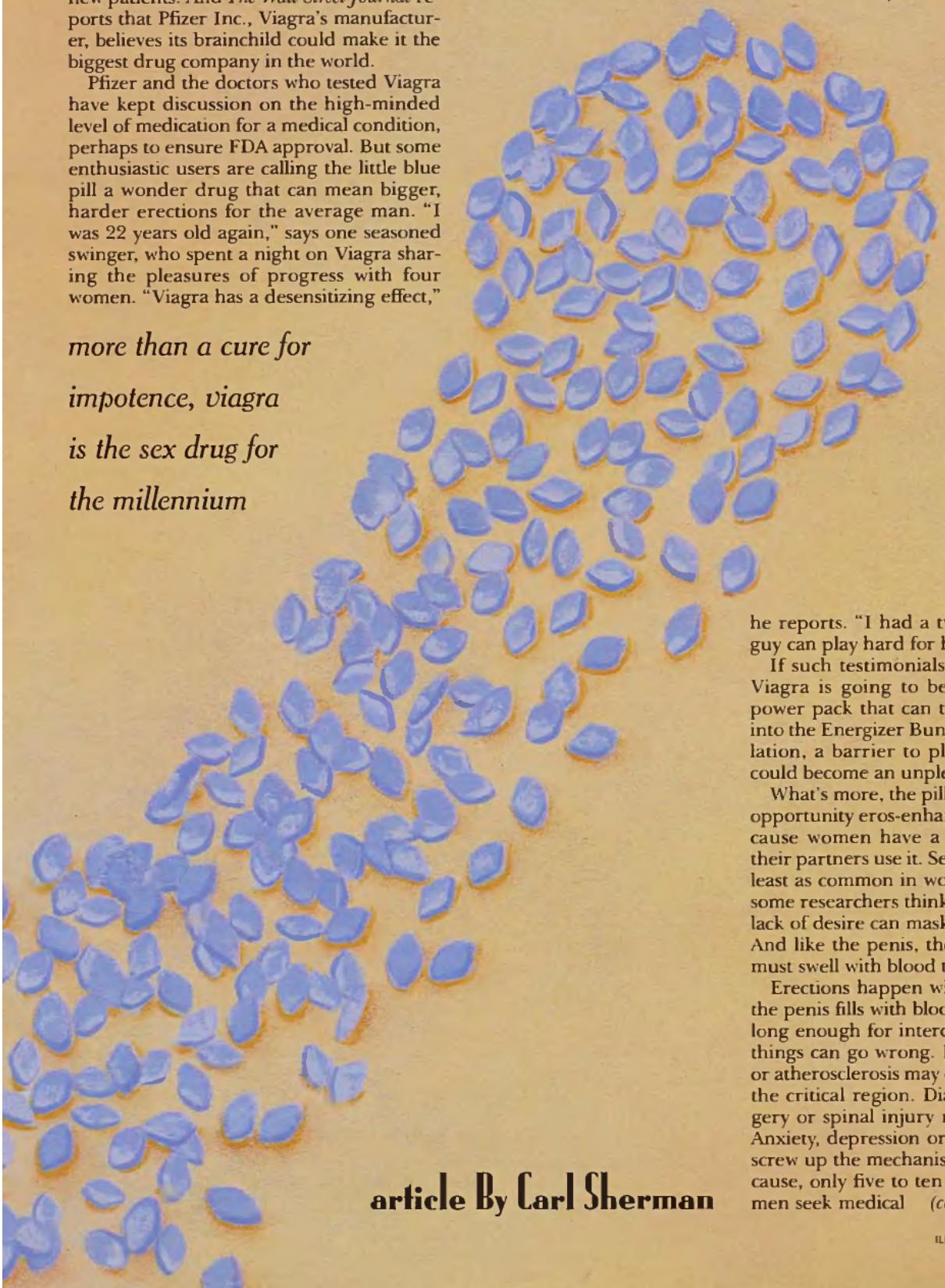
little Blue Miracle

WHAT'S AN ERECTION worth? Ask the man who doesn't have one anymore, and you'll understand why Viagra may become the hottest pill since the Pill.

As the first oral drug for impotence approved by the Food and Drug Administration, Viagra stands to transform the treatment of a condition that blights the bedrooms of millions of Americans. It could have the most impact on our national sex life of any pill since the birth control pill. Urologists envision a virtual stampede of new patients. And *The Wall Street Journal* reports that Pfizer Inc., Viagra's manufacturer, believes its brainchild could make it the biggest drug company in the world.

Pfizer and the doctors who tested Viagra have kept discussion on the high-minded level of medication for a medical condition, perhaps to ensure FDA approval. But some enthusiastic users are calling the little blue pill a wonder drug that can mean bigger, harder erections for the average man. "I was 22 years old again," says one seasoned swinger, who spent a night on Viagra sharing the pleasures of progress with four women. "Viagra has a desensitizing effect,"

more than a cure for impotence, viagra is the sex drug for the millennium



he reports. "I had a two-hour erection. A guy can play hard for hours at a time."

If such testimonials are any indication, Viagra is going to be one great drug, a power pack that can transform Joe Dokes into the Energizer Bunny. Premature ejaculation, a barrier to pleasure for millions, could become an unpleasant memory.

What's more, the pill may prove an equal opportunity eros-enhancer, and not just because women have a lot more fun when their partners use it. Sexual problems are at least as common in women as in men, and some researchers think that what many call lack of desire can mask a failure of arousal. And like the penis, the clitoris and vagina must swell with blood to be aroused.

Erections happen when spongy tissue in the penis fills with blood and stays that way long enough for intercourse. But plenty of things can go wrong. High blood pressure or atherosclerosis may disrupt circulation to the critical region. Diabetes, prostate surgery or spinal injury may damage nerves. Anxiety, depression or just plain stress can screw up the mechanism. But whatever the cause, only five to ten percent of impotent men seek medical *(concluded on page 178)*

article By Carl Sherman

ILLUSTRATION BY THOMAS SCIACCA

 (continued from page 120)

As a kid, he was exposed to two of the funniest, vainest locker rooms: those of the Reds and the Yankees.

alive. Once, it almost did.

"He lives in a world of 'supposed to be,'" says Mariners pitcher Jamie Moyer. "People are always projecting their expectations onto him. That is something continually drilled into him. It's hard to fathom. Try to put yourself in that situation."

So that homely homey hat is Griffey's reminder to himself of the value—the life-preserving, joy-saving, talent-releasing power—of semiseriousness in a dead-serious world.

As they say in the dugout, Junior's got a right to wear his fucking hat backward. And nobody gets to say shit about it.

•

Four hours before game time, Griffey sits in the middle of the Mariners locker room, playing cards. His hat is backward, a diamond stud in one ear. He clamps his poker hand to his chest, like a kid, so nobody can peek. A teammate walks past and gives him a hug and a wet kiss on the cheek. "Your wife's in town. You don't need me," snaps Griffey. "No homosexual tendencies this trip."

For the next hour, Griffey has similar agitating encounters with teammate after teammate. Exaggeration and insult are the coin of the locker room. In baseball, the degree to which you enjoy the game is directly related to how well you can turn six months of dead time into idle smartass pleasure.

Alex Rodriguez sneaks up behind the card game and clamps his hands over Griffey's eyes.

"Who?" Rodriguez asks.

"It's Alex," Griffey says immediately.

"How did you know?" asks Rodriguez, surprised that one word gave him away.

"No bass yet," says Griffey to the 22-year-old All-Star shortstop. "When you get to 23, that's when the bass tone gets in your voice."

Everybody cackles at Rodriguez. Round to Griffey.

Minutes later, slugger Jay Buhner catches Griffey leaning back in his folding chair and grabs him hard by the shoulder. The shaven-headed, bearded Buhner, who looks like some huge harpooner, almost flips Griffey backward onto the concrete floor. Griffey's eyes get big. He's not just surprised, he's scared. But Buhner stops the fall and catches him. Now the laughter is aimed at Griffey. Round to Buhner.

"These people don't realize what big hands they have, always hittin' me," says Griffey, playing for pity that he won't get.

"How ya feelin', Junior?" asks another Mariner.

"I'm playing with a bad leg," growls Griffey. "Something you wouldn't know about." Truth in jest? A star making a point? Either way, a round to Griffey.

No one anywhere could be more comfortable than Griffey is in a big-league locker room. He wasn't born there, but as the son of a 19-season veteran, he grew up there. He knows every trick, gag and nuance. It's his natural habitat. Everything is raw material. The TV news, a kind of locker-room night-light for big-league millionaires, shows a cop busting some nut with a knife.

"Remember the crazy guy in traffic in Seattle?" Griffey says, standing up to demonstrate. "He had a samurai sword. The cops are shooting sandbags at him to knock him out. He stands up there in the middle of the street like he's in a batter's box, with the sword for a bat. He hits the first bag right-handed. Then he turns around and hits the next bag lefty."

A switch-hitting lunatic. "They finally hosed him down."

In many clubhouses, a team's star dresses in the corner, so he can have privacy. Griffey's cubicle is in the middle of the locker room so he can have friends. As he watches a golf tournament on TV, teammates drift by to hear his stories. They know he plays with Tiger Woods, Mark O'Meara and Michael Jordan.

"Golfers are crazy," says Griffey. "They have expressions for everything. Hit it in the water, that's a 'turtle.' Three-putt, that's a 'snake.' In the sand, that's an 'Omar,' 'cause you're in the desert more than Omar Sharif. In the woods is a 'Keebler,' 'cause you gotta chip out. You think you're doing OK, then you find out you're down a turtle, two snakes and an Omar. They just laugh at you and say, 'Pay to learn.'"

"What's Payne Stewart like?" asks a Mariner.

"The first time I played with him, he wore false teeth," says Griffey. "They were crooked and ugly, and realistic enough so you'd think they were his real teeth. On the 18th green, Payne took them out and said, 'Why didn't you say anything about my teeth, man?' I told him, 'I've seen your big house on the lake. If you got that much money, the first thing you would do is fix those teeth. Don't try to pull rookie tricks on me.'

"Mr. Floyd asked me to play in his pro-am," adds Griffey, referring to Ray Floyd. "I practiced every day for a month. I was so nervous. In baseball, if it's foul, it's foul. In golf, if you hit it foul, you re-tee. And people are muttering, 'Man, you ain't no good.'"

Griffey's manner is so easy you might mistake him for a soft touch. But he's not. A TV guy asks for an interview—but he does it wrong. He's polite.

"I don't do TV," snaps Griffey.

The TV guy backs away; he's failed his test. Round to Griffey. Soon, another TV guy appears. This one's a pro. He challenges Griffey to a golf match the next day. Got it all set up. Going to clean Junior's pockets.

"Lou Piniella gave me the scouting report on you," says Griffey. "Lost it. Game's gone. Left it in Lost Wages."

"Got two minutes for a live shot?" the TV guy asks casually.

"That'll work," says Griffey.

Every team has a tone, usually set by a few dominant personalities. As a child, Griffey was exposed to two of the funniest, vainest, sharpest-tongued locker rooms in sports—those of the Seventies' Cincinnati Reds and the Eighties' New York Yankees. Those were caste-system clubhouses with an undercurrent of meanness. Pete Rose and Graig Nettles could say whatever they wanted—but sometimes Merv Rettenmund and Butch Wynegar couldn't.

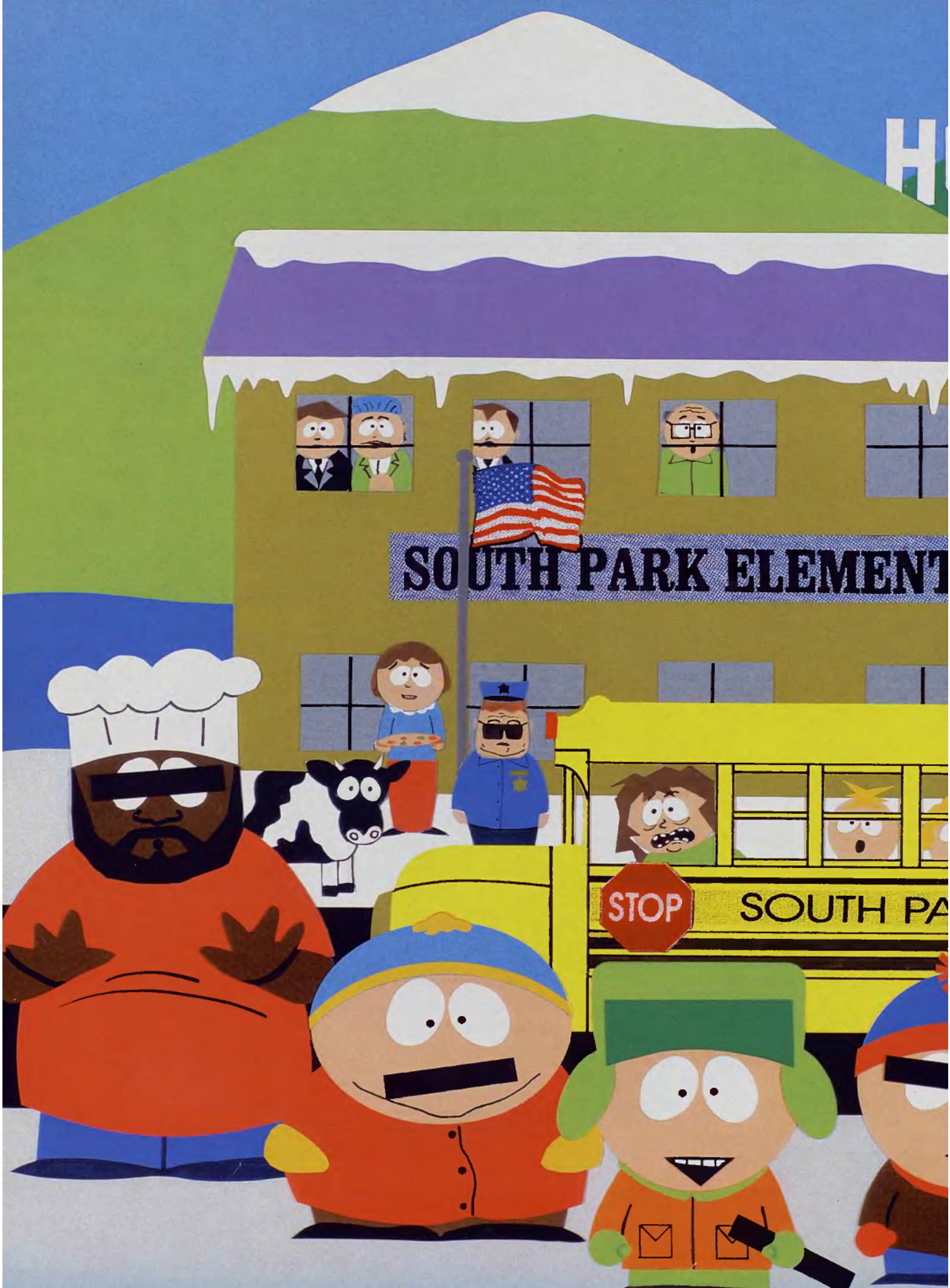
The Mariners clubhouse has the same edge, but with a kinder side. Says Moyer, who has played for six big-league teams: "Junior allows you to ride him. He can give it. But you may give it, too. To him, this is like being at home."

Out of the corner of his eye, Griffey sees some horseplay between players and a woman reporter. "That's harassment," he says, half to himself but loud enough to be overheard. "Wrap that thing around your waist." Towels are put back on.

"I have to know everything that's going on around me," says Griffey, "just in case I don't want to be there when things go bad. You can't let yourself be seen in certain situations. The way it'll come out is, 'Griffey and some others were involved in. . . .' My dad told me, 'If you get in trouble, get in trouble by yourself. Don't let somebody else get you in trouble.'"

(continued on page 142)

"Adultery is a tender and beautiful thing, Melissa—let us not cheapen it."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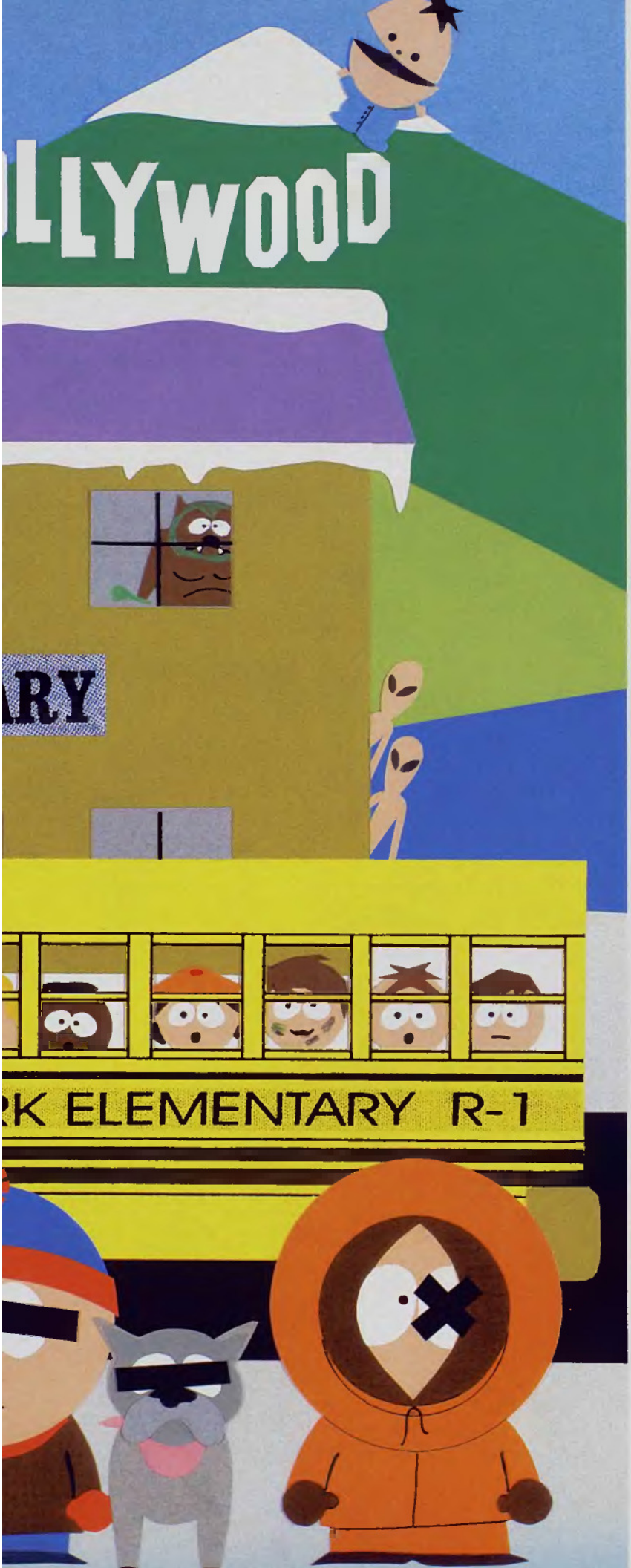


"Put Mr. Spielberg on hold"

trey parker and matt stone adjust to success, "south park" style

ON A BITTERLY cold night 8000 feet up in the Rocky Mountains, the lobby of the St. Regis Hotel in Aspen is ground zero for people who make people laugh—and for people who make money from people who make people laugh. This is the U.S. Comedy Arts Festival, an annual showcase and shmoozefest for buyers and bookers, stand-up stars and wannabe comics. In the St. Regis, the crowd that spills forth from the lobby bar is meeting and greeting with a vengeance.

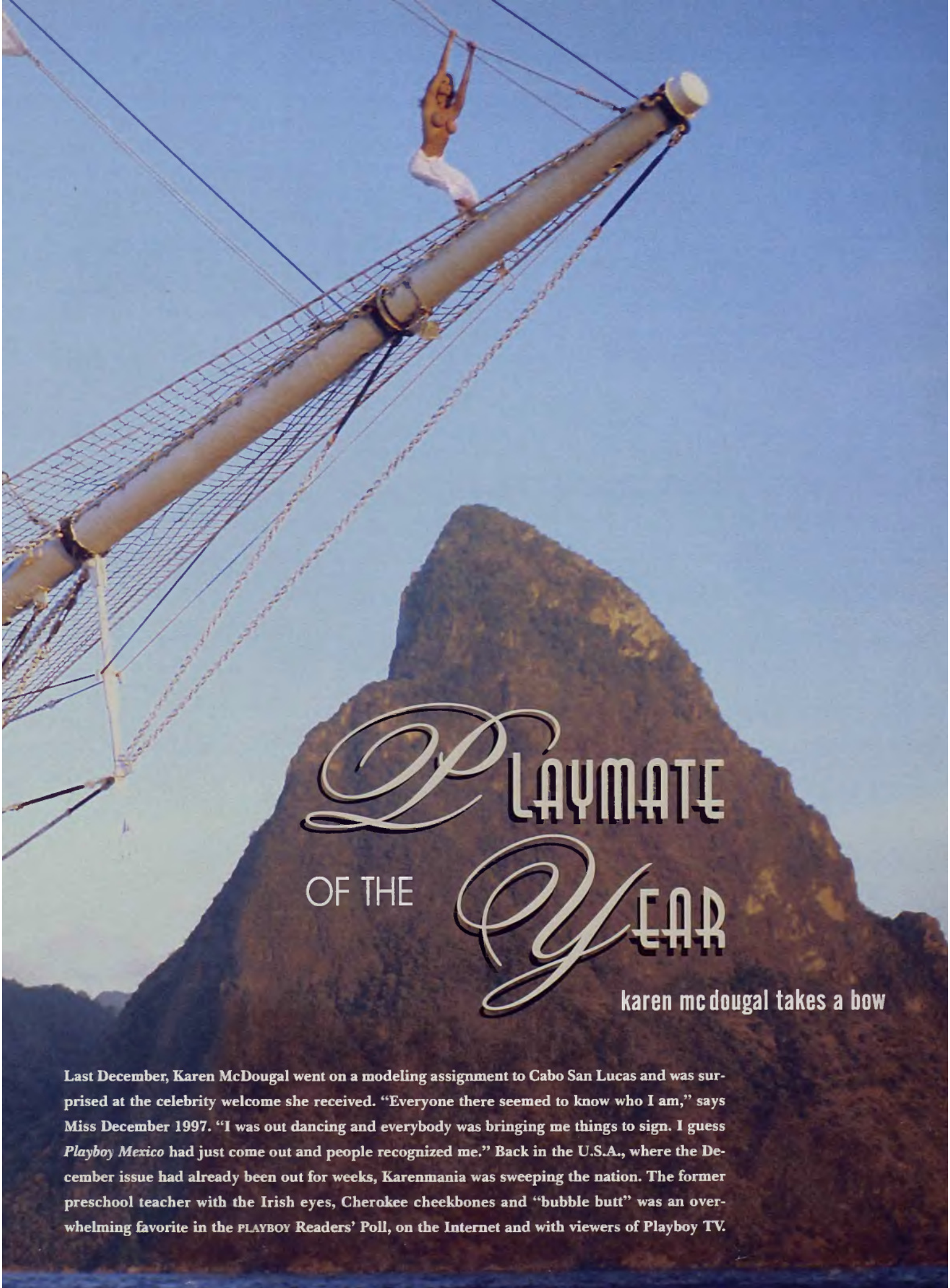
Out of this social melee strolls a tall man with a thatch of (mostly) blond hair that appears not to have seen a comb during the Clinton administration. He has a glazed look in his eyes: He's a little dazed, maybe a little drunk, definitely wary of all these professionals. He's wearing an untucked blue shirt unbuttoned halfway down his chest, a baggy pair of shiny sweatpants and clunky sneakers. He makes a beeline to a similarly unkempt pal with a head of brown curls who's wearing a white Mao T-shirt. A few eager, well-dressed festivalgoers watch him pass. "Is that him?" whispers one woman urgently. The man she's with looks him over, then nods slowly. "Could be," he says. "He has that look, like he might be a creative genius."

It's not the first time that has been said about Trey Parker. He's also been called a menace to society and a corrupter of our *(continued on page 169)*

article by Steve Pond

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE BOSWICK

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND STEPHEN WAYDA



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

karen mc dougal takes a bow

Last December, Karen McDougal went on a modeling assignment to Cabo San Lucas and was surprised at the celebrity welcome she received. "Everyone there seemed to know who I am," says Miss December 1997. "I was out dancing and everybody was bringing me things to sign. I guess *Playboy Mexico* had just come out and people recognized me." Back in the U.S.A., where the December issue had already been out for weeks, Karenmania was sweeping the nation. The former preschool teacher with the Irish eyes, Cherokee cheekbones and "bubble butt" was an overwhelming favorite in the PLAYBOY Readers' Poll, on the Internet and with viewers of Playboy TV.

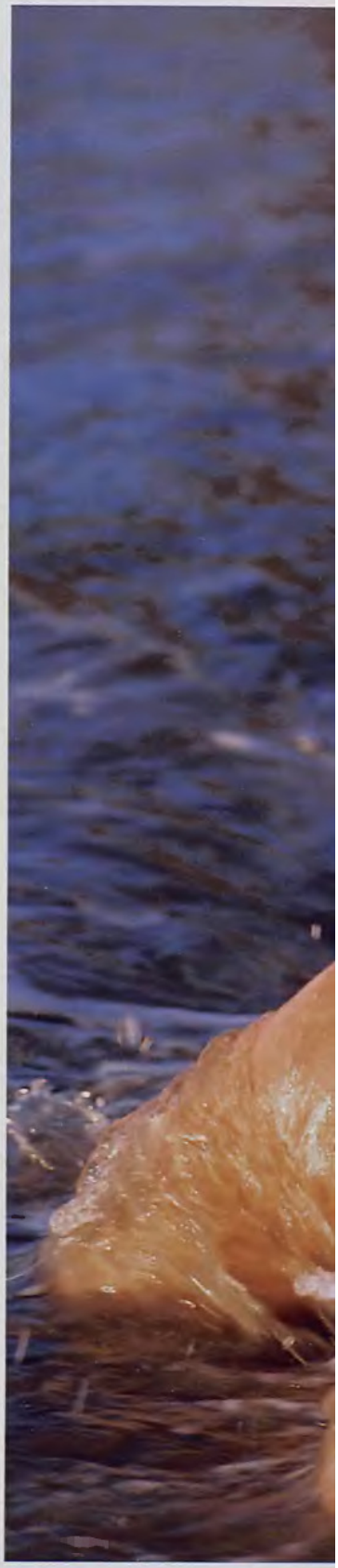
Karen's crawded garage already houses a BMW 528 and a Tayata Camry. Now, along with her PMOY check for $100,000, she receives this Shelby Series 1 (above). "I'm going to have Caroll Shelby sign it," she says. Below, Karen sends a message of love from St. Lucia, where we shat this pictorial. "It was a big secret that I was PMOY," she says. "They told me I was going to shoot a calendar."

"Is all that true?" she asks modestly. "That's really cool. I'm honored."

But, wait—as they say—there's more. This 27-year-old beauty is also our Playmate of the Year.

"It's the biggest thing that's happened to me," she says, soaking up the afternoon sunshine in a park near the Playboy Mansion, where she's staying while shooting the Playmate of the Year video. Our chat offers Karen a rare moment of relaxation. "I have little time to myself," she says. "I work weekends, and when I'm not working, I'm doing interviews with other PLAYBOY

Asked how she can maintain her sleek figure and her junk-food habit, Koren replies, "I must have very good genes." Finally, a compelling argument for cloning.



people, going to wardrobe fittings, things like that. It's not like my own free time, but it's not really work, either."

Karen is used to this kind of pace. "I'm the Energizer Bunny," she says. "I average maybe four or five hours of sleep a night." The fourth of five children raised by her mother and stepfather in the tiny hamlet of Sawyer, Michigan—"You blink, you miss it," she says—Karen went on to live near Detroit. She quit her teaching job to devote herself to modeling. Along the way, she won the local Venus International Swimwear competition and moved to Los Angeles to break into acting. "I want to play everything from a mother to a rebellious teenager to a bitch to a sexy girlfriend," she says. Karen has plans for

real-life roles, too. She plans to eventually open a learning center for children. "But not in Los Angeles. It's too crowded here," she explains. "I want to go to a smaller community that doesn't have a lot of money." Our heartland girl also finds Hollywood to be a culinary culture shock. "Everybody here eats really healthfully," she explains. "I eat out, and there is no gravy on my mashed potatoes. They eat their sushi and little vegetables. Give me red meat and junk food." Fortunately, our Playmate of the Year is handy in the kitchen—a craft that she learned from her mom. "After I left home, I would call her and ask, 'How do you make this? How do you make that? Now, I can make meatloaf, baked ham with brown sugar and cloves, pizza, lasagna, spaghetti—real fattening stuff!"

With these domestic skills it shouldn't be hard for Karen to achieve her goal "to be a great mother and a super wife." But for now, she says, "I'm focusing on my career, because my relationship is strong enough," referring to her beau of more than three years. "What's one or two years of building a career when we can have the next 50 together?" That sounds like a perfect deal to us.

Karen's boyfriend loved the idea of her posing until his friends saw the December 1997 issue. Then, she says, "he was over their shoulders, going, 'Don't look too long.'"

JUNIOR (continued from page 126)

"My dad told us that to be the best, you have to be four times better than anybody else," says Griffey.

•

Most of the time Ken Griffey Jr. is happy. He's having just as much fun as it appears he is. "Griffey loves to play the game," says former Orioles manager Davey Johnson. "It shows, and that's pleasant to see." The expectations that sit on his shoulders like gargoyles—and the occasional eruptions and tantrums that are part of his nature—are usually quickly forgotten. That's because he has his father's baseball temperament.

Unlike almost every other eminent athlete in modern American sports, Griffey doesn't fully embrace his superstardom. That makes him powerfully appealing to some, but enigmatic to others. Perhaps he's relatively unimpressed with himself because as a kid, he was on a first-name basis with such stars as Johnny Bench, Pete Rose, Joe Morgan, Tom Seaver, Tony Perez, Dave Winfield, Tommy John, Graig Nettles, Ron Guidry, Don Mattingly, Rickey Henderson, Phil Niekro and, of course, Ken Griffey Sr.

Junior's dad had more hits (2143) than Bench, more steals (200) than Rose, more runs scored (1129) than Mattingly, a higher career batting average (.296) than Henderson and more World Series rings (three) than Niekro. Senior, the MVP of the 1980 All-Star Game, was big time.

So baseball—and even being a baseball star—was never anything more than the family business to Junior. Lee May, who hit 354 homers, was just a Cincinnati neighbor from down the street when Junior was growing up. "Lee's head looks like a lightbulb," says Junior. "You know, square on the bottom, then a big bulb on top. So, I call him 100 Watt. Lee's son is 50 Watt. And his grandson is 25 Watt." So much for the mystique of legendary ballplayers.

Junior wasn't haunted by his father's failures nor driven by his demands. Maybe you had to know Senior back then to understand the source of Junior's spontaneous high spirits. Nobody in baseball had a more explosive, unrestrained smile, or less self-importance, than Senior. He was always semiserious, too. He studied the game; he played hurt and went into walls. But most of the time, he just liked to laugh. In winter ball in Puerto Rico in the Seventies, Griffey and Danny Driessen would be in the batting cage when one of them would begin laughing about something silly and the other would catch on. Once they started, neither could stop laughing. They were like ten-year-olds. "Now come on, mahn," Driessen would say—and that would really set off Griffey, who'd raise his laugh an octave. Reporters would go off and interview somebody, then come back and Griffey and Driessen would still be eyeing each other, worried that one of them would crack up and start the whole lunatic cycle again.

When Junior says, around a ballpark, "I am my father," you can believe it. And when he says his father taught him only two rules to live by in baseball, you can believe that, too.

Rule one: Don't show up anybody on the field.

Rule two: Have fun.

That was it. Don't you wish it were that easy to teach your kid the family business?

The senior Griffey kept his ambition concealed behind his grin. But his eyes could get hard. And batting slumps drove him crazy. You could tell if he was hot or not just by his demeanor.

"We're all like that," says Junior. "We may not look it on the outside, but O-for-fours are hard and O-for-fives are extremely tough."

Going five at bats without a hit is "extremely tough"? Most players don't even notice a few bad games.

"My dad told us that to be the best, you have to be four times better than anybody else," says Griffey. "He didn't care what you did, as long as you were the best. He grew up that way."

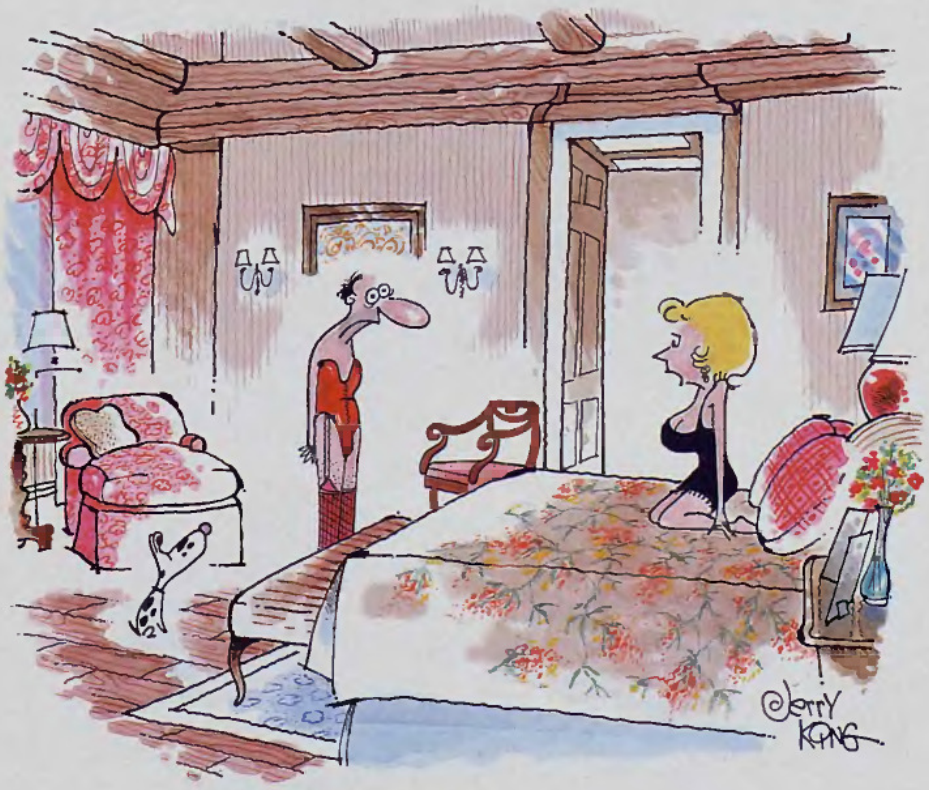
Was the overcompensation because his dad was black? "No," says Griffey, "It was because he was from a small town, Donora, Pennsylvania."

As with father, so with son. The grin is real, but so is the self-imposed pressure beneath it: to be not just better but four times better than anybody else.

"My father has my attitude. I may not look it, but I concentrate so much that sometimes I don't hear people who are in the same room. I block out everything. My wife will talk to me, then refuses to believe I haven't heard her."

Off the field, Junior is his mother's son. Like so many children of big-leaguers, Griffey's memories are of a father who wasn't there. Perhaps the longest the two have ever spent in each other's company was during the 1990 and 1991 seasons, when they became the first father-son combination to play for the same team—Junior in center field and Senior in left. "It was six weeks and he couldn't go anywhere. I had him," says Junior. "We were teammates at the ballpark and father and son at home."

For most of his growing up, however, Alberta "Birdie" Griffey was the boss. "We were spoiled," says Griffey of



"I'm sorry, Frank, but when you said you like sexy lingerie, I naturally assumed you meant on me."

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himself and his brother Craig, who has played for the Reds and Mariners organizations. "But not to the point where we didn't know what was right and wrong. I knew who was the boss. That wasn't a question at my house. It's still not a question. My mom used to say, 'I brought you into this world, and I can take you out.'

"Then my dad would say, 'And we can make another one who looks just like you, so we won't miss you.'"

Even though Griffey makes $8.5 million a year and has a wife and two young children, his mom still gets in her licks. "If I get out of line," says Junior, "she still says, 'You can be seven-foot-six but I will stand on a chair and look you in the eye and tell you what I think.'"

•

If Alberta Griffey had been at the 1997 All-Star Game, she would have given her son an earful. After a late-night flight, Griffey looked exhausted. But because he'd received more All-Star votes than any other player, and because he had 30 home runs at the break, he had to talk.

"I'm the Rodney Dangerfield of baseball. I'm well liked but not respected," said Griffey in a whine that made him sound like a spoiled, well-to-do child who'd forgotten how everyone else lives. "No matter what I do, that's what I'm supposed to do, and it's never quite enough. I could hit 55 homers and people would think I should hit 70. I went ten games without a home run and it was all over ESPN. People think it's easy for me—but it ain't easy."

For Griffey, this is about as bad as it gets. Sometimes he lets the world reach into his head and mess with him. Instead of counting his blessings and enjoying his gifts, he listens to the wrong people. Soul philosopher James Brown once said, "Some people don't want you happy, but they won't come right out and say it."

Could he have meant Barry Bonds?

"You can't just go to the All-Star Game every year because you're the fans' favorite, like Griffey," says Bonds, the three-time National League MVP. "He's got all the endorsements in the world. He's got everything. But don't think he has got what he should get. He needs to take over the league, like he has the ability to do. Get those 60 home runs out of the way, so everyone can stop talking about it. Win some MVPs. Quit letting people sneak by him to have a slightly better year. Junior has the ability to accomplish things nobody else will ever be able to accomplish.

"In fact, I've never seen anybody like him—besides myself," Bonds adds. "I took the game to another level. But Junior can take it to a level beyond that."

That is exactly what Griffey doesn't need to hear. It's expectation, raised to the nth degree. Get those 60 homers out of the way. Win some MVPs. Piece of cake. You'd almost think Bonds was intentionally piling on the pressure.

If Griffey is the best-liked star in baseball, Bonds may be the least favored. Junior's face shines. He plays best when fueled by joy. Barry's face often turns sour. He feeds off anger. Yet they have been friends for 11 years. When Griffey was 17, Bonds, then 23 and already in the majors, sought out the Kid—for dinner and advice. An odd couple, indeed.

Both are the sons of superior players. Barry's father, Bobby—always smart but sometimes angry—hit 332 homers and stole 461 bases, yet he bounced among eight teams in his last eight seasons. And both sons were raised with the possibility that they would become baseball giants. Now, Griffey and Bonds have ended as finalists in the Best All-Round Player in Baseball debate.

Like his father, Barry has a world-weary wisdom and an acute view of those around him. Unfortunately, like his father, he's also sensitive to criticism. Barry plays best when he's trying to prove something. Griffey excels when he tries to prove nothing—except what a neat deal it is to play ball every day.

This contrast seems most stark when we examine Griffey's take on hitting 62 home runs. What wouldn't Bonds give to have this record of records to shove in his critics' faces? Griffey, meanwhile, couldn't care less. It's even possible he'd rather not own the record, and the expectations that go with it.

"You never heard those expectations come from me—the 61 home runs, the 150 RBI," says Griffey. "I don't care about hitting home runs. My dad always said, 'If you hit 50 homers, that's 50 hits. What are you going to do the other 600 at bats?' But that's all people want to see—the home runs.

"In 20 or 30 years, they're not going to think about a particular number. Like when people look back at Willie Mays, they just say, 'Willie had a great year.' They don't say he had exactly so many home runs or RBI.

"I don't really talk much about myself. I don't think I'm the best player. I don't worry about it. I just want to go out and play. And tomorrow, I can always improve."

Focusing on the results—and on the process that creates those results—can produce spectacular careers. But athletes who concentrate just on the process are usually far more content. Play free association with Griffey and this is what you get:

Babe Ruth. "He had fun."

Roger Maris. "His hair fell out." Griffey likes his hair.

Almost everything about Griffey impresses, even awes, other big-leaguers.

"He has the perfect swing," says teammate Edgar Martinez.

"He looks locked-in on every pitch—it seems effortless, like batting practice," says Mike Piazza of the Dodgers.

A few years ago, manager Piniella would nag, "I need more. You can give me more." But now he says, "He's the total package. He makes things happen so gracefully. But first and foremost, he is a slugger."

Griffey's power amazes his peers but mystifies many fans. Perhaps they never saw enough of Ted Williams, the Splendid Splinter, who hit 521 home runs despite his tall, slender build.

"I don't lift weights," says Griffey. "Never have. I probably can't bench-press 200 pounds. The barrel of my bat is probably bigger than my biceps. Flexibility is the key. Look at Tiger Woods. It's the rubber-band effect. Pull them suckers *way* back."

Coaches love to analyze the Griffey method. His swing plane is slightly upward, like Williams', not the downward chop taught by some of today's swing instructors. Yet Griffey, like a fine golfer, keeps the bat going "down the line" longer than most hitters do. In golf, that means accuracy. In baseball, it means you can be fooled by a pitch—mistime it by a foot in the hitting zone—yet still nail it squarely.

While other hitters study tapes and keep files on pitchers, Griffey's big breakthrough in hitting theory is to have somebody on his team sneak up behind him and grab his bat while he's in his stance beside the batting cage. Honest.

"If somebody grabs the barrel of the bat when it's behind your head, can you tell where his hand is on the bat? On the end? On the label? On the sweet spot? Knowing where the barrel is—that's half the battle," says Griffey.

"Can you deliver the barrel to the ball? If you don't have a feeling for where the barrel is, how can you keep from getting jammed? If I wrap the bat too far behind, sometimes I lose the feel."

Above all, Griffey has a swing that's compact on the back end—before the ball is hit—but long and fully extended after contact. That's perfect golf theory, too. No wonder he likes to play long drive with Tiger. "Quick and short to the ball, but extended to a high finish—like a boxer throwing a punch through his target," says former Orioles coach John Stearns. "It's perfect."

"Griffey has earned the right to have everybody in the game compare other great players to him. He's the measuring stick," continues Stearns. "He's only 28 and has almost 300 homers. He hits 45 a year. So in ten years, he could have 700—and he'd be only 38. A hundred years from now, people are going to talk about Babe Ruth, Mickey Mantle, Willie Mays, Ken Griffey Jr. We're watching history. His numbers are going to stand forever."

Maybe. The player people often forget

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to mention—Hank Aaron—got his 755 homers not only because he was great but also because he played the game with control. He didn't dive recklessly, collide with catchers or, especially, run into outfield walls. He played hard, but not flat-out. Griffey, however, lives for the highlight film—the third-deck home run, the climb-the-fence catch, the heroic throw. He has every skill. To the max. Those eight Gold Gloves and his tape-measure blasts mean more to him than mere stats.

But he pays a price. In 1996, he broke a bone in his right wrist simply by swinging and missing. You do that when you try to hit the ball 500 feet—as Griffey has—even though 400 feet usually suffices. They put that B&O Warehouse out beyond the right field wall of Baltimore's Camden Yards for a reason—the same reason they have a fifth deck at the Skydome and those waterfalls in Kansas City. It's so somebody, every decade or so, can hit one there. And Junior wants that somebody to be him.

Even worse for Griffey is the lure of the amazing outfield catch. It's the one play in baseball that, for acrobatics, danger and breathtaking personal signature, is the diamond equal to the best slam dunks in the NBA. It's the one time Griffey can prove that a star in staid old baseball is every bit as pure and courageous as anyone else in sports. Nobody goes to the wall, and above it, like Griffey. And he pays for that, too.

On May 26, 1995 Griffey almost ended his career. He made an amazing catch, which has been replayed endlessly, to rob Kevin Bass of an extra-base hit. Then he smashed his left wrist to smithereens on the Kingdome wall. It wasn't even an important play in a close game. It was simply a chance for art to be created. Griffey broke both major bones in his wrist, underwent three hours of surgery the next day and had a four-inch metal plate and seven screws inserted in his wrist.

"I had never had surgery before," Griffey recalls. "All I asked the doctor was, 'Will I play again?'

"He said, 'Yeah.' That's all I needed to hear."

Griffey came back in time to face the Yanks in the playoffs. He didn't do much. He hit only five homers in five games—tying Reggie Jackson's postseason record.

"People don't realize what I deal with on a day-to-day basis," says Griffey. "I break both wrists and when I go back out there, it's supposed to be like I was never hurt."

That's the voice of the whining, get-no-respect Griffey. But it's also a voice that begs the question: Why does a guy who really might hit 800 homers on cruise control take such risks?

Because that's the way a guy with his hat on backward would play it. That's the joyful, go-with-the-flow approach. And for Griffey, it's also the less scary approach to the game. For him, there is something more frightening than smashing his wrist on a wall: What if Griffey didn't run into walls, dive for every catch and swing for the waterfalls? What would that mean?

It would mean that you and your talent—those 62 homers in 1999 or 2001, and that 756th home run in 2008 or 2010—are so serious, so important, so defining of who you are and how you must act, that you are a prisoner inside the walls of your own life. It's not enough that you're the ballplayer son of a ballplayer, and that you've never thought of being anything but a ballplayer. Now you can't even chase a goddamn fly ball, climb a wall, maybe break a bone, because you're too precious, too essential, too much the franchise to take the risk.

So don't count those 756 homers too fast. It's possible that Griffey, deep down, doesn't want them and will find a way not to get them. Every suicide is a murder. Who does Ken Griffey Jr. want to kill?

"The only person you measure yourself by is you," he says. "I have to play the only way I know how to play, and whatever happens, happens. This is only a small part of my life. How long can one play? Thirteen years?"

That would be 2001, when Griffey is only 31. You might want to write down the date, then watch Griffey now, while he's hitting 50 homers, winning Gold Gloves, wearing his hat backward and, against all odds, being himself while enduring the suffocating expectations of his sport.

•

Many great athletes go through a sweet spot in their careers when almost all publicity turns to gold. The parts of them that glitter seem to catch the light, and what's in shadow stays hidden. That's where Griffey is right now.

In his early seasons in the majors, Griffey seemed to be nagged constantly by his elders. And they had reason. Why did he ignore scouting reports on future pitchers? Why did he jake on routine grounders? Why did he sometimes play entire games with his mind seemingly somewhere else? Why did he once lose his temper and give the finger to the Tigers' dugout as he rounded third after a home run? And why did he occasionally pop off at Mariners management for not spending enough to surround him with quality teammates?

Time, as well as dramatically increased home run totals, has a tendency to change our perceptions. Once, there were plenty of anecdotes and quotes about Griffey, the incipient spoiled brat, the kid who showed up for his first spring training in a BMW. Now, it would take a subpoena and truth serum to get many people in baseball to rip Junior.

First, his power production increased. He hit 45 homers in 1993. That got some folks off his back. Then, in 1994, the strike robbed him of a chance at the Maris record. In only 111 games he hit 40 homers—a pace for 58 in 160 games. Suddenly, Griffey got the sympathy accorded to a victim. Then, in 1995, his terrifying wrist injury showed everybody how hard he played, what risks he took and how precious he was to baseball's future marketing. He was, in short, irreplaceable.

In 1997 he won his first MVP award. In the past two seasons Griffey has hit 49 and 56 homers while piling up 140 and 147 RBI. When you also hit .300, win the Gold Glove and have your cheerful smile plastered on enough TV commercials to pull in $4 million a year in endorsements, your image is pretty much bulletproof. What we have here is a player who over the past five seasons has hit 207 homers in 636 games. That's an average of 53 homers per 162 games. Face it, the Kid isn't just the bomb. When it comes to homers, a healthy Junior is the Babe.

Still, Griffey's flaw is that he's not Michael Jordan or Tiger Woods. Like them, he has the looks, smile, polish, talent and style to sell a sport. When they play golf together, you wonder who on earth could make it a fourth. Yet Air and Tiger are money magnets for their games. Griffey isn't, largely because he doesn't want to be.

"When I'm in dress clothes and don't have on a baseball hat, I look a lot different," says Griffey, who wears little jewelry, usually dons subdued black-and-white outfits and often carries a briefcase, further modifying his look. "When I go out in public, few people recognize me. The majority of the time, I can slide."

Neither Jordan nor Woods wants to slide. They have an adult sense of responsibility that costs them plenty in time and aggravation. Griffey doesn't have that. Or, to be fair, he has it only when the mood strikes him.

•

When Griffey met his future wife, Melissa, he was in the major leagues but still living in a bachelor pad. "Everything was leather. No pictures on the walls, except the ones that come in the frames. A girl comes over and asks, 'Who are these people? Your family?' And you say, 'I don't know. They just came with the frame.'"

The license plate on one of Griffey's five cars says FEAR NO ONE. But to those who have known him longest, that motto should be TRUST NO ONE. Or, at least, don't trust anyone too much. Just how cautious is Ken Griffey? Until last year, he

"How come we never do anything I want to do?"

kept every cent of his money—millions of dollars—in a savings account. He passed up potential profits from investments because "I just didn't trust anybody."

In romance, Griffey was equally careful. With a thousand gold diggers perpetually outside the clubhouse, he was on guard. "I was always taught," Griffey says, "that you have to find a girl who loves you for you, not for your money."

Griffey thought that would be difficult, but then he got lucky. At an under-21 club, a girl named Melissa asked him to dance. That impressed him—he usually did the asking. When she added, "You don't have to," he liked that, too. When they danced, "She was all over me. I was kind of backing up the whole time," he says now, laughing at himself. "I don't like people touching me."

A lot of major-league ballplayers have difficulty judging the motives of women. "You can tell the guys in baseball who are going to go bankrupt. That's not going to be me," says Junior. "You know, 'Wife spends the money. Griffey goes bankrupt.'"

Griffey was used to seeing his mother show up at the park dressed casually. "What was she going to do," he muses, "chase two kids while wearing pumps?" Likewise, Melissa went to the park dressed like a normal human being. That's to say, without a fur coat and enough jewelry for a formal ball.

"Most of the other wives and girlfriends dressed, you know, to make sure everybody knew their men were on the field," says Griffey.

After one such ballpark appearance, Melissa cried and told Griffey, "I don't feel like I belong."

To Griffey, that was good. "I told her, 'You're dressed like your bank account. They're dressed like their husbands' bank accounts.'"

At 28, Griffey no longer wonders if he'll ever find a woman who really loves him and who will give him a family like the one in which he grew up.

"My wife went through all the tests and she passed them," he says. "If she spends $5000 a year on herself, that's a lot. She's not a typical baseball wife."

She doesn't give interviews about her husband, either.

Melissa's mother died of heart failure two days after the 1997 All-Star Game. She was 54. Though the worst pain was Melissa's, perhaps it's to Griffey's credit that he went into a slump for the rest of July—hitting only two home runs. As a footnote to history, that may have cost him a shot at Maris' record.

Baseball lives are hard to evaluate, especially in their early stages. The strains and excesses of the lifestyle can hardly be exaggerated. The personality with which you arrived can change while you're not watching. You can misplace your soul easier than a pair of cuff links.

But Griffey is more solidly grounded than most. Sometimes he even says things that might be wise. He seems sincere when he says of his money, "I can't spend it all. Why try? How much is enough?"

Ultimately, the Griffeys are about family. Now they have a son, Trey, who's four, and a daughter, Taryn, who's two and a half. Junior is hooked on fatherhood and family. He reads dinosaur books at bedtime and drives Trey to preschool. There won't be a Ken Griffey III. But there is Trey. That's Junior's way of continuing the tradition. The kid has a chance, if the grandparents don't ruin him.

"My mom has a white couch—we weren't even allowed in that room. Well, Trey went in there with a blue Sharpie pen." The toddler nailed everything in the room, couch included. "When I saw it, I was like, 'I'm sorry, Mom. Beat me, not him.' She didn't even care. She acted like he was Picasso. If it had been me, I would have been grounded for life. 'No dating till you're 50.'"

The first time Trey cursed, Grandpa wasn't mad—he was impressed. Damn right. "Only three years old and he used the word properly," said Senior.

"He reminds us so much of you," Birdie tells Junior.

"Me?" says Griffey. "The only swear-word I got to say was when we went to Christopher Lee's Chinese Restaurant. I could order the poo-poo platter."

Actually, the three generations of Griffeys may end up looking like most close families. "I'm ornery," says Junior. "I have a determination that people don't often understand. It will never go away. I've always had it. You're born with it. My kids act just like me, that's the scary part. They're competitive already. We'll race in the house and wrestle. Trey always wants to play—but rough. He won't back down. No matter, he's going to get the last lick in. That's from me."

And from his grandfather, too. Three years ago, when Junior smashed his wrist so badly that his career seemed threatened, he was showing his cast to his family, just as his father had shown him that scarred knee back in his Yankees days.

"Boo-boo. *Ouch*," said Trey, sympathetically. Then, when Dad wasn't watching, the infant picked up his favorite baseball bat and smashed Dad, as hard as he could, right on that wrist full of screws and plates.

"It hurt so bad I dropped to one knee," says Griffey.

And what did you say, Junior?

"I guess my father came out in me. I said, 'Good swing.'"

That'll work.

"I'm an independent filmmaker, so of course there'll be no casting couch. We'll have to do it in the back of my Toyota."

JERRY SPRINGER *(continued from page 72)*

I'm not saying going to a hooker was the right thing to do, but it wasn't mass murder.

SPRINGER: Well, maybe not. I wasn't thinking of myself as a hero. I was thinking of myself as someone who had done a foolish thing. In hindsight, every move was right, but at the time I wasn't thinking strategy. I was just thinking about what an asshole I was, and how to make myself whole as a person again.

PLAYBOY: How did they get the canceled checks?

SPRINGER: I held them up and said, "Look, I was there."

PLAYBOY: You volunteered your canceled checks?

SPRINGER: Absolutely. I was never arrested for anything. I was never on trial. At my press conference, when I announced my resignation, I held up the checks and said, "Here." I wanted it all out because there was a rumor going around that I was the head of a prostitution ring. Jack Gilligan, the governor at the time, said, "If Jerry's in charge of this ring, how come it had only one customer?"

PLAYBOY: But why did you pay with a check?

SPRINGER: I belonged to the club. No one pays cash to go there for a visit. The health club was clearly a front, so writing a check was the wrong thing to do. I hope it's the worst thing I'll ever do. The public got the story, they got my admission and I said, "You decide. You want me in office? I would love to be your mayor." And they said, "Yeah."

PLAYBOY: Weren't you married shortly before this hit the papers?

SPRINGER: Yes, I was married in 1973. In the spring of 1974 I held a press conference and said that I was resigning from the council because I'd had sex with this woman.

PLAYBOY: "This woman"?

SPRINGER: I had sex with a woman I shouldn't have been with, OK? And she was a prostitute. I had done this horrible thing—I had slept, I didn't sleep—it was half an hour and I was awake the whole time. Then boom, SPRINGER ADMITS TO SEX WITH PROSTITUTE, etc. And I resigned from the council.

PLAYBOY: Was this a one-night stand?

SPRINGER: OK, two visits, a total of an hour. The sin was that I did it at all.

PLAYBOY: How did you explain this to your wife?

SPRINGER: I told her before I told anyone else, and I told her the truth.

PLAYBOY: How did she react?

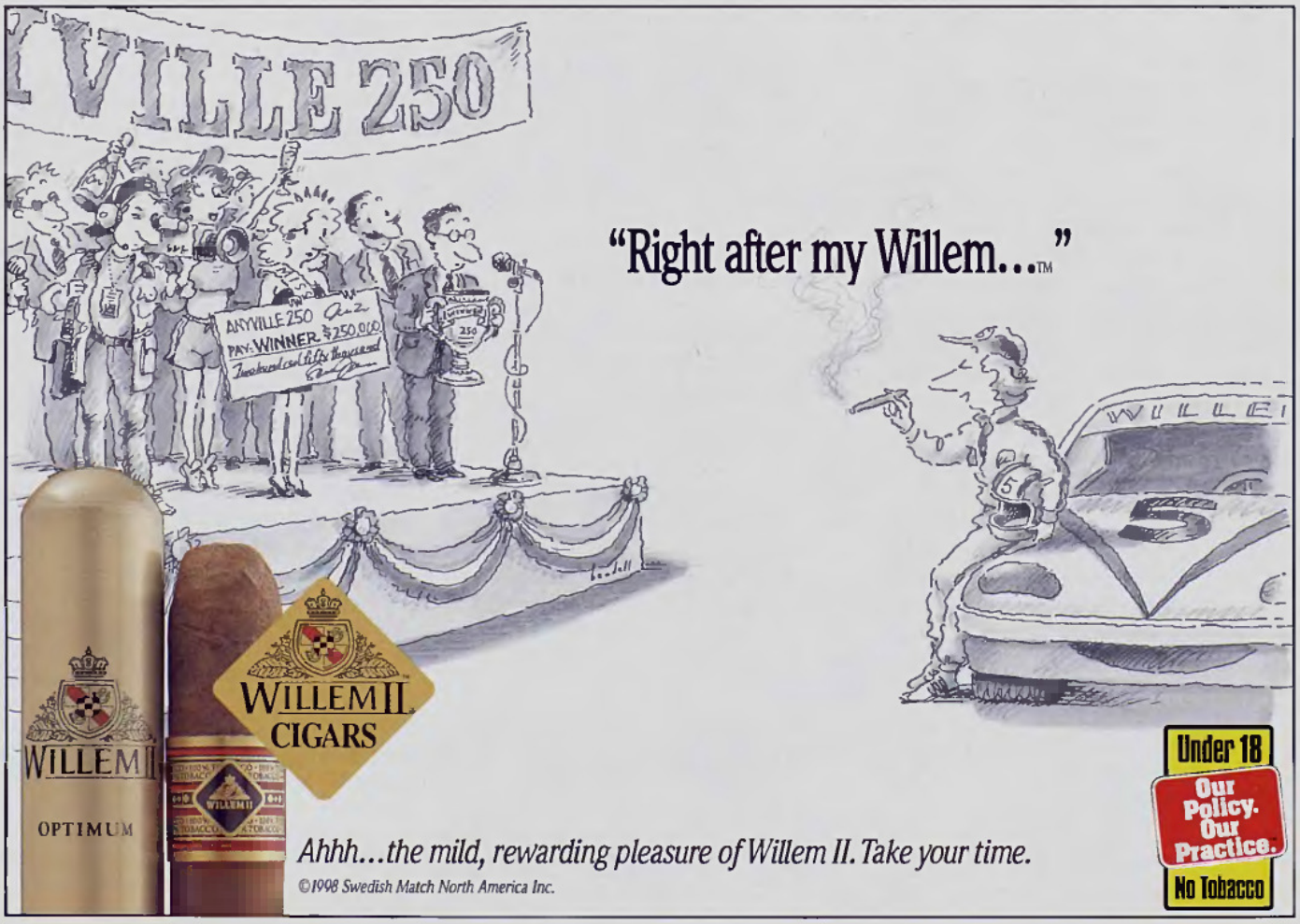
SPRINGER: Well, it was uncomfortable. Not a great day. But it wasn't the most horrible thing in the world either. I mean, a kid goes to a hooker. I'm not saying it was the right thing to do, but it certainly wasn't mass murder.

I returned to practicing law. The next November I ran for city council again. And then in 1977 I ran for reelection and was elected mayor. That's the story.

I didn't lose the mayoralty because of the incident. I won after it. Number one vote getter, the largest plurality in the city's history. In 1979 I again came in first in the race. In 1981 I didn't run for reelection because I announced that I was running for governor. There's this distorted version—he lost the mayoralty because he was caught with a prostitute, and that's how he ended up with a talk show—that continues to be the folklore for many reporters. Excuse me, it was almost 20 years before I got a talk show, and I was a very successful mayor. You can check the record.

PLAYBOY: What would your advice to President Clinton be on how to handle a sex scandal?

SPRINGER: [*Laughs*] Get a talk show! No, I would simply say on a serious note,



WHERE & HOW TO BUY

Below is a list of retailers and manufacturers you can contact for information on where to find this month's merchandise. To buy the apparel and equipment shown on pages 26, 41, 45, 88–91, 96–97, 122–123, 130–141 and 183, check the listings below to find the stores nearest you.

WIRED
Page 26: "Call Home—From Anywhere": **Global satellite communications service** by *Iridium North America*, 602-752-1102. "Big Blue Gets Smarter": **Software** by *IBM*, 800-426-7235, ext. 4340. "Fly the Juiced Skies": **Power source** from *Xtend Micro Products*, 800-232-9836. "Wild Things": **Handheld computer and digital camera card** by *Sharp Electronics Corp.*, 800-237-4277. **Video game and camera** by *Nintendo*, 800-255-3700. **Computer storage device** by *Iomega*, 800-697-8833.

MANTRACK
Page 41: "Hot Town, Hot Wheels": **Driving lessons** by the *Derek Daly Performance Driving Academy*, 888-463-3735. "The Eyes Have It": **Reading lenses** by *Neoptx*, 800-344-2020. Page 45: "Clothesline: Andy Richter": **Suit** by *Corneliani*, 212-593-1155, and at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York City, 212-753-4000. **Shirt** by *Ascot Chang*, New York City, 212-759-3333. **Tie** by *Krizia*, New York City, 212-879-1211. **Shoes** by *Alfred Sargent*, at Tootsie Plohound, New York City, 212-460-8650. **Leather pants** by *Leather Man*, New York City, 212-243-5339. "Seeing Is Believing": **Binoculars** by *Nikon*, 800-645-6687. "Keeping Mr. Happy Happy": **Biko bicycle seat** by *Hobson Associates*, 800-582-8088. "Swing Time Without the Schlepping": **Club rentals** by *Golf Club Valet*, 888-846-5318.

SWIMWEAR
Page 88: **Trunks** by *Tommy Bahamas*, at Tommy Bahamas', Sarasota, 941-388-2888 and Nordstrom stores. **Bikini** by *Gottex*, 800-225-SWIM. Page 89: **Boxer shorts** by *Gottex*, 800-225-SWIM. **Bikini** by *Emporio Armani*, New York City, 212-727-3240. Page 90: **Trunks** by *Emporio Armani*, New York City, 212-727-3240. **Bikini** by *Gottex*, 800-225-SWIM. Page 91: **Trunks** by *C.P. Company*, at Scott Hill, Los Angeles, 310-777-1190.

GET LOST
Pages 96–97: **Global positioning system units:** By *Etak*, 888-275-9627. By *Garmin International*, 800-800-1020. By *Magellan Systems Corp.*, 800-669-4477. By *Eagle Electronics*, 800-324-1354. **Computer** by *Toshiba*, 800-457-7777.

SECRETS OF THE SWING
Pages 122–123: **Golf club** by *Power Bilt*, 800-848-7693. **Softball bat** by *DeMarini*, from Kelly's Sports, 888-448-2919 or www.kellysultimatesports.com. **Tennis racquet** by *Head USA*, 800-432-3872. **Batting video,** *Charley Lau's Hitting System*, 305-312-2111.

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Page 183: "Boarding Party": **Wakeboards:** By *Liquid Force*, 760-754-5585. By *Hyperlite*, 800-938-4040. By *KD Blindside*, 800-277-4982. **Bindings:** By *Connelly Skis*, 800-234-7547. By *Hyperlite*, 800-938-4040. By *KD Blindside*, 800-277-4982. **Water ski and bindings** by *Connelly Skis*, 800-234-7547.

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"Continue to do a great job as president, and in terms of any personal issues, deal with Hillary. It's her business." I have no idea what they have agreed to. He's not answerable to me. He didn't marry me.

PLAYBOY: You said that you quit politics. Didn't politics kind of quit you?

SPRINGER: No. After being mayor of Cincinnati, I thought of running for senator, but Ohio had Glenn and Metzenbaum, so that wasn't realistic. I didn't want to go back and be on the city council or run for secretary of state. So I ran for governor, and after that race I sat around for a while thinking, Gee, what do I do now? And that's when I took the job at Channel 5, to be a news commentator, then an anchor.

PLAYBOY: So you said goodbye to politics?

SPRINGER: I did back then, yes.

PLAYBOY: Somebody once said that politics exists "to make our days on earth somewhat better than they might be."

SPRINGER: Sure [*laughs*]. Jerry Springer said that when he was sworn in as mayor of Cincinnati. Isn't that great? I recognized my own speech.

PLAYBOY: Is that still your political credo?

SPRINGER: Oh yeah. Unfortunately, I think today we're getting into the *People*-ization of politics. We're interested in personalities rather than great political issues. Twenty or 30 years ago it was the war in Vietnam, there was the civil rights movement. Now we're talking about who was doing what with whom. So personal.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible to be an effective politician and have a conscience?

SPRINGER: Yes, as long as you're willing to lose the next election. If you choose not to make politics a career, you can always have a conscience. If you sell out to win an election, that's when you have to get out of politics. That's why I don't like politics as a career. I think it should be more like a religion—something you just believe in and work at. When it becomes the means of your livelihood, you will take whatever you are offered. So you'll compromise your values to win the next election. That's when career politics gets dangerous.

PLAYBOY: What was your childhood like?

SPRINGER: I had the happiest childhood in the world. My family didn't have any money. My parents were German and didn't speak English well, so they launched this great campaign to thoroughly Americanize me. They did things to get me to fit in. I joined the Boy Scouts, I was in Little League, I took guitar lessons, in the summer I went to camp. I honestly don't remember a sad day in my whole childhood. I was a diehard Yankees fan—my heroes were Yogi Berra and Mickey Mantle. A bad day was when the Yankees lost. Real bad.

PLAYBOY: What was it like around the house?

SPRINGER: My parents were great. Dad

was head of the household, but Mom was really in charge. There was no yelling, no fighting. It was nice. The house was not like my show.

PLAYBOY: You lost relatives in the Holocaust. How did that affect you?

SPRINGER: I lost five direct relatives. The closest were my grandparents and my uncle—my dad's brother and both my parents' mothers. Auschwitz was the camp. My parents didn't share any of that agony with me during my growing-up years. Certainly not extensively. We didn't go there.

PLAYBOY: Are you religious?

SPRINGER: I have a total belief in God. Because I was born Jewish, I follow the Jewish traditions, from the dietary restrictions—not eating pork—to the rules of Passover and fasting on the High Holidays. Am I Orthodox? No. But am I identifiably Jewish? Yes.

I'm not sure any one religion has cornered the market, but I don't think that's important. What's important is to be humble enough to believe that our lives are gifts from God. And whatever tradition you were raised in, follow that tradition to show your appreciation.

PLAYBOY: If your parents were alive, what would they think of the show?

SPRINGER: Mom would not watch, whereas Dad would hide in the back room and watch. In front of Mom he'd say, "This is terrible." Then he'd wink at me.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever meet any of your Yankees heroes?

SPRINGER: I went to the Yankees dream camp in 1988 and there they were: Mickey Mantle, Whitey Ford, Bill Skowron, Hank Bauer, all those greats in Fort Lauderdale for one week. You got your own Yankees uniform, you had a locker next to theirs, you ate all your meals with them and you played a doubleheader every day. You got your own baseball card, and on the final night you played against the all-time greatest Yankees. I was a catcher. In high school, I always wanted to be Yogi. I was too small then. So here I am now, catching for Whitey. I'm behind the plate when all of a sudden everyone in that little stadium—maybe 10,000 fans—gets on their feet because out from the dugout comes Mickey Mantle. Mickey steps into the batter's box, Whitey's on the mound and I'm behind the plate. I've got tears in my eyes and I'm shaking, I'm so excited. I call time-out and I rush to the mound because my whole life is flashing in front of my eyes.

So I get to the mound and Whitey asks, "What are you doing?"

"I can't stop shaking," I say. He puts his arm around me like I'm a little boy in front of all these people. "Get behind the plate," he says. "Mantle hasn't hit in 20 years."

So I'm all right. I get behind the plate again and it was great. Mantle flew out to left. *Deep* left.

PLAYBOY: Did you play sports in college?

SPRINGER: No. In high school I was too small. In college I wasn't good enough. My interests had shifted a bit, too. When I enrolled at Tulane in 1961, they were integrating the local schools, so I got involved in that. The parents were involved, and that was the first time I actually saw people screaming. It's one thing to watch it on the news, but to be there is kind of scary. Other than that, I became a typical college kid. It was a very innocent time. We didn't know anything about drugs. I mean, nothing. Oh, we used to "dex it"—take Dexedrine to stay up studying for exams—but I don't remember anyone ever saying, "Gee, this would be fun for recreation."

There was great activity with panty raids. The girls had an 11 P.M. dorm curfew during the week, midnight on weekends. Guys had no curfew. So if you had a date, you had to take her home by 11:00 or 12:00, then you'd go down to Bourbon Street. It was unfair to the girls. I think we were the last class of innocents.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall your first sexual experience in college?

SPRINGER: Yes.

PLAYBOY: Any details?

SPRINGER: Let me just say it was as clumsy as you would expect from someone totally inexperienced.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever thought that booking celebrities might increase the ratings for your show?

SPRINGER: Well, let me answer this way: I have never met a human being who couldn't be a guest on our show.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

SPRINGER: Everyone has at least one story in their life that would make the rest of the world say, "Whoa, that's strange." The only thing that makes our show different is our guests want to tell their stories. Many people wouldn't want to.

PLAYBOY: What you're saying is that the show consists of exhibitionists who are playing to an audience of voyeurs. But celebrities might add value to it. Or is basic infidelity—even when it's Frank Gifford's—just too tame for the *Springer* audience?

SPRINGER: We all like to watch, sure. And we don't complain if it's a celebrity. But here's the point. If Kathie Lee and Frank chose to go on any talk show to tell their story, not one critic in America would say, "How dare they go on television to talk about their private lives." And yet if I've got people on my show who aren't Kathie Lee and Frank, the critics say, "Oh, isn't that degrading? Isn't Jerry Springer horrible?" That's elitism.

PLAYBOY: Would Marv Albert be on the celebrity edition?

SPRINGER: He wouldn't even qualify for our audience.

PLAYBOY: "Cross-Dressing Sportscasters Who Bite Women on the Ass—tomorrow on *Springer*!"

SPRINGER: Well, only if he called us and said, "Please put me on."

Volunteering to be on the show is not a minor point. If someone wants to come on and say, "This is what I've done, boy am I a fool," that's fine.

PLAYBOY: How do you respond to the charge that you've sold out? As one of your former colleagues said, you could have been a Cronkite.

SPRINGER: There are always other people's expectations. And then one day we die. I enjoyed being a news anchor, I just

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didn't want to be one forever. Selling out is when you trade your soul, when you trade your philosophy, when you trade your principles to make a buck. I didn't trade my principles. No one will ever accuse me of suddenly becoming conservative. The politics on our show are absolutely consistent with the politics I have had as a commentator, as a mayor, as a lawyer. I'm about as liberal as you can get. And I'm making a hell of a living.

PLAYBOY: As mayor, you were known as someone who stood up for the little guy. Now you're exploiting those same dysfunctional lives.

SPRINGER: How is that different from being a newscaster who makes a living reporting on the lives of unfortunate people?

PLAYBOY: Maybe $3 million a year?

SPRINGER: That's it. When I was a newscaster I was hurting people every day. It's a horrible business, going to someone's home after a tragedy and asking, "How do you feel?" How many stories did we do like that? Our local news does it all the time. We feed on it. Great shots, then, "Uh, we have to go."

PLAYBOY: Does that mean you think two wrongs make a right?

SPRINGER: I don't know that what I do is wrong. I'm suggesting our show is silly but absolutely voluntary. And I don't think I could ever say to someone, "You're not classy enough to be on television. You don't meet our standards." Look at the language critics use when they talk about the people on my show. They're always called trailer-park trash. The critics are always so prejudiced, as evidenced by the names they use to refer to these people.

PLAYBOY: Do you think media criticism reflects elitism?

SPRINGER: No question, because the media themselves reflect upper-middle-class white America. Travel from city to city, and tell me what news you're watching. Boy, if we aren't clones.

PLAYBOY: What possessed you to return to local news and do commentaries for WMAQ in Chicago last year?

SPRINGER: It all began as a conversation in an elevator. Seriously. The general manager said, "Hey, I heard about your old commentaries in Cincinnati. Would you do them on our broadcast?"

And I said, "I can't, because I'm doing my show."

He said, "How about once a week?"

So I was going to do them on Mondays because I could write over the weekend. And I wasn't going to get paid—it was purely voluntary. So I said, "Yeah."

He said, "We'll start during sweeps—that way there will be a lot of attention." And was there attention! I show up and the anchor, Carol Marin, quits after 19 years of working there. Or she *said* she quit. I don't know exactly what the story is, but by the second day people in the newsroom weren't talking to me. It really went wild. There had been turmoil at the station; I just added more heat. I've never met Carol Marin. So it's not personal. She found other work. She's a reporter on another Chicago station. So now I'm hiring myself out to corporations that want to downsize. All you have to do is hire me and everyone quits. You can save on pensions.

PLAYBOY: You became something of a national joke.

SPRINGER: Yeah, I became a target. I was caught up in the heat of the moment. I was naive. I let my ego get in the way. I didn't pick the fight, but I was in no position to make the fight. I didn't belong in that newsroom. I wasn't an employee. If they didn't want to let me in, how was I going to win? I have no problem with the position I took—who is any anchor to say whom he or she is going to share the dais with? That's absurd. I don't back down from that position at all. But how many other people were going to lose their jobs? Suddenly I wondered why I was taking all the crap. By the middle of the week it became clear that with one or two exceptions, no one in the media was listening to me. I was determined to have a serious commentary, no jokes in it, no one-liners, boom—make the point. And of course the media were saying the story was "Do transvestites who sleep with their uncles belong on the local news? Or the national news?" Of course not. That never was my position. I never thought crazy talk-show subjects belong on the news. I was asked to do commentaries on serious news items.

PLAYBOY: Do you consider yourself a man of principle?

SPRINGER: As much as anyone else.

PLAYBOY: So why did you resign from WMAQ?

SPRINGER: Well, there was no ethical issue from my side. I wasn't being paid, I wasn't an employee of the station. I had a regular job and I was obviously a lightning rod for turmoil, which existed before I arrived. Once I realized this, I sent my resignation in. "Have you ever seen me do sports?" I added.

PLAYBOY: Some critics say your show demonstrates what's wrong with American society. Instead of something being evil or sinful or even just downright wrong, we talk about people being dysfunctional and antisocial. Have we lost our sense of right and wrong?

SPRINGER: No, I don't think so at all. I mean, I don't have a pessimistic view of American society. I think we're much more open about race than we used to be. Much more tolerant, much less elitist. I get a sense that we're living less-segregated lives than we used to. The idea of America is coming through. I think people still have a good view of what's right and what's wrong. Not everyone

agrees, but that doesn't mean there's no right and wrong. Most people like to think of themselves as moral, and I'd like to think that we are a moral country. Do we sometimes do immoral things? Yes, but overall we have good consciences, and are basically God-believing and treat one another well. We feel guilty when we do wrong.

PLAYBOY: You did a show on a woman who had sex with more than 200 guys in ten hours. You did a show on a man who set himself on fire to prove his love; another on a guy who cut off his penis to discourage a gay stalker. Are you ever afraid of encouraging copycat weirdos?

SPRINGER: No. If that's the standard, we can't report on murders, robberies or rapes. We can't make movies or soap operas or news programs that have any of that. We can't have any films about the Holocaust, because someone might copy that. There would be no exchange of ideas. In a free marketplace there are going to be all kinds of temptations thrown your way. We teach values so you're able to make good choices, to reject things that are destructive and accept those that aren't.

PLAYBOY: Has doing the show changed your view of the human condition?

SPRINGER: No. Remember, I was a mayor. So I learned about the human condition in real life, not from a TV show. Being on the city council and being mayor for years, you know, what problems didn't we see? We dealt with shootings and murders and robberies and rapes and decay. If you want to get upset about things, that's what you get upset about. You don't get upset because somebody on television uses a bad word that is bleeped out. You don't get upset because people shove each other or put someone in a headlock.

PLAYBOY: Your show covers a lot of fantasies. What's your best fantasy?

SPRINGER: Getting a call from George Steinbrenner, who says, "Jerry, would you do the games for us?" Yeah! If I could announce Yankees games, I would give this up in a heartbeat.

PLAYBOY: What do you think is your greatest extravagance?

SPRINGER: My Bulls tickets. I always wondered what it would have been like to be alive when Babe Ruth was playing, to see someone who's the greatest ever in his sport. Now I know: Michael Jordan.

PLAYBOY: What's your advice to those who want to learn from your success?

SPRINGER: Survive. That's what life's about. Just hanging in. There's no formula for success because it either happens to you or it doesn't. It's luck, most of it. The trick is to be around so that when an opportunity is there, you can grab it. Don't burn bridges. Whatever is going on that day, all the flak, whatever it is, don't panic. Hang in and live to fight another day. Never say, "That's it." Just survive. I believe that's a philosophy of Holocaust survivors, frankly.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy?

SPRINGER: I'm totally happy. I think 95 percent of what we are is a gift from God. We all compete for the remaining five percent, who's going to have the bigger house, the faster car, that kind of stuff. Beyond that it's all luck. There are people who work twice as hard as I do and don't have as much success. And there are people who work less than I do and are more successful. It's luck.

PLAYBOY: Will there be a payback?

SPRINGER: It'll be in the next life. I just hope hell isn't too hot. I burn easily.

PLAYBOY: How would you like to be remembered?

SPRINGER: I don't need to be remembered. I get great joy out of my mom and dad's memory. That's strength to me. And I want my daughter to always know that she had a dad who loved her. That is the only memory that counts. Everything else is just vanity. You know what? Fifty years after you're dead, unless you're George Washington and you're on the dollar bill, nobody remembers you. Nobody comes back because they were well remembered. God will do what he does to us when we're gone. My hope is that nobody remembers me.

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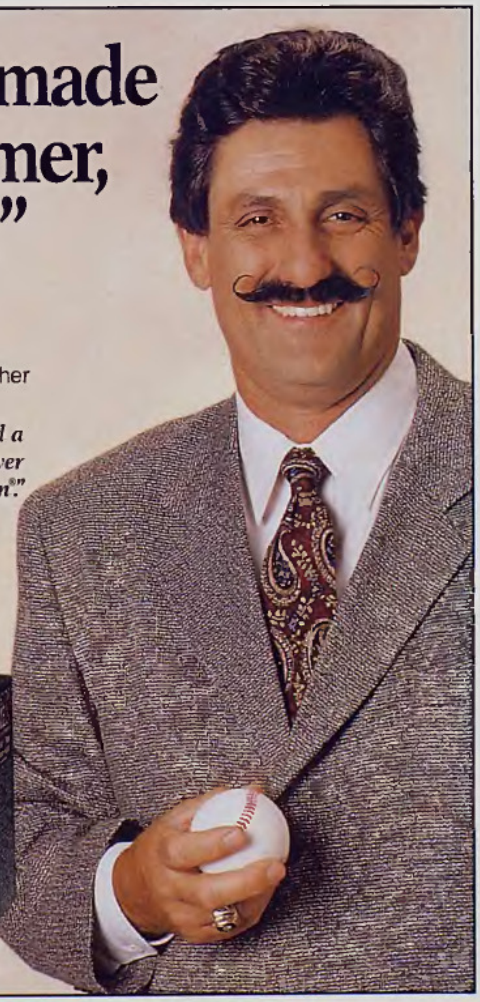

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JAMES BOND

(continued from page 86)

He became suspicious and stepped out of the stall. Immediately the smell of ammonia enveloped the room.

beautiful in the cover-girl sense, but she exhibited an air of sensuality that made her extremely attractive.

"We believe this to be the work of terrorists specializing in chemical and biological weaponry," she said. "The targets thus far have been British, but we believe there is something behind the attacks that will ultimately involve Greece." She had a fairly thick accent, but her English was good. Although most people under the age of 40 in Greece have learned English, few practice it on a daily basis.

"Do you have any idea who these people are?"

"No, and that's part of the problem. We're still investigating the death of your man Whitten, with the cooperation of your government, of course."

"Is there any significance in the site where the body was dumped?" he asked.

"Perhaps. The ancient agora was the Athenian marketplace. You know about the coin?"

Bond nodded. "Whitten had an ancient Greek coin in his mouth."

Niki continued, "That's right. The ancient Greeks believed the dead should have a coin handy to give to Charon, the boatman on the river Styx, so he would ferry them over the river to Hades. A dead person was usually buried with a coin in his mouth to use as fare."

"So the body placement, the coin, the number . . . are all symbolic," Bond said.

"Of what?" she asked. "If we can find the connection between that murder and the incidents here on Cyprus, it would be a big help."

"The statuettes could be a substitute for the temple," Bond said. "Ideally, maybe the killers wanted to send some sort of message linking the deaths to ancient Greece. That's why Whitten's body was dropped where it was. Since they couldn't do that here in Cyprus, maybe the statuettes are supposed to symbolize the equivalent. Whatever that is."

"That's an interesting point, Mr. Bond," Niki said. "The statuette at Dhekelia was of Hera, the Queen of the Gods. This one was Poseidon. I wonder if that means anything."

"I'm no scholar on ancient Greece," Bond admitted, "but I know that Hera was a vengeful, jealous god."

"What do you make of the numbers?"

Bond shrugged. "It's a definite indication that these three acts were committed by the same group, and that there will probably be more."

They had now reached two three-story white buildings of brick and plaster, some 200 meters from the helicopter landing site. The orange wind sock could be clearly seen blowing in the wind. The sound of an approaching Westland Wessex Mark II search-and-rescue helicopter was growing louder. They glanced up toward the sun and saw the copter descending, its silhouette resembling a humpback whale's.

"I'm going to take a shower," Niki said. She looked at her watch. It was just past noon. "Let's meet in the mess at one? We can compare notes before we meet the base personnel at two. They will want answers."

"Fine," Bond said. "Then I'll take a shower too. Perhaps we can go for a swim after the debriefing? And then maybe dinner?"

"You work fast, Mr. Bond," she said with a slight smile.

He shrugged. "I will be leaving in the morning."

"We'll see," she said as they separated. Bond went up to the second floor of the building normally occupied by a platoon. As he passed the showers, he noticed a sign on the door that said the plumbing was out of order. Bond turned and shouted out the window to Niki, who was entering the barracks across the road.

"I need to use one of your showers! Mine are out!"

Niki waved and gestured for him to come over.

Bond had been assigned a room that was currently vacant, though bits of the kits of three soldiers were still there. The rooms were all alike—sparsely furnished with three cots, three cupboards, a sink, a ceiling fan, two strips of fluorescent lights and a dozen posters on the walls of popular pin-up celebrities. He grabbed his open carry-on bag and made his way across the road to Niki's barracks. Bare-shouldered, she stuck her head out of her door as he passed by and said, "You can use the next room. The showers are a few doors down. You go first, I can wait."

"Why not join me? We could do our part in conserving Cyprus' precious water supply."

The door shut in his face.

Bond entered the room, removed his clothes and threw his bag on one of the cots. He hadn't brought much with him, as he knew he would be on a plane back to London in the morning. As an afterthought, he had thrown in his swimming trunks and a diving utility belt that Q Branch supplied to agents working near water. Perhaps there really would be time for a swim with the fetching Niki Mirakos.

Bond wrapped a towel around his waist and walked out of the room to the showers.

There were five shower stalls, two bathtubs and toilets. No one else was around. Bond dropped the towel and stepped into one of the stalls. He twisted the knob to turn on the hot water. It got warm quickly and he stepped beneath the spray, allowing it to wash away his

"I'm planning to file a sex-discrimination complaint. They didn't let me run with the bulls in Pamplona."

sweat. He was just about to soap himself when the water suddenly turned cold. He stepped back and held his hand under the spray. Suddenly, the water cut off. In a few seconds, warm water burst out of the spigot. Bond chalked it up to poor plumbing on the military base and stepped under the spray once again. When the water turned cold a second time, he became suspicious and stepped out of the stall. Immediately the smell of ammonia enveloped the room. Smoke funneled out of the stall as some kind of abrasive chemical poured out onto the tiles on the floor.

Bond ran out of the room naked. He ducked into his temporary quarters, taking a few seconds to slip on his swimming trunks. He grabbed the utility belt, which also held his new Walther P99 in a waterproof holster, and ran back outside. Niki, a towel wrapped around her shapely body, stepped out of her room in time to see him leap over the railing and gracefully land on the grass below in his bare feet. A couple of perplexed privates in uniform were standing beside a jeep watching him.

Paying no attention to them, Bond ran around the building in time to see a figure in camouflage fatigues running away from the barracks toward the helicopter landing site. The Wessex that had landed earlier was still there, its rotor blades spinning. Bond took off after the running figure, who was wearing a gas mask and protective hood.

The figure made it to the Wessex and climbed through the open door. The helicopter immediately began to rise just as Bond made it to the site. He leaped forward and managed to grab hold of the trooping step, the metal attachment used as an extra stair to assist soldiers entering or leaving the aircraft. The Wessex continued to rise, with Bond hanging on for dear life. Within moments, they were flying over the base toward the Mediterranean.

The door was still open, and from his position Bond could see two camouflaged figures. One was holding a gun to the pilot's head. The aircraft had been hijacked!

The gas-masked figure he had seen earlier leaned out of the door and saw Bond hanging on to the trooping step. He pulled a large knife from a sheath, then squatted down closer to the floor of the aircraft. Holding on to the inside of the cabin with one hand, the figure leaned out with the knife in the other. He swung the knife across Bond's knuckles, slicing the skin. Bond winced with pain but forced himself to hang on. The helicopter was a good 200 feet above the ground. He would surely fall to his death if he let go. The assassin struck out again, but this time Bond was ready. As the knife swung, Bond removed one hand from the trooping step and grasped a piece of metal beneath the step that was fastened to the helicopter. It wasn't as good a handhold as the step itself, but it was shielded from the assassin's knife. He then inched out onto the wheel axle and wrapped his legs around it. The killer would have to venture out of the aircraft to get him now.

As the helicopter flew over the RAF airfield at Akrotiri, the pilot was ordered to maneuver the vehicle wildly in an attempt to throw off Bond. The pain was almost unbearable, and the blood from the cuts dripped onto his face. But he hung on tightly. If only he could manage to keep hold until they got over the water. . . .

The figure leaned out of the door again, this time holding an automatic pistol—a Daewoo, Bond thought. Bond swung his body up under the helicopter as the killer fired at him. The bullets whizzed past as Bond swung back and forth. Fortunately, the jerking movement of the helicopter spoiled the man's aim and he shouted angrily at the pilot.

The helicopter was now over the Mediterranean, flying south. The water below was choppy.

The assassin did what Bond was afraid he might do: He crawled out onto the trooping step. Now that the chopper was flying level, Bond could be shot at point-blank range. Bond couldn't see the killer's face behind the gas mask, but he knew the man was smiling in triumph. The assassin raised the pistol and pointed it at Bond's head.

Bond used all of his strength to swing back underneath the trooping step and took advantage of the momentum to push himself away from the helicopter. In midair, he somersaulted so that his body ended up in a diving position. He heard the shot ring out above him as he soared down to the sea. The impact of the water might have killed an ordinary man, but Bond's graceful, Olympic-style dive cut smoothly through the surface of the water.

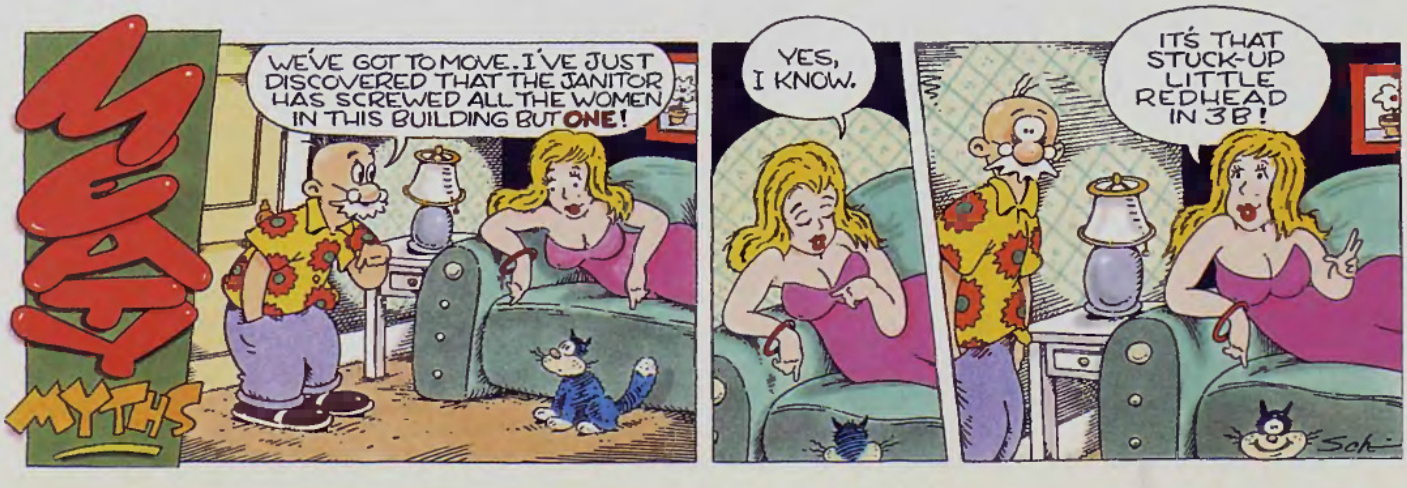
He swam up for air and saw the Wessex continuing its trek southward. He looked at the shore, which was at least a mile away. Could he swim that far? The water was very choppy, a challenge for even the strongest swimmer. It was lucky that he had thought to bring the utility belt pack.

While treading water, Bond unzipped the belt pack and removed two coiled rubber items that, when shaken, opened to their proper size. They were portable flippers, which he quickly placed on his feet. Next, Bond removed a small can the size of a shaving cream container. Two long elastic bands allowed him to strap the can onto his back. A flexible tube unrolled from the top of the can, and he stuck the end in his mouth. The can was a ten-minute Aqua-Lung, which would be helpful in swimming through the water. He hoped that the current wasn't so strong that he couldn't make headway toward shore.

Bond began the slow crawl toward land, thankful that he had brushed up on his diving skills a couple of weeks earlier. He was also grateful that Major Boothroyd was indeed a genius.

He fought the sea as best he could, but it was a case of two steps forward, one step back. Still, he was an expert swimmer and extremely fit. Five minutes later, Bond estimated that he was about half a mile from shore. The Aqua-Lung would last him another five minutes and then he would have to depend on short, deep breaths stolen from the surface.

The sound of another helicopter grew louder and its shadow blocked out the sun. Bond stopped swimming and trod


BAD MYTHS
WE'VE GOT TO MOVE. I'VE JUST DISCOVERED THAT THE JANITOR HAS SCREWED ALL THE WOMEN IN THIS BUILDING BUT ONE!
YES, I KNOW.
IT'S THAT STUCK-UP LITTLE REDHEAD IN 3B!
Schi

water. A Gazelle was directly above him, and a rope ladder was being lowered from it. He took hold of the ladder and swiftly climbed into the small, round helicopter. To his surprise, it was piloted by none other than Niki Mirakos. An RAF airman manned the ladder.

"What kept you?" Bond asked.

"You said you wanted to go swimming!" Niki shouted over the noise. "I wanted to make sure you had a little time to enjoy yourself."

The Gazelle pulled away toward the shore and back to Episkopi, passing two more Wessex helicopters heading out to sea in pursuit of the hijacked aircraft.

•

Back at the base, Bond and Niki learned that whoever was wearing the gas mask had managed to attach a tank of cyanogen chloride to the water supply line. The chemical was classified as a "blood agent" because it attacked blood cells and spread quickly through the body. If Bond had inhaled the vapors, he would have been a dead man. Investigators believed that the same assassin was responsible for the attack on the fire teams. More disturbing was that this latest incident was a blatant attempt on Niki Mirakos' life.

That evening, the search-and-rescue personnel made their reports. The hijacked Wessex was found abandoned, floating in the sea about a hundred miles south of Cyprus. The saltwater flotation cans had been activated, allowing the helicopter to land on the water undamaged. The pilot's body was found onboard. He had been shot in the back of the head. It was surmised that the killer and his accomplice had somehow hijacked the craft and forced the pilot to fly them in and out of the base. The hijackers must have been met by a boat or a seaplane for there was no trace of them.

After the debriefing, Bond and Niki drove her rented Honda Civic into town. They found a loud, festive restaurant but managed to be seated at a small table for two in the back, away from the noise.

"How do you feel?" she asked. The candle on the table cast a glow across her bronze face.

"That fight with the sea today exhausted me, but otherwise I am fully alert," Bond said. "I'm hungry, how about you?"

"Famished."

They shared a Cypriot mixed grill—ham, sausage and beef burgers and *halloumi*, a chewy cheese, all cooked over charcoal. The house wine was Ambelida, a dry, light wine made from *Xynisteri* white grapes.

"Why is it that most Cypriot cuisine consists of an enormous amount of meat?" Bond asked.

Niki laughed. "I don't know. We eat a lot of meat in Greece, too, but not this much. Maybe it's the reason for the high level of testosterone on this island."

"Why do you think someone tried to kill you in the shower, Niki? That was meant for you," he said.

"I don't have a clue. Someone obviously knew I would come to investigate. I've been on this case since they found your man Whitten. Maybe whoever's responsible knew that. Don't worry, I can take care of myself."

"I'm sure you can. When do you go back?"

"Tomorrow morning, same as you," she said.

Bond settled the bill, even though she had wanted to pay for her own meal. In the car on the way back to the base, he asked her if they would see each other again.

"My middle name is Cassandra," she said. "Believe it or not, I think I've always had the ability to see into people's hearts, and sometimes into the future."

"Oh, really?" Bond asked, smiling. "And what does the future hold for us?"

"We'll see each other again at least once," she said as they pulled into the front gate of the base.

After saying goodnight, he returned to his barracks room, undressed and slipped under the blanket of one of the cots. He had drifted off to sleep when a knock at the door jarred him awake. "Come in," he said.

Niki Mirakos, still wearing civilian clothes, stepped into the dark room. "I told you we'd see each other at least one more time. Besides, I wanted to make sure you were all right. You must be very sore after that fall into the sea."

She moved closer to him. He sat up in the cot, about to protest, but she gently pushed him back down. She turned him onto his stomach and began to massage his broad shoulders.

"This will work out all the . . . um, how do you say it in English . . . the kinkies?" she asked.

Bond turned onto his back and pulled her down onto him. "The word is kinks," he said, chuckling. "But I'll be happy to show you what kinky means."

With that, his mouth met hers and she moaned.

"Great Scott! It looks as if he's decided to go back into the closet!"

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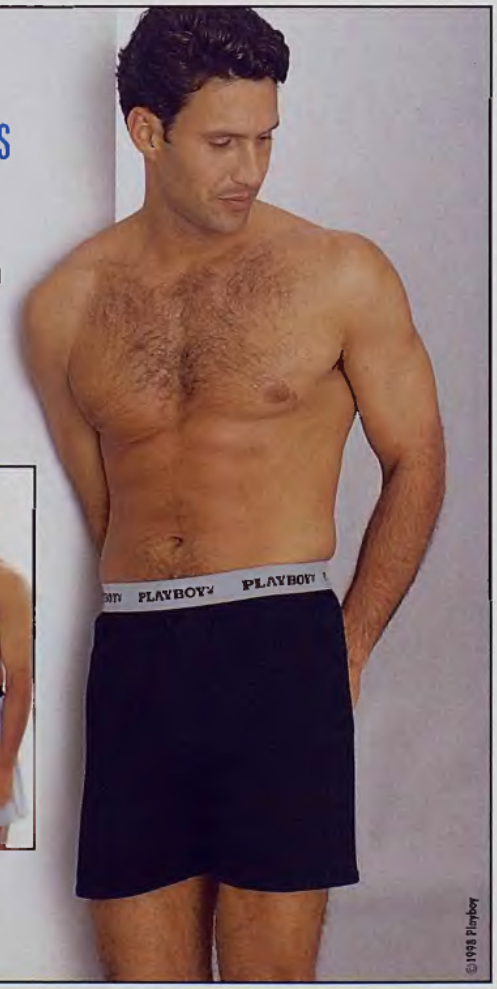

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Speed SEDUCTION

(continued from page 100)

me, but now I know they come from below me."

As in *blow* me.

I'm not kidding.

Jeffries is defensive about this material. When I talk to him by telephone, he says, "Don't knock this stuff until you try it. The metaphor I use is fishing—you don't bait the hook with the kind of food you like to eat, you bait it with what the fish are going to bite on."

Will the fish bite if, beyond "below me," you pepper your conversation with words such as "penetrate," "come inside," "hard" and "surrender," as Jeffries suggests? I don't know, but I'm of the opinion that if you use the right inflection, as he also suggests, and pause midsentence to create a sense of anticipation and mystery, it's possible.

I ask Bruce Goldberg, hypnotist and author of *Soul Healing* and *New Age Hypnosis*, if sexual double entendres and embedded commands can work. He says, "Numerous studies have been done, and they've shown that you can't make someone violate moral and ethical codes. However, if you're dealing with a woman you're attracted to, and she's neutral, or not opposed to you—if she's acting like 'If he shows me something, I'll give him a shot'—that's a different story. Particularly if she's in a naturally altered state—for instance, if she's jogging or listening to music. Now, those embedded commands might sway her. They might make the difference. If she's open but doesn't want to make the first move because of her puritanical upbringing or whatever, the right words can make the difference, absolutely."

I remember my college friend playfully turning every conversation with a girl, no matter where she would try to steer it, into something with sexual undertones. He'd get her thinking about sex, and pretty soon she was thinking about having sex with him.

I am also aware that the gulf between the sexes is large enough that language that seems ridiculous to me might not seem that way to someone without a penis (or "ha-penis"). As Jeffries says, the proof is in the pudding ("deep inside" it). After all, most men find romance novels laughable, but there is a huge female audience for them.

A friend of mine wrote a romance novel once, and as part of his preparation he was instructed by his publisher to read Nancy Friday's *My Secret Garden*, a book in which women talk about their sexual fantasies. Additionally, he was made to include a scene in which the heroine was served her lover in the form of a stew (my friend referred to this as the "praying mantis" scene). He was

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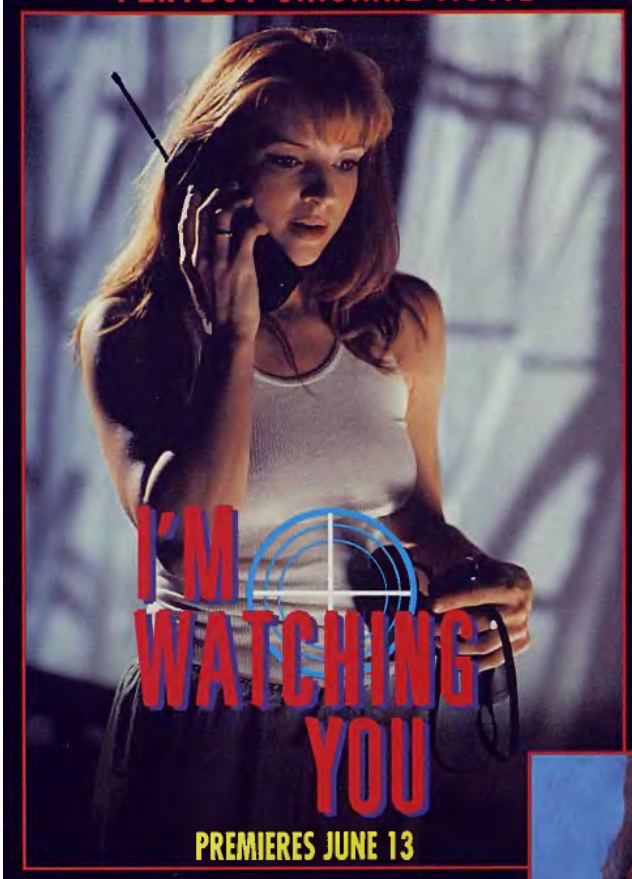

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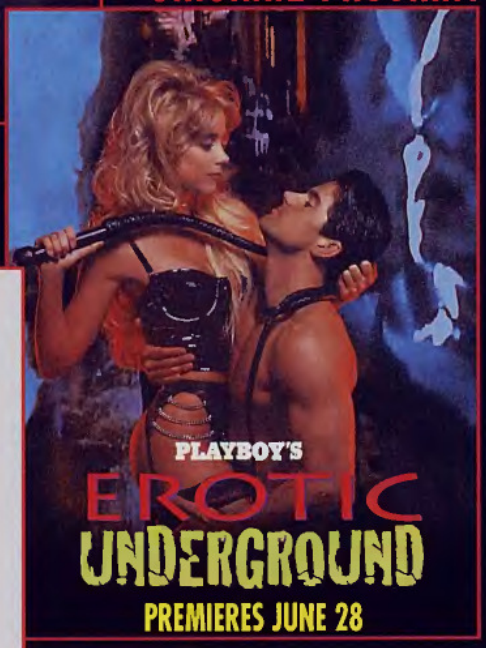

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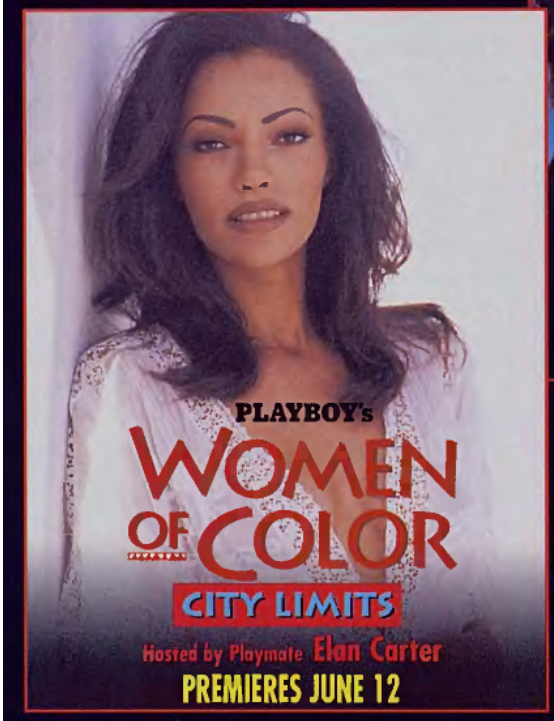

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dumbfounded, having never engaged in a sexual fantasy that involved cannibalism (even the unwitting variety). But what left him baffled apparently struck some chord in women. The book sold more than 300,000 copies.

I mention this in part because one of Jeffries' followers actually recommends romance novels as a source of powerful language patterns. "I admit these books are difficult," says Mark (the housewife banger) Cunningham, "because you're reading through them and you're going, 'What the fuck are they talking about?' But if you lift some of the ideas and the language from them and say them in a slow, relaxed and powerful manner, women melt. They've finally found a man who knows how to communicate with them in a meaningful way."

Jeffries also advocates reading women's magazines to better understand the female psyche. It all comes down to knowing who you're trying to seduce. Jeffries says, "When most men meet a beautiful woman, they're so wrapped up in their own feelings that they neglect what the woman is feeling. If you want to be successful with women, focus on their state, not yours." Pay attention, in other words—to something besides the thing in your pants.

"If you listen to what a woman says, she'll give you all the information you need to seduce her," Jeffries continues. Often his technique consists of extracting that information with a series of questions that begin with what he calls his "weasel" phrases—"If you were to . . . ," "If I were to . . . ," "Have you ever . . . ," etc.

For example, you might say to a woman, "If I were to ask you"—the implication being that you're not really asking—"what's the most important thing in a relationship, how would you describe it to me?" In listening to her response, you would pay particular attention to her "trance" words—the words she puts particular emphasis on or repeats frequently (e.g., "I want a man who makes me feel *comfortable* with myself")—then simply mirror her answers to her in the same language: "Wouldn't it be nice if you could spend time with a man who makes you feel like you could let down your guard and just be comfortable? Whose voice soothed and at the same time stimulated you? I get the feeling that this could happen to you right now, with me."

"The effect of this kind of pattern is powerful," says Jeffries, "and it gives the woman the sense of having an incredible connection with you."

Instinctively, this makes sense to me. Most men don't listen; so obviously those who do (and who prove it by mirroring what they've heard) are going to score some points. Does it matter whether you are listening because you are genuinely interested, or just listening because you have an agenda (to get laid)? As Jeffries says only half-jokingly, quoting George Burns, "Sincerity is everything. And once you learn how to fake that, you've got it made."

Eager to test out what I've learned from the tapes, I visit a Barnes & Noble Café near my office, which is listed in the *Zagat Guide* to New York restaurants with the warning: "Good coffee, but beware of Casanovas."

I find a table where a dark-eyed young woman in skintight black pants and black boots is reading a magazine.

"Do you mind if I sit down?" I ask her tentatively.

She barely shrugs. She's got the high cheekbones of a model and a red-lipsticked mouth that Mick Jagger might envy. I've made some notes from Jeffries' tapes and I open my notebook to do a last-second cram. Then I launch into my spiel.

"Excuse me," I say to her. She looks up, eyeing me like I'm something that was left in her refrigerator too long. "I just have to tell you this," I continue. "You are absolutely stunning."

She keeps looking at me coldly. I bravely forge onward.

"I'm Peter Alson. Did you ever meet somebody for the first time and just feel absolutely comfortable with them?"

Without saying anything, she gets up, picks up her cappuccino and moves to the other side of the café.

I'm just following a script, I want to shout after her. *I would never tell a woman that stuff about feeling absolutely comfortable 30 seconds after meeting her. Really!*

A glutton for punishment, I try out this rap a couple more times, improvising slightly to make it less jarring. The results are better but still not great. I don't get kicked, spit at or arrested, but beyond getting more comfortable with approaching and talking to strange women, I'm batting zero.

At dinner later, with a friend who is much amused by my stories, I am asked for a demonstration of Speed Seduction. I decide to have a go at our waitress, using a different Jeffries approach. Waitresses are the perfect test, actually. They have to talk to you. But if they are attractive (as ours is—statuesque, blonde, with a cute English-girl overbite), you can be reasonably sure they get hit on all the time and are well practiced in the art of the polite but efficient brush-off.

I notice that our waitress' voice has an odd inflection, so I use that observation as my low-key opening. "I was just wondering where you're from. You have an interesting accent."

She tells me she's from a place on the Canadian border.

"Really?" I say. "Is that a small town? How many people?"

She doesn't know, and after she moves on to another table, my friend says, "She probably can't count that high."

But she seems sweet, and she's extremely pretty, and when she comes back to take our order a few minutes later, I go into the next phase.

"You must get awfully tired by the end of the night," I say.

"Sex, drugs, rock and roll! Oh, how I yearn for democracy!"

She nods, taking a deep breath.

"Do you ever get a chance to go on vacation?"

"I went home for a couple of weeks over the summer. Does that count?"

"Hmm, not really. But I'm curious: If you were to take a real vacation in your ideal spot, what would it be like?"

I get the feeling she's surprised to be asked a question like this, and intrigued. A light comes into her blue eyes as she describes her ideal place, a lush, tropical island where drinks are served on the beach in coconut shells.

It's a pretty pedestrian fantasy, but her manner is charming as she spins it out, and in a way it's as if I've taken her there. I've flown her out of this restaurant to a hot beach in the Caribbean where's she's getting drunk!

A few minutes later, I see her standing by the bar with another waitress. They're looking at our table as they talk. When she brings our entrees, she puts them down and says, "And what about you? If you could imagine your ideal vacation spot, what would it be?"

My friend is impressed by her willing participation in my seduction demonstration. I am as well. It's like we've mixed up some chemicals in a laboratory and the test tube is beginning to spew smoke.

"Before I answer that," I say, "let me ask you something else. You know that feeling you have when you get home after a hard day of work and all you can think about is stripping off your clothes and sliding into a hot bath or taking a shower?"

I'm shocked I'm saying this, but she seems OK with it.

"Which do you prefer?" I ask. "Bath or shower?"

"Bath."

"You know how sometimes, before you even get in, you imagine the heat just working its way through every part of your body—and then you actually slide in, and that warmth just takes you and you surrender to it?"

My friend is looking at me. I can feel his struggle to contain his hysteria.

"Oh my God," he finally says, laughing, as the waitress again travels out of earshot.

"What?"

"You know, you're actually kind of scary with that stuff."

"What do you mean?"

"It sounds so natural coming out of your mouth."

I don't know if this is intended as an insult, but I have to admit I enjoyed my little performance. Because I was looking at the whole thing as an experiment and parroting someone else's words, it didn't feel like my ego was on the line the way it normally does.

Maybe that's the key. If I don't get over with her, it won't be a personal rejection of me. She just didn't go for the material. Jeffries emphasizes this point in the tapes. "Don't worry about results," he says more than once. "Just have fun trying the stuff out."

"So how do you close the deal?" my friend asks.

"Watch," I say. When the waitress comes back, I ask her what her name is. She tells me it's Sandy.

I say, "Well, Sandy, it's really been fun talking to you. It's too bad that we won't get the chance to do it again without all these distractions and interruptions."

She nods but doesn't take the bait. No problem. On my way out, I go up to her and say, "You know, I meant what I said about it being fun talking to you. Maybe we could meet for coffee sometime. Like tomorrow?"

"I can't this week," she says. "I'm in a play this week."

"Really?"

"You should come," she says. She writes down the information for me.

Not bad, but too involved. Going to a play doesn't fit into the Speed Seduction formula. The whole point is to avoid extended courtship (besides, the play might stink). In the language of Jeffries, I'm on a fishing trip, and I want to see if I can land something—quickly. I'm not going to get hung up on any one fish.

Over the next few days, I go to coffee shops, bars and department stores. I even try a street pickup. I get a few more nibbles but don't manage to reel anyone in. Curious, I tell one girl, after she blows me off, that I am writing an article; I ask her to explain her response. She says, "Oh, I don't know," and repeats with disdain the lines I approached her with: "'I have an intuition about you'? 'I think you're a very visual person'? It's a little lame, don't you think?"

I do. To me that's the main drawback of Speed Seduction: The actual language tends to drift too often into the areas of lame and embarrassing. It's not only the language Jeffries teaches but the language he uses in his teaching: "I 'morphed' it." "I 'time distorted' it." "Let's 'chunk' for a minute." Chunk? Even in California that's not a happy concept.

All the same, I can't help thinking that it's good that Jeffries is helping propel guys like me, making us feel bold enough to approach strange women. Truth is, most successful seducers I've known don't hit for a high average. James Toback, the writer and director of *The Pickup Artist*, whom I met in Los Angeles in 1980, was as compulsive and tireless in his pursuit of women as anyone I've ever seen, and a lot said no. But Toback told me he never took rejections personally: "If someone didn't respond to me, the only effect was to make me think I was wrong about her, that I had made a mistake."

As Jeffries says, "The difference between losers and winners is that losers don't fail enough." And he's right. You have to step up to the plate. If it's not your natural inclination, then having a

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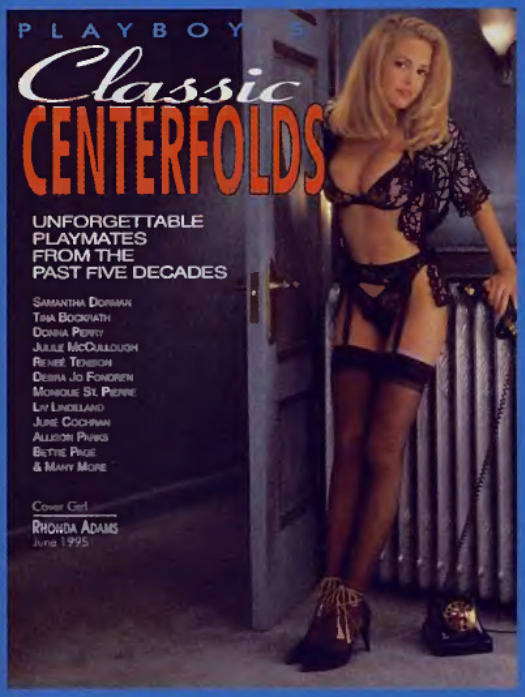

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strategy is helpful and using suggestive language is good. Even if the NLP stuff is a gimmick, a lot of late-night hooey, you'd be better off out there using it than you would be at home in front of the television, watching the infomercial.

I know better now than to bore a woman with "What do you do?" questions, or, worse, with self-involved this-is-what-I-do monologs if I'm interested in making them interested in me. The goal is to engage their imaginations. To intrigue. I want to create rapport and understanding. I mean, isn't that what everybody wants? To feel understood? What could possibly be more seductive than that?

On the subway a few mornings later, I find myself squeezed in beside a blonde in a navy peacoat, who's peeling an orange and putting the peels into a brown paper bag on her lap. Before my recent experiences, I wouldn't have dreamed of talking to a woman on the subway. It's just too tough, the K2 of pickups. But there's something about this blonde in the peacoat—maybe that she's unself-conscious enough to eat in public—that makes her seem approachable.

"I—I'm just curious," I say to her in my best Warren Beatty stutter. "Where'd you get that orange?"

"What?"

"I'm just curious where you got that orange. See, I really love oranges, but this time of year I have trouble finding good ones. That looks like a really good one you have there."

She shrugs, chewing on a section, keeping her eyes focused straight ahead.

At least she doesn't reach for a can of Mace.

"So . . . do you have some special place?"

"No. You just have to know what to look for," she mumbles. I'm making her nervous. We rumble into a station. The doors open.

"You mean the good ones are there among all the others, but only you can tell the difference?"

"Mm-hmm." There's the barest hint of a smile, followed by a brief moment of eye contact. The doors close and the train lurches up to speed.

"Well, that's amazing. How can you tell? What's the secret?"

"No secret," she says.

"Is it just the way they feel? The way they look?"

"Both."

"Hmm . . . I think you're being too modest. I mean, this is an important skill."

She laughs and looks at me, but again just for a moment.

"Because, really," I say, "there's nothing better than a good orange. You know? The kind where you bite into it and it's sweet and juicy, and it's almost like you can't get enough—do you know

that feeling?"

She nods.

"Is that what you're feeling right now? I mean, with me . . . if I find that perfect orange, I'm just—I get transported. . . ."

She's looking at me now, no incidental eye contact, and I'm thinking to myself, *This is working*. I'm not sure where I'm going from here, but this is working.

As she starts gathering herself, I ask, "Is this your stop?"

"Yeah."

"That's funny."

"Why, is it your stop, too?"

"No, but it will be if you'll let me buy you a cup of coffee."

She shakes her head and smiles. "OK."

Just like that. "OK."

It's like the "Jedi mind" shit that Vince Vaughn did to the Vegas cocktail waitress in the movie *Swingers*.

The funny part is that I immediately start sweating. I know that I'm supposed to be concentrating on her state, but shock has momentarily obliterated my powers of concentration.

So what happens next?

Well, I'm tempted to claim that after a couple cups of caffeine we make a beeline for the nearest bed. That would be a good ending. But the truth is we sit and talk (a lot) and I discover she's an NYU graduate student who takes her coffee black with sugar, that she likes to read Baudelaire and her name is . . . Vanessa.

That would be a good ending too, wouldn't it?

(Parenthetical note for the curious: I did call back Vanessa of the voice mail. We even got together for coffee. But that was where my curiosity and her psychological compulsion ended.)

As for my subway baby, her name is Ruth (well, it is as long as I have to change it for this story) and she *is* a graduate student. She has a small gap between her front teeth, a charming habit of brushing her hair away from her face with one hand, and green eyes that remind me of a girl I once loved. Also, she talks extremely fast and her parents divorced when she was three (she grew up with her mother in Schenectady; her older brother grew up with their father in Albany) and if she could imagine her ideal vacation spot it would be . . . well, I didn't get around to that.

See, what happens is, we're sitting there in this café, and she squints a little at me and says, "OK, so have you ever done that before, picked up somebody on the subway?"

And I tell her no, though I can't quite suppress a smile.

She doesn't believe me.

"I'll bet you're one of those guys who goes around picking up girls all the time, aren't you?" she says.

Now I'm laughing and she says, "What?" and I shake my head.

"No, come on," she says. "You really can't do that."

I look at her and she looks at me with those luminous green eyes.

"And you probably don't even like oranges," she says.

At which point the urge is too strong, I can't help myself, I want to share the joke with her.

"Look, there's something that I want to tell you, but I'm afraid if I do, you won't like me."

"What? Is it bad?"

"No, but——"

"Then you have to tell me."

So I spill the beans. I tell her about Speed Seduction, the article I'm writing.

There are a tense couple of moments while she digests it all. Then she laughs.

"You mean I fell for it?"

"Well, not really. I mean, the stuff about oranges wasn't actually from the course, it was just me."

"But it worked. I'm here with you."

"So you feel duped?"

She thinks about it. "I'm not sure."

"Don't. I mean, I'm really glad you're here, and if I weren't doing this piece, I never would have had the nerve to talk to you."

"But now I am going to wonder if everything you're telling me is just a line."

I start to laugh again and she joins in.

"I guess I blew it, didn't I?" I say.

"Why? You really think I'd go right to bed with some guy I just met in the subway anyway?"

"I don't know."

"You really don't know?"

"I'm sure that you probably wouldn't. You know what the crazy part is? Women have *The Rules*, which tells them to put off sleeping with a guy if they want to make him fall for them, and men have *Speed Seduction*, which tells us not to date a woman until after we have had sex. I think that if you meet the right person it doesn't really matter what you do."

"Really?"

"Sure, it's probably doomed either way."

She looks at me.

"That's a joke."

"So is that what you want to do?"

"Well, Ross Jeffries would probably kill me, but would you like to have dinner with me?"

She twists up her mouth for a moment. "When?"

"Tomorrow?"

"I think we should wait."

"For what?"

"For you to finish your article."

"You mean so I can call the article *Slow Seduction*."

"You're actually doing pretty well, believe me."

What can I say, Ross? Even in the land of fast everything, some things are just worth waiting for.

MAGIC *(continued from page 76)*

When I got to Los Angeles I learned to hate the Celtics—and that meant hating Larry too.

of Michael.

PLAYBOY: Was there a time when you didn't like him personally?

JOHNSON: No, I have always admired Michael. I wanted someone to push me, push my buttons. You have to remember something: Michael, Larry Bird and I all made one another better; we made each other play at a higher level. I wouldn't be as good if Michael hadn't been in the league; same thing with Larry. Anyway, there's too much to go around to be jealous. Look at us now. Larry owns hotels, car dealerships—he made his money. Michael has more money than all of us. I'm successful. So we're all successful, we're all great in our own ways. There's no sense in being jealous of one another.

PLAYBOY: You and Larry are polar opposites. He's a white guy from French Lick, Indiana, and you're a black city kid from Lansing, Michigan.

JOHNSON: But we're the same in that we're close with our families. People thought I was from the city, but I'm really from a country town—Lansing. We're both from small towns. We both played on the ground, whereas Michael plays in the air. We both were about passing and making other people better. We both were about winning at any cost, and we still are. You don't want to challenge us, no way, in anything. We became close.

PLAYBOY: Was it always that way?

JOHNSON: No. I really didn't like Larry Bird at first. If you're talking about somebody I didn't like, it wasn't Michael, it was Larry.

PLAYBOY: Why?

JOHNSON: It was that rivalry thing from college. And they pitted us against each other from day one in the NBA. When I got to Los Angeles I learned to hate the Celtics—and that meant hating Larry too. That's how we went about it. We didn't speak, we didn't say anything to each other. We just went at it. It was part of the old Celtics–Lakers rivalry, and we were thrown into the thick of it.

PLAYBOY: How did the two of you end up being friends?

JOHNSON: It was during the Eighties and we were doing a Converse commercial. We started talking and found out we had so much in common. And we started laughing. They couldn't even get us to do the commercial because we were having so much fun. From then on, it was cool. We could still play hard against each other and claw and scratch, but we had developed a mutual respect.

PLAYBOY: The last time you, Bird and Jordan were all together was in the 1992 Olympics. What was it like off the court, with the Dream Team on the loose in Monaco?

JOHNSON: There was a lot of casino time. A lot of winners and a lot of losers. I was a winner. Michael was a winner. Michael had his own table. I give him credit—he did it in style.

PLAYBOY: Did you sit at his table?

JOHNSON: No, because he plays blackjack. I'm not a good blackjack player. I play craps.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to play? Did people leave you alone?

JOHNSON: They made sure people left us alone. A guy got smoking hot and I rode him all the way.

PLAYBOY: How much are we talking?

JOHNSON: Like $10,000 or $15,000. I had already topped Michael and the rest of them, so I was doing real good. We had fun. These guys make serious money, so they could drop serious money.

PLAYBOY: Was anyone hit hard?

JOHNSON: Charles Barkley lost. A couple other guys had to call back home [*cups his hand around his mouth*]: "Wire some money!"

PLAYBOY: Who was the worst gambler?

JOHNSON: When we played cards, the worst was Charles. Scottie Pippen didn't make much money at that time, so he had to bail.

PLAYBOY: How big were the stakes?

JOHNSON: Very big. The small guys had to move out of the way and let the big guys handle it.

PLAYBOY: So it was left to you and Michael?

JOHNSON: Every night.

PLAYBOY: How much money are we talking about?

JOHNSON: When you looked down on the floor all you could see was money.

PLAYBOY: How much did you win?

JOHNSON: After that trip I was probably up $50,000, maybe $60,000.

PLAYBOY: Dennis Rodman wrote in his book, *Bad As I Wanna Be*, "Fifty percent of life in the NBA is sex, the other 50 percent is money." Is he right?

JOHNSON: It's like anything else. There are women who are after anybody who's making a good living. They're attracted to ballplayers, actors—and to the type of life you live.

PLAYBOY: How much sex is there?

JOHNSON: It depends on the individual. But there's a lot. Dennis might not be

"And I suppose you never noticed there was a cartoonist in the room, drawing the whole thing."

way, way off. But he's off far enough.

PLAYBOY: Rodman also said in his book, "I don't think the revelation that Magic Johnson has HIV changed anybody's mind when it comes to sex in the NBA. If you're in the NBA, you think you're invincible, you think you're bulletproof." True?

JOHNSON: Yeah, that's true. But that's true with any sport and with anybody who's successful.

PLAYBOY: Why does success make you think you're invincible?

JOHNSON: Because you have been pampered your whole life. Especially now, with kids, because of what has happened since the NBA took off. Now guys are spoiled when they're in junior high. If they're any good, they're given everything they want. When they get in trouble, somebody covers for them. When they are in class, somebody does their schoolwork.

PLAYBOY: Rodman also says unprotected sex is not uncommon at all.

JOHNSON: That's probably a true statement from him. He sees it, he's there, he's hanging with them.

PLAYBOY: How about your early days in the league? You were famous and you had a lot of money. What was the party scene like?

JOHNSON: It didn't happen early for me, because I was too scared of L.A. So I stayed in the house a lot. It didn't happen until I got to know the league and Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: How long did that take?

JOHNSON: It had to be two or three years.

PLAYBOY: Did you jump in big?

JOHNSON: It's never been big for me. You do it, but you make sure basketball's number one. I had fun—no question about it. But I knew when to have fun and when not to. That's the key for me.

PLAYBOY: Did it take a toll on players?

JOHNSON: Yeah, a lot of them. A lot of them didn't stay in the league long, and there were definitely many who couldn't handle Hollywood and Los Angeles.

PLAYBOY: How is Los Angeles different from other big cities?

JOHNSON: The women, the Forum, the stars, the weather, the people. You know, L.A. is L.A. When some players come here, they're not able to handle it and they play poorly. Guys always came up to me and said, "I don't know how you play here."

PLAYBOY: Really?

JOHNSON: Oh yeah. They'd say, "I don't know how you concentrate." Even my friends would say, "I couldn't play here." Some coaches wouldn't let their players come here two or three nights before they were to play us, because they'd be so tired after partying. I knew we would beat them by 30. I knew it.

PLAYBOY: Did it give you a psychological boost to have celebrities in the stands?

JOHNSON: Sure. Besides, we were good. We were a great team. And then you add

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the fact that Jack Nicholson and all these other stars were there.

PLAYBOY: How did you learn to deal with the Los Angeles phenomenon?

JOHNSON: At first, it freaked me out. But you know me—I don't let anybody get in the way of me and basketball. When I hit that court, I was happy the celebrities were there so I could perform for them. You want a packed, star-studded house like that.

PLAYBOY: Let's talk about today's Lakers. Are you glad to see a guy like Shaquille O'Neal building up business ventures at an early age?

JOHNSON: Yes. I told Shaquille to, that's why he's doing it. He's supplying jobs. See, if all these black athletes would go into their communities and start businesses, it would take a lot of our children off the streets. You make this money, so put something into the community. Please don't misunderstand. This is not about charity. This is about solid business deals.

PLAYBOY: How many athletes really want to invest the time and money to make a difference?

JOHNSON: About ten percent.

PLAYBOY: Do you think they can really accomplish anything?

JOHNSON: What people fail to realize is that business is power. These athletes, even though they make millions, aren't seen by the owners and the league as anything but athletes. That's all. The business community and the political community look at them the same way. Ownership is power.

PLAYBOY: Why do owners look down on the players?

JOHNSON: They don't take them seriously as businessmen because they've seen this happen too many times. Pay a guy $5 million, $6 million, and he goes broke in, what, five or six years? That happens all the time, and then these guys go back to the owners for loans. That's why owners don't take athletes seriously. And this is true in every sport.

PLAYBOY: Business is one answer. Is there also a political answer? You and Jesse Jackson are good friends. Would you like to see him run for president again?

JOHNSON: He can't.

PLAYBOY: Why not?

JOHNSON: Jesse's been in the game too long. People know him too well. He's made a lot of people mad and he's made a lot of people happy. Colin Powell has a better chance of winning, because he could get a lot of white votes. Jesse couldn't do that.

PLAYBOY: But you and Jackson are friends. What about running on the same ticket? Him as president, you as vice president?

JOHNSON: No, I'd have to go with Powell, a likely winner. Like I said, Jesse can't win. I'm not going to go where I know I can't win.

PLAYBOY: No matter what happens in your career, you'll always be remembered most for the day you gave a press conference announcing that you'd tested positive for HIV. Where did you get the strength to go public that way?

JOHNSON: I don't know, it's just what God gave me. We all handle things differently. He gave me the strength and courage I need to meet things head-on. I've always been like this. I've never run away from anything. It's the only way I know how to do things. I didn't run, I didn't hide. People were telling me, "I don't know if you should tell." But I had to make my own decision. Then I told my wife I was going to make it public. She was scared at first, because she didn't know how people were going to react. And I said, "You know, Cookie, we can't worry about the public reaction."

PLAYBOY: Does an athlete have a responsibility to reveal if he is HIV-positive or has AIDS?

JOHNSON: No. He has no responsibility for anybody except for himself and for his family.

PLAYBOY: What about athletes who play sports that involve a great deal of physical contact?

JOHNSON: We do owe it to the other players, but we don't always do the right thing. I hope athletes who find out they are infected will tell—they've seen me deal with it and they know they can deal with it too. But do I think that's going to happen? No.

PLAYBOY: Do you know of any infected players?

JOHNSON: I don't know any and they wouldn't tell me, anyway.

PLAYBOY: They wouldn't come to you for advice and support?

JOHNSON: Nah. They'd be too scared.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider not telling?

JOHNSON: No.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever consider playing even after you told?

JOHNSON: Yeah, I considered it. But my quitting was best for the game at that time. People weren't educated. They weren't ready for it.

PLAYBOY: At the time, a lot of people thought you were lying about the cause of the infection, that you were covering up drug use or homosexual activity.

JOHNSON: Yeah, there was a lot of that. A lot of people were searching for a story: "There's no way he could come up positive and not have slept with a man, there's no way it could have happened with all these women." But when they checked and rechecked and kept checking my story, they came up with nothing. That bothered them.

You know, a lot of tabloids made offers—$50,000 to $150,000—for information on my private life, so someone would have talked. If it were true, it would have been out long ago.

PLAYBOY: There was a column in *The Sporting News* in 1992 that said Magic Johnson should "tell the whole truth about how he acquired the AIDS virus. He said unprotected heterosexual sex did it. Numbers say that's unlikely."

JOHNSON: That was written by a guy who didn't like me. That's all that was.

PLAYBOY: What do you think would have happened if you had said, "I'm retiring today because I'm HIV-positive and I got it from a man"?

JOHNSON: It would have been completely different. Especially at that time. Shoot.

PLAYBOY: How different?

JOHNSON: I don't know, it's hard to say. People couldn't have handled it. But it doesn't matter.

PLAYBOY: After your announcement, did you develop a relationship with the gay community?

JOHNSON: Definitely. Because I speak for them, too, on HIV and AIDS issues.

PLAYBOY: What kind of relationship do you have with them?

JOHNSON: Far as I know, it's good. HIV and AIDS are in every community, heterosexual and gay. At first, most of my knowledge about this disease came from the gay community. When I was on the board of the AIDS commission, I learned a lot from the gay community about HIV and AIDS.

PLAYBOY: Is homosexuality a topic you were always comfortable with?

JOHNSON: No, I'd be lying if I said it was.

PLAYBOY: When did you begin to adjust to it?

JOHNSON: I think you get more comfortable with it as you get older. Also, in Los Angeles you see it a lot—among people you know. So you start talking to them, whether they're lesbians or gay men. And then you say, OK, to each his own, because that's what they believe.

PLAYBOY: Who do you lean on when times are tough?

JOHNSON: Cookie and God. That's it. She's my reason to keep going—and my three little ones. She gives me strength all the time. It's funny, people really don't know her. And she likes it that way. She likes to stay in the background, she's always enjoyed that role. We lean on each other for strength. I would probably be dead by now if not for her. I have my kids to keep going for and to stay healthy for and to keep my businesses going for. Everything I do now is for them.

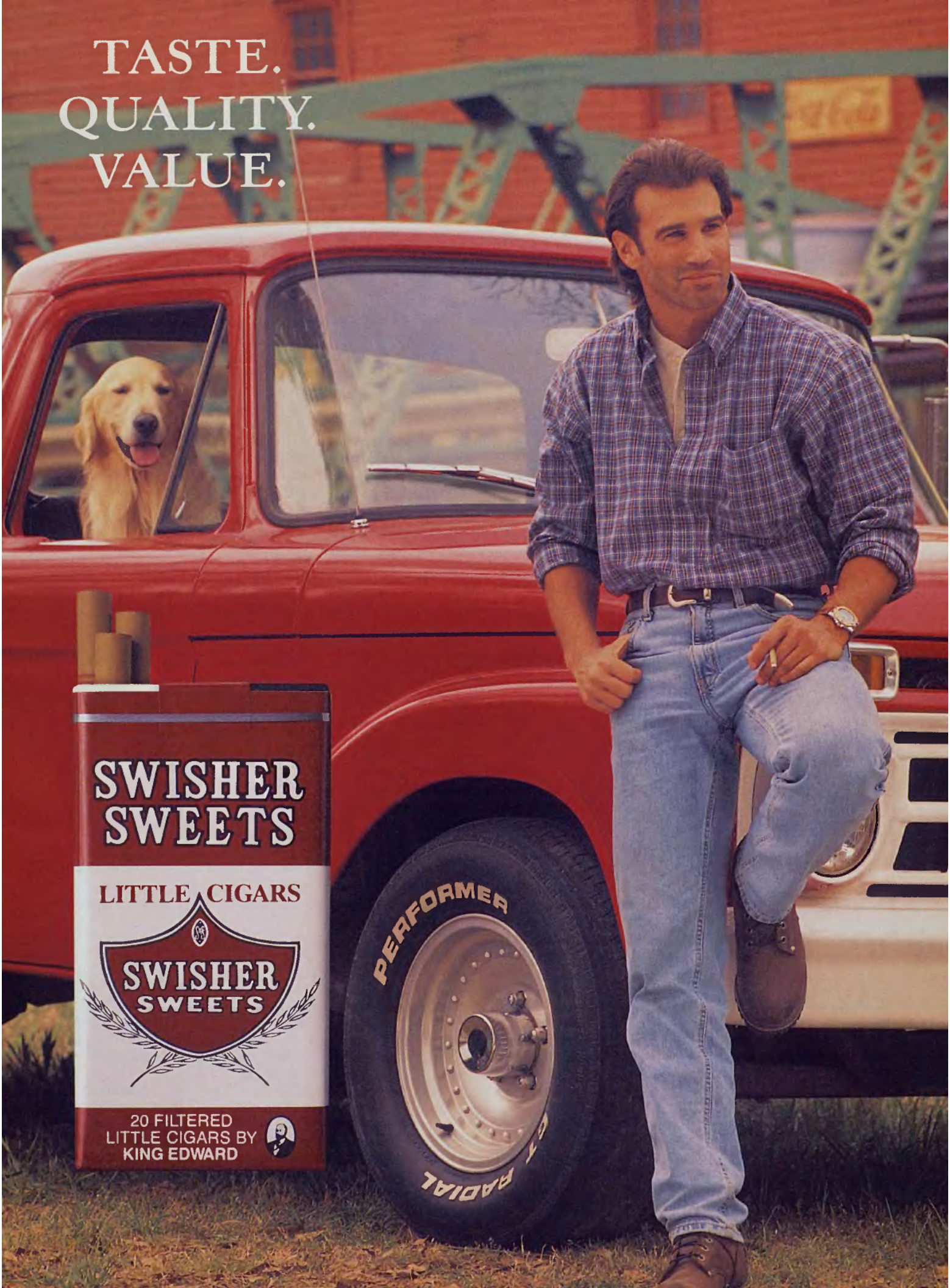
PLAYBOY: What would have happened if Cookie had said, "I don't want to do this. I can't live my life like this"?

JOHNSON: My life would be in turmoil. Because she's the only woman I've ever loved. When you lose half of you, that other person, your enthusiasm about living changes.

PLAYBOY: Changes in what way?

JOHNSON: When I told her, I said, "You can leave. I will understand if you want to leave."

And that day she smacked me. The same time I told her I had HIV, she said,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"Hey, I'm here, I love you." Once she decided to stay, I knew I was going to be fine. We'd been together through everything for so long, and I needed her to be with me for this as well.

PLAYBOY: Given the circumstances, many people wonder about the state of your sex life with your wife.

JOHNSON: It's very good. Better than it's ever been. You do the same thing, but you do it protected. You're making love. It doesn't change your sex life at all. Ours is as great as it was.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel as if you have given up a lot of privacy because of your announcement?

JOHNSON: No. We're still private. Cookie and I came to an agreement that we want to help people understand.

PLAYBOY: Was that tough for her?

JOHNSON: Yeah, it was tougher for her than it was for me. I was already a public person.

PLAYBOY: How did she react those first few times when intimate details of your life were broadcast to the world?

JOHNSON: "Oh man! They had to know that? They had to say that?" She is so funny. You have to understand Cookie. She's always loved being in the background, and she had never done an interview. She loved her life behind the scenes and loved her husband's life up there, out front. Then her life turned sort of upside down. She's adjusted very well. She can handle anything and she has an answer for everything. That's what I love about her.

PLAYBOY: Did you ever regret your announcement because of the effect it was having on her? Did you ever say to her or yourself, "Maybe we should have kept this between us"?

JOHNSON: No, because you know what? She didn't like it and now she loves it. She has helped a lot of people. She works with my foundation now. She loves helping, she loves answering questions. And people have written her letters. A lot of women write to her. She feels good about that.

PLAYBOY: How did she handle the chapter in your autobiography detailing your sex life with other women?

JOHNSON: That had to come out. Our relationship is so strong now that we don't live in the past. What happened, happened. You can't erase it. You can't pretend it didn't happen. So you might as well get it out there, because if you don't, somebody else is going to tell the wrong story. So I told the story and she laughed about it. We were in Hawaii, she's reading it and laughing, "You did *that*? Oh boy!" We joked about it and moved on. She's the best. God couldn't have sent me a better person, a better woman.

PLAYBOY: The second game of your 1996 comeback season was against Jordan and the Bulls. How special was that?

JOHNSON: I was so high. And sore. Afterward I stayed up all night talking to Cookie. It's hard for me to come down because I focus so much during a game. It's hard for me to get to sleep. I had that feeling back and stayed up and kept her up and then she said, "Look, I can't do this all night." So I went downstairs and replayed the game and watched TV until three or four o'clock in the morning, until I came down from the emotional high. It was great being back in it one more time.

PLAYBOY: And how about facing Jordan again?

JOHNSON: It was great to be up against him again. It was real special to have Rodman just playing ball on me, slamming me, and then Dennis and Scottie and Michael talking to me through the whole game. It was wonderful. It was worth coming back for.

PLAYBOY: For that game?

JOHNSON: Yeah. If I had retired after that, it would have been perfect.

PLAYBOY: Except the Lakers lost.

JOHNSON: Yeah, we got beat bad, but it was still worth the excitement of a big game, getting that billing one more time.

PLAYBOY: During your return, did you notice a difference between the players of the Eighties and the younger Nineties players?

JOHNSON: The Nineties approach is just different. I had to understand that that was their way of doing things and the Eighties way was ours. As long as it all works, it's good. The Eighties guys were quiet—we really took things to heart. The Nineties way of dealing with losses and anger is different from ours, that's all. It was hard for me to understand that, and in return it was hard for them to deal with the way I am.

PLAYBOY: Did they ever make you feel that they did not want you there?

JOHNSON: Oh yeah, in their own way.

PLAYBOY: How was that?

JOHNSON: What happened was this: When I came back, all the publicity swarmed around me, and that wasn't what they were used to. It affected them, you know. It's natural for guys to react that way.

PLAYBOY: Was it jealousy?

JOHNSON: You can call it what you want. I'm not going to call it that. I'm just saying it's natural for the young guys to say, "Hey, man, this was our thing. Now here he comes." But it was cool. I wouldn't say it was jealousy, just a natural reaction.

PLAYBOY: And yet you definitely needed to be back.

JOHNSON: Yeah. I had a basketball jones and needed a fix. And I got it. That's why I won't go back again. Before, I just had to have it. Just to end it. And now I'm comfortable. Now when I walk into the gym, I'm cool. I know I don't belong. I know this isn't me anymore. I'm comfortable with myself.

"Put Mr. Spielberg on hold"

(continued from page 129)

nation's youth—but that's what happens when you're the mastermind of a television show as rude, hilarious and subversive as *South Park*. By now, even people who haven't seen the show know the fundamentals of Comedy Central's animated series: It's an inelegantly minimalist show which posits that children are mean-spirited, foulmouthed little brats who try to make sense of a landscape littered with alien anal probes, gay dogs, cable-access shows hosted by Jesus, and a 40-foot, fire-breathing Barbra Streisand who tries to enslave the world.

The show's characters are Kyle, Stan, the obnoxious Cartman and the eternally doomed Kenny. But the stars are Trey Parker, 28, and his cohort Matt Stone, 26, a pair of beer-drinking, sports-loving dudes from small-town Colorado. Parker and Stone have turned the remembered indignities of their childhoods into one of the funniest shows on television. Their humor is undoubtedly in bad taste, but there is no anger or maliciousness in it; the tastelessness is goofier, more gleeful. The kids on *South Park* may well be profane little bastards—but they're only eight years old, so it's not as though they're as stupid as our last set of animated boneheads, Beavis and Butthead. (Well, Cartman may be heading in that direction.)

But you don't spend time with Parker and Stone basking in the glow of their genius. More likely, you spend that time laughing at two guys who speak their minds and gleefully bad-mouth movie stars and pals alike. They're two guys who are clearly trying to figure out how to act now that they've become so damn successful.

First of all, the perks are mind-boggling: In January, for instance, Comedy Central got them tenth-row, 50-yard-line seats for the Super Bowl, where they watched their beloved Denver Broncos upset the Green Bay Packers. They now have a tape of that game, and they watch it every week. "It was," says Stone, "the greatest day of my life."

Then there's the restaurant thing. "You know the Sky Bar?" says Parker. "You can't fucking get into that place. I went there with this girl, and the guy at the door said, 'Do you have a reservation?' I said no, and he said, 'Well, we only take reservations.' And I said, 'Did you ever see *South Park*?' He goes, 'Yeah,' and I said, 'I'm Trey Parker. That's my show.' And he goes, 'Oh, sorry. Come in.'" He breaks into a goofy grin, still amazed. "I mean, it *works*."

Stone hasn't tried that yet, but he's ready. "A year ago," he says, "I would have said, 'Oh, man, that's fucked, that they give people special treatment like that.' Now I think, Yeah, I deserve that. The rules shouldn't apply to me. For some reason, I'm now completely convinced that I deserve it."

Parker agrees. "It's sweet," he says.

•

The sign says SURF 'N' TURF CLUB. On a small square of Astroturf in the parking lot of the aging Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles sit three chairs, a punching bag, a workout bench, two birdbaths, three rubber ducks and no water.

This is director David Zucker's spread on the set of the movie *Baseketball*, but this afternoon it's the province of Parker and Stone, who have lead roles in the movie as the stars of a new sport that sweeps the nation—part baseball, part basketball. Clad in baseball shirts and basketball shorts, they sign autographs on a copy of *Rolling Stone* that features *South Park* on the cover. They confer briefly with their assistant, Brandon Cruz (three decades ago he played Eddie on the television series *The Courtship of Eddie's Father*), and chat with *South Park* writer David Goodman about a writers' meeting.

"We don't really need a meeting," Parker says. "The three of us just need to get together and write. It should just be Matt and you and me and some chicks. We'll party all day, and I bet we get a million great ideas." He grins, and reconsiders. "Well, at least three great ideas."

For the most part, creators of other successful animated shows were (at least initially) content to stay in the background and stick to those projects—think of *Beavis & Butt-head*'s Mike Judge, or *The Simpsons*' Matt Groening. But Parker and Stone seem determined to do a little of everything: make *South Park*, write, produce, direct and star in live-action films and act in other people's movies.

South Park, for instance, began running a set of new episodes in May, and Comedy Central has picked up the show for years three and four. This means 60 shows have been ordered (fewer than 20 have been completed). *Baseketball* comes out this summer, and a few months later October Films plans to release *Orgazmo* (a low-budget, Parker-directed film about a Mormon missionary who moonlights as a reluctant porn star to raise money for his wedding). They've signed a deal for two pictures with Paramount, the first of which will be a *South Park* movie. And they've agreed to write the script for the sequel to *Dumb and Dumber*.

"It's hard when you first come to town," explains Parker. "You're broke. The only way you make it in this business is to take everything that's offered, because nine out of ten things fall through. So we signed every deal we could. If this falls through, fine, we've got that. For three years, we kept taking everything we could and signing every deal we could. And the problem is that

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after *South Park* hit, we still had that mentality—not realizing that things weren't going to fall through anymore. We found ourselves thinking, Holy shit, we've got to do all of this now."

As a result, he says, the two are completely booked through the year 2000. They find this comforting but confusing. "It's funny," he says, "because we're touted in the media as the hottest guys. But we have no money. We're broke. I mean, we don't make shit off of *South Park*, because it's Comedy Central, because it's cable, and because we signed a shitty deal. Who knew? To us, a year ago, a thousand bucks a week sounded like amazing money. And now I keep reading about $33 million worth of T-shirts sold. I got my check last week: $7000."

He tries to laugh at this, and almost succeeds. "If you let it get to you, you can get really bitter and pissed off. But then that'll destroy you. You have to let go of it. You have to say, 'All right, we're creating this and giving it to the world.' That's the only healthy way to really do it. You see people like the *Ren & Stimpy* guy—you know, he's just such a pissed-off little bastard now that he hates everyone and everyone hates him. Well, was it worth it?"

•

Here's another perk of fame. (Or maybe it's another sign that some mean little kids never completely grow up.) "We have a little friend," says Stone, "who we're giving the silent treatment to today." His name is Dian Bachar and he plays Choda Boy, the diminutive sidekick to Parker's title hero in *Orgazmo*. They've known Bachar for a long time. They give him work. "We love fucking with Dian," says Parker. "We have done it since we were in college, and this was the ultimate one. We got offers for these parts in *Baseketball*, and we went to David Zucker and said, 'You know what would be really funny? If these two guys had another friend they just fucking ripped on all the time, and they called him a little bitch. And then when they get to be huge sports stars, he's known as Little Bitch in the sports world.' And he said, 'That's good, that's good.' Then we said, 'And we know a guy——'"

"Who'd actually be perfect for this," says Stone.

"And now he's starring in the movie."

"As Little Bitch," Stone laughs. "And he hates us, but he's, like, totally poor, and he's getting however much money for this."

It's nice, I say, to find people who use their newfound fame in such constructive ways.

"Yeah," agrees Parker. "We've been fucking with him for a long time. The cocksucker."

"We give him the silent treatment," adds Stone, who just then spots Bachar coming around the corner of a nearby trailer. "Oh, here he comes." As soon as he sees Parker and Stone, Bachar makes a U-turn and walks the other way. "Now he's sure we're talking about him," says Stone gleefully, "because he's a paranoid dick."

And if he reads this story, I offer, he'll know you were talking about him.

"Yeah," says Stone.

"Yeah," says Parker. "Sweet."

•

Back in Aspen, Parker and Stone have arrived at the St. Regis Hotel for a program titled "*South Park* Comes Home," a tribute to the show that also includes showings of a few early student films by Parker. First, though, there's a press conference at 9:45 A.M., an hour ungodly enough that they have waiters deliver them breakfast midway through the Q. and A. session. "We thought it would be funny if we ate breakfast while talking to you," explains Parker to the media. Stone disagrees. "Fuck, no," he says. "We were hungry."

Then they get back to answering the questions. A man from *High Times* wants to know if they are big drug users. "I think that it's the same as it is with most people," says Parker with a shrug. "We wouldn't say we haven't had some great times on acid, but it has nothing to do with the work. Unfortunately, we don't have time for drugs anymore."

"Yeah," adds Stone. "And it's a real shame."

Inevitably, questions arise about the criticism leveled at the show, and about whether the show is appropriate for children. "If I had kids," says Parker, "I would much rather have them watch *South Park* than *Full House*, because you want them to grow up with a brain."

And so it goes. Q.: "Now that you're so successful, do you worry about letting your focus slip?"

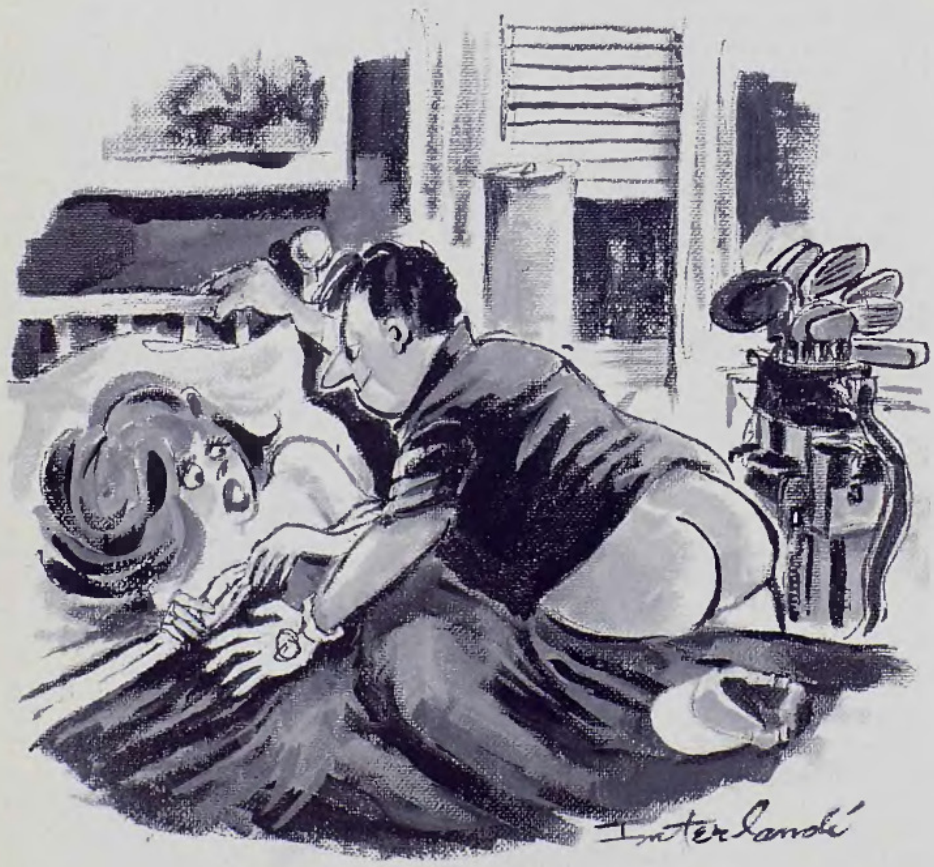
Parker: "I don't think so. First of all, we've never been that focused."

"Would you be willing to compromise your vision and style for a big network?"

Parker: "If it meant more money, sure."

Afterward, Stone walks through a hallway, stopping briefly before he's called to do another interview. "This has been cool," he says, "because there are lots of Colorado people here."

Coloradans, to hear Parker and Stone tell it, are a different breed. They love the Broncos and hate Barbra Streisand. Most of them can't get Comedy Central because the cable systems don't carry it, so they can't see *South Park* unless they visit a Web site from which they can download entire episodes (with the blessings of all involved). But when Colorado people do see the show, they get it on a deeper level than do folks from other parts of the country.



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That's because Parker and Stone are Colorado people. A few facts: Parker grew up in Conifer, Stone in Littleton. Neither lived in South Park.

As a child, Parker had a habit of forgetting to flush the toilet. His father tried to impress on young Trey the necessity of flushing the toilet. "If you flush," he said, "your poo goes away. But if you don't, the poo will come to life, jump out of the toilet, do a little dance and kill you." His dad called the poo Mr. Hanky. The rest is history, as fans of the episode "Mr. Hanky, the Christmas Poo" know well.

Parker's sister Kelly, he says, "kicked my ass" every day. So he took tae kwon do for years. (This would come in handy in *Orgazmo*.) When he was 13, his father bought him a video camera.

Stone's sister didn't kick Matt's ass. In the pilot episode of *South Park*, her picture is on a table in Cartman's house. Matt Stone was an honors student and a math whiz.

Parker and Stone met at the University of Colorado at Boulder, and bonded largely because of their mutual fanaticism over *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. Stone majored in mathematics, but Parker was determined to make it in showbiz. "We were," says Stone, "the only two guys in film school who didn't want to be Martin Scorsese."

Parker hit on his signature style of animation—cardboard cutouts—when he waited until the last minute to do a film-school project. Cardboard was faster than real animation, so he used it. The short, *American History*, was cheap but hilarious. It won a Student Academy Award.

At the age of 21, Parker was dumped by his fiancée. Depressed, he stopped going to classes and decided to make a real movie. Stone helped. They didn't have the money they needed, so they shot a trailer instead—and then made the rounds of friends, family and well-heeled acquaintances, showing the trailer and explaining they could finish their movie if they had a little more money. They raised $125,000 and made *Cannibal: The Musical*, Parker's affectionate nod to the musicals of Rodgers and Hammerstein. But Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein would never have written a show about a notorious flesh-eating Coloradan.

They had big plans. "We figured, Look, we'll just make it totally stupid," says Parker. "It'll be a *movie*. Video stores need movies, right? Like someone's going to buy this."

"We thought we'd spend $100,000," adds Stone, "and we'd get a million for it, and make $900,000."

"And then we'd go back to Colorado," says Parker, "and make another one."

They took the movie to the Sundance Film Festival in Park City, Utah. It hadn't been accepted into the festival, but they

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showed up anyway and held a couple of guerrilla screenings. When a few Hollywood types liked it and told them they should come to Los Angeles, they headed straight there, where they were astonished to find how many other cheap, stupid movies they were competing with. But people liked *Cannibal*, including then–20th Century Fox executive Brian Graden, with whom they began to work on a variety of projects—"all of which," says Graden, "went nowhere."

Another fan was *Airplane!* co-director David Zucker, who'd signed a deal with Universal Pictures around the time the studio was purchased by Seagrams. Hired to direct an in-house film that made light of the acquisition, Zucker turned the project over to Parker at the last minute. There was no concept and no script, but big names (including Steven Spielberg, Sylvester Stallone and Demi Moore) had agreed to participate.

"I had to write it, direct it and do it all on the fly," says Parker. "And there was this frantic woman at Universal coordinating it. I'd be sitting there with Demi Moore, and this woman would run up and go, 'Steven Spielberg said he'll do something. He's going to be here in 30 minutes. It's got to be funny.' It was like that for eight days. I almost went insane."

And since the big stars didn't know who he was and didn't trust him, he lied to them. "I would sit on the cell phone," he says, "and pretend that David was on it. I would say to Steven Spielberg, 'Here's what I'm going to have you do: You're on the *Jaws* ride.' And Spielberg was like, 'I don't get it.' And I would say, 'Well, it was David's idea,' and he'd be like, 'Oh, OK.' Sometimes I'd pretend to be on the phone to David: 'You want him to do what? OK, cool, got you.' I would tell them that I was just doing what David told me to do, and then it was fine. But before that they were like, 'Who the fuck are you?'"

He laughs; it's safe to call it the last laugh. "And now Spielberg's been trying to get a meeting with us for the past two weeks," he says, "and we've been too busy. It's pretty sweet."

The Universal project gave them a little money, but none of their other projects caught on. In 1995, out of ideas, Brian Graden threw them $1200 to make a video Christmas card he anticipated sending to some 500 friends and studio executives. They pocketed half the money and made *The Spirit of Christmas*, an uproarious five minutes in which Jesus and Santa duke it out over the meaning of the holiday, while four foulmouthed third graders watch. Graden knew the video was too raunchy to send to anyone but his friends, but before long, dubbed copies of the tape began showing up all around town.

Suddenly, Parker and Stone were hot. They took the characters from *The Spirit of Christmas* and got to work—in Graden's words—on "turning five minutes of fart jokes into a half-hour TV show." It took them 70 days to make the *South Park* pilot. Debbie Liebling, a Comedy Central vice president, says that when she saw they weren't going to make a deadline and gave them two extra days, they used those days, unbeknownst to her, to make a short film.

South Park went on the air in August 1997, and the buzz started immediately. By Christmas, the show was racking up unprecedented ratings for Comedy Central and record ratings for cable in general. Howls from outraged would-be censors followed. So did T-shirt sales, magazine covers and offers for Parker and Stone. They moved from their small, dumpy apartment in Playa Del Rey to a bigger, nicer apartment in the same west Los Angeles beach community; they went to Beijing together for New Year's Eve. And they finished *Orgazmo*, which had been one of the first projects they pitched to Hollywood studios when they came to town on the heels of *Cannibal*.

But *Orgazmo* is clearly not a big-studio movie. It's cheap (made for $1 million), fast (shot in five weeks) and proud. "Any fucking idiot," opines Parker, "could make a movie great if he had a day to do fucking 20 seconds. A movie like *Orgazmo*, it's all about how quick you can do it, and whether you can actually do it for a million bucks."

He laughs. "I remember when *Orgazmo* got its first review, in *Variety*. It was a good review, but it said, 'Parker needs to sharpen his visual style'—all this stuff basically related to money, you know what I mean? And I just thought, Well, fuck yeah. If I had all the time in the world, I'd do all kinds of crazy-ass shit."

This is not to say that *Orgazmo* does not contain plenty of crazy-ass shit, including a Mormon porn star, his deadly foe Neutered Man, a sidekick with a rocket-shooting penis and a devout, apple-cheeked young lass who considers her fiancé's new career as an orgasm-inducing crime fighter and concludes, "This whole thing is just too gosh-darn wacky to be co-inky-dink. Maybe this *is* what our Heavenly Father has intended for you."

Inspired by Parker's memories of the Mormons he'd grown up around ("I always just found them to be really funny," he says) and prompted by his and Stone's feeling that it'd be cool to do a movie about the porno industry, *Orgazmo* was in the works when the two heard about *Boogie Nights*. For a while, Parker was pleased by the idea that people would think they'd made an instant parody of that movie. But then *South Park* hit and October Films decided to hold *Orgazmo* for close to a year, waiting while its creators' stars were on the rise.

"It's both good and bad," says Parker of the delay. "I guess it'll have a chance to make more money now, but it's also kind of sad that it's just going to be the movie the *South Park* guys did. That's not what it was meant to be, which was just this dumb little thing you find. We thought we were making just another dumb little movie for ourselves."

Baseketball, he says, may be similarly misconstrued. Initially, David Zucker had asked Parker to direct the movie—but *South Park* had just been picked up, so he turned Zucker down. "They were kind of bummed," Parker says, "and then David decided he would direct it. But they still wanted our input and stuff. So they said, 'How about you guys act in it?' And we're, like, 'We're not really actors,' you know?"

"But it sounded so *easy*," says Stone.

"Yeah," says Parker. "So we're, like, all right, fuck it. And then *South Park* got big, and now it looks like they grabbed us because *South Park* was huge."

"I think they had to fight for us with Universal," adds Stone. "And now they look like geniuses. Of course, they're going to market this as the guys from *South Park*, which is kind of weird. But we've long since learned not to try to fight that shit, because they do it anyway."

"It's unfortunate, though," says Parker, "because this is David's movie. He wrote it, and he's directing it. But because we're acting in it, people are going to say, 'I want to go see those guys' movie,' you know? And we have our movies: We like doing dumb, stupid, cheap-ass movies. That's our style. This isn't our style. But on the other hand, it's been awesome, because it's, like, not really our style of comedy. It's almost like we're a rock band doing a country album, you know what I mean? And if I was in a band, I'd want to do a country album, just for the hell of it."

You are in a band, I remind him. (It's called DVDA, an *Orgazmo* phrase meaning "double vaginal, double anal," and it performs songs like *Fuck That Guy From Bush*.)

"Yeah, we are in a band," he concedes. "And we will do a country album."

•

Can this relationship last? That's the question facing every successful team, and Parker and Stone have given the matter some thought. "History," says Parker, "pretty much dictates that we have to hate each other eventually. Because in every scenario every band, or writing team—the Zucker brothers or whoever—hate each other after they get popular. I am so aware of that that I am going to do everything in my power to see that it doesn't happen."

Already, the two have been pigeonholed: Parker is the creative force, the guy driven to be in show business. Stone is the more business-minded pal who might not be here if not for Parker. Friends and co-workers say there's some

truth to those labels, and Parker concedes it could become a problem.

"You can see how things happen," Parker says, "because you get pissed off at the dumbest things. Like, 'You didn't create that, that was me,'—you know, things that you would never have said two years ago. But I think we're great partners. *Cannibal* and *Orgazmo*, that was my shit, and Matt knows it. And then he can step up in a completely different way as a partner in *South Park*, where it's more collaborative." Besides, adds Brian Graden, "Something that works between the two of them creates a kind of magic. I really believe that one plus one equals ten in this situation."

So we'll leave them together, back in the lobby of the St. Regis Hotel on the last night of the Comedy Arts Festival. Tonight's hot ticket was for a reunion of the members of Monty Python, another fabled team that eventually fell apart. Parker went there with a group of friends and watched Doug Herzog—the president of Comedy Central—try to arrange seats for them; after a few fruitless minutes, he walked away.

Now, some 90 minutes later, Parker stands in the St. Regis and shrugs. "We couldn't get tickets," he says. "We tried, but it was turning into a big hassle, so I just said fuck it."

This doesn't mean he missed the chance to meet with his idols. "We got to have beers with Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones this afternoon," he says. "That was enough for me. They said they liked *The Spirit of Christmas*, and they gave us their phone numbers in London. So we're going to give them a call when we go over there in a couple of weeks." He pauses. "I felt so stupid meeting people like that. I just hope they didn't think we're complete assholes."

He shakes his head slowly. "When I do something like that, or when I go backstage at some concert, I still feel like, When the fuck did this happen? I was the guy in the fucking back row six months ago."

But now he's the unkempt creative genius, turning heads as he walks through the lobby to chill with Stone and a group of friends, family members and hangers-on. By midnight, the official postfestival party is in full swing downstairs in the hotel ballroom, with food and music and drinks and lots of important people complimenting one another. To get downstairs and into the party, you need an official festival badge around your neck. Parker and Stone and their friends don't have badges and don't appear to want them; instead, they gather in the middle of the upstairs lobby, in front of a large fireplace and under an imposing oil painting of the Rocky Mountains, and party the night away. They're 8000 feet high and rising fast. Life is sweet.

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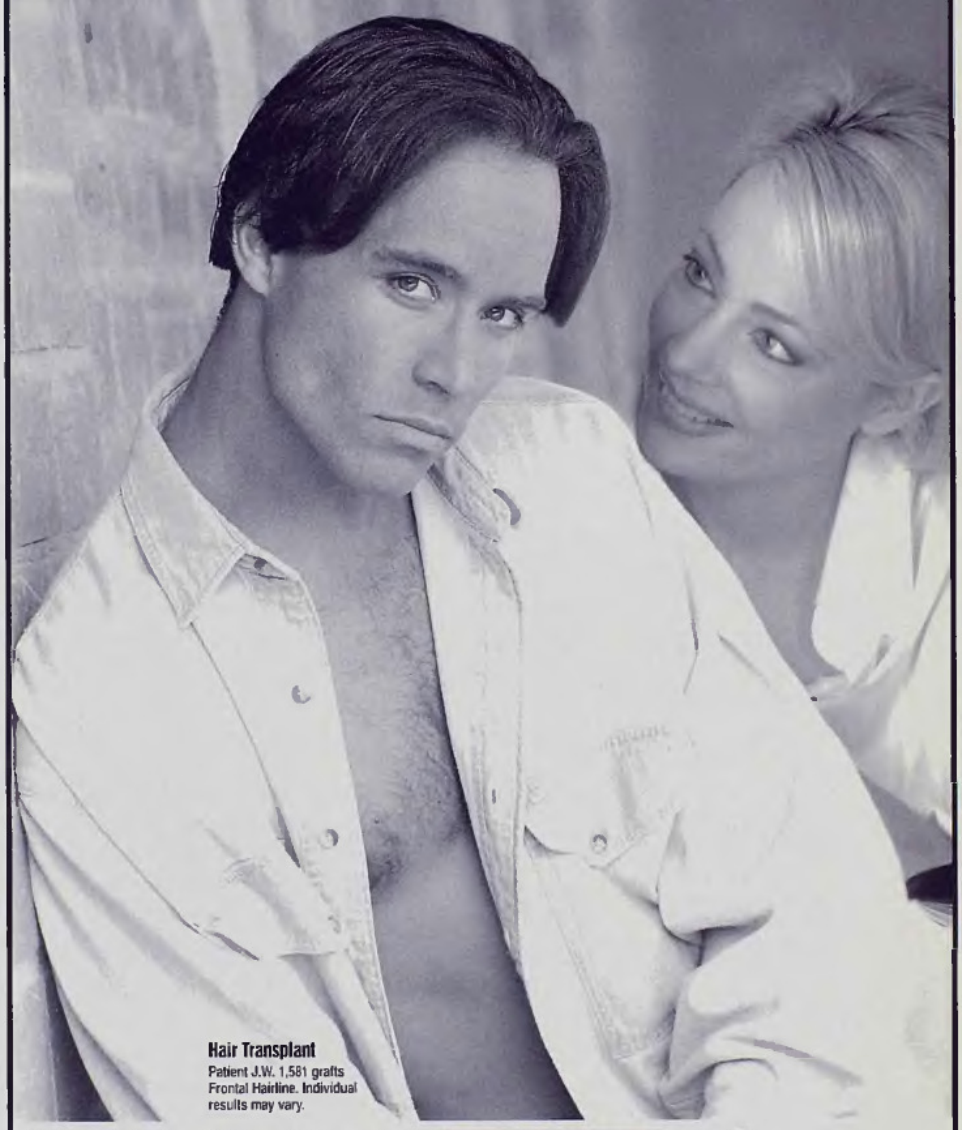

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Rock's Book of Love

(continued from page 116)

when two become one."—Spice Girls, "2 Become 1"

BRING YOUR SUPERSOAKER IN WORKING ORDER

"The girls, they love to see you shoot." —Gang of Four, "I Love a Man in a Uniform"

BE THE WALRUS

"I want to fuck you like an animal/I want to feel you from the inside."—Nine Inch Nails, "Closer"

DON'T GET PREEMPTED

"I came already/I came already!/Stop it!"—Neneh Cherry, "So Here I Come"

Why Love Should Be Supervised

IT'S A CHEAP THRILL

"I'm jonesing on love, yeah, I got the DTs/You say that we will, but there ain't no guarantees."—Aerosmith, "Falling in Love (Is Hard on the Knees)"

IT'S WORSE THAN ROOFIES

"Well, you tried it just for once, found it all right for kicks/Now you found out it's a habit that sticks/And you're an orgasm addict."—Buzzcocks, "Orgasm Addict"

IT'S FROM COLOMBIA

"Love is the drug, and I need to score." —Roxy Music, "Love Is the Drug"

Women Want . . .

A GUY FROM "DANTE'S PEAK"

"Your kisses are as wicked as an F-16/You fuck like a volcano and you are everything to me."—Liz Phair, "Supernova"

ACTION ON THE SIDE

"Now, you shouldn't even get into/Who I'm giving skins to/It's none of your business."—Salt-N-Pepa, "None of Your Business"

SALIVA (AND LOTS OF IT)

"Lick my legs/And I'm on fire/Lick my legs/And I'm desire."—P.J. Harvey, "Rid of Me"

Listen Up, You

YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME

"I'm married/Buried."—Nirvana, "All Apologies"

YOU'LL MISS MY NIPPLE CLAMPS

"Every time I scratch my nails down someone else's back/I hope you feel it."—Alanis Morissette, "You Oughta Know"

YOU NEED A MAP

"I need a lover that won't drive me crazy/Some girl that knows the meaning of 'Hey, hit the highway.'"—John Mellencamp, "I Need a Lover"

Dating Tips

LEAVE YOUR HEART AT HOME

"The boy with the cold, hard cash is always Mr. Right."—Madonna, "Material Girl"

WATCH OUT FOR SPLINTERS

"Rulers make bad lovers."—Fleetwood Mac, "Gold Dust Woman"

JUST DO IT

"I went to a shrink to analyze my dreams/She says it's lack of sex that's bringing me down."—Green Day, "Basket Case"

THAT CLAUDE MONET GUY, ON THE OTHER HAND, GOT SLAPPED ON A REGULAR BASIS

"Some people try to pick up girls and they get called an asshole/This never happened to Pablo Picasso/He could walk down any street and girls could not resist his stare/And so, Pablo Picasso was never called an asshole."—Modern Lovers, "Pablo Picasso"

"RISKY BUSINESS" WAS JUST A MOVIE

"You can't get romantic on a subway line/Conductor don't like it, says you're wasting your time."—Van Halen, "Everybody Wants Some!"

SO YOU WANT TO DATE A HIPSTER GIRL?

"All the girls in the music biz have credit cards, they subscribe to 'Ms.'/But they only want to fuck longhaired guys from England."—Too Much Joy, "Longhaired Guys From England"

Mixed-Up Confusion

STAY AWAY FROM K.D. LANG FANS

"I love it in your room all day/When you're gone I like to try on all your clothes."—Bangles, "In Your Room"

ALWAYS CHECK FOR AN ADAM'S APPLE

"Girls will be boys and boys will be girls."—Kinks, "Lola"

THAT SAYS IT

"Looking for girls who are boys who like boys to be girls who do boys like they're girls who do girls like they're boys." —Blur, "Girls & Boys"

YES! MARV ALBERT SCORES!

"I like the way the line runs up the back of those stockings."—Van Halen, "Everybody Wants Some!"

Walk That Way: Four Different Views

"The bigger the cushion, the sweeter the pushin'."—Spinal Tap, "Big Bottom"

"Fat-bottomed girls, you make the rockin' world go round."—Queen, "Fat-Bottomed Girls"

"I know I told you I'd be true/But Tina got a big ole butt, so I'm leaving you."—LL Cool J, "Big Ole Butt"

"My anaconda don't want none/Unless you got buns, hon."—Sir Mix-a-Lot, "Baby Got Back"

Love's Root Word Is Pain

LIKE A SEVENTH-GRADE CRUSH

"Baby, we ain't the first/I'm sure a lot of other lovers been burned."—Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers, "Refugee"

KIND OF LIKE A VAMPIRE BAT

"Love bites, love bleeds/It's bringing me to my knees."—Def Leppard, "Love Bites"

WORSE THAN A SKINNED KNEE BUT BETTER THAN APPENDICITIS

"Love hurts."—Nazareth, "Love Hurts"

Love's Just a Word

BE LIKE MIKE

"Love is like oxygen: You get too much, you get too high/Not enough, you think you're going to die."—Sweet, "Love Is Like Oxygen"

WEAR A KEVLAR JOCKSTRAP

"Love is a battlefield."—Pat Benatar, "Love Is a Battlefield"

BUY A ROLEX

"Love is clockworks and cold steel."—U2, "Love Is Blindness"

ALSO, LOVE IS SOCKET WRENCHES, CORDUROY PANTS AND PEPPERONI PIZZA

"Love is the devil's crowbar."—X, "True Love—Part 1"

The Final Word

"Women, not girls, rule my world."—Prince, "Kiss"

CRAIG KILBORN *(continued from page 95)*

A friend of mine, Rebecca Lobo, plays for New York. When I play her one-on-one, I kick her ass.

exercises for that, like lying on your back with the phone book on your chest, holding a cocktail. Two: dramatic pauses. You have to have an effective delivery. Three: soft features. Look at my face. Look beyond someone who didn't shave this morning. You want soft features, a delicate but strong nose and supple skin. I don't believe in makeup—I go occasionally to a tanning salon. Four: big frame. You want to be a tall drink of water so your jacket and tie hang nicely. You want to be graceful, elegant and able to go to the hoop. Five: You should have blond hair. Obviously.

7.

PLAYBOY: You've put out a story about devising the show's signature "Five Questions" interview in a bar. Does the truth more accurately reflect the "Jumanji" episode?

KILBORN: The real story is that after I escaped from ESPN somebody invited me to the Bowery Bar in New York City. Across the room I saw a beautiful young lady, 5'6" with long brown hair. Her name was Jill. She says that when I asked her where she was from and she replied New York, I cringed. I could tell right away she was bright. I surround myself with brilliant people because I'm shallow. I said, "Can I ask you five questions?" She said, "Yeah," and she perked up. I asked, "What do you think of garlic?" She said, "I love it." And I love it. Then I asked, "Ever been to Carmel?" I was missing Carmel. She answered yes and told me her grandmother used to live there. Then I asked, "What does peripatetic mean?" And she said, "What the hell kind of question is that?" There were really only three questions. We never got to four and five. We continued talking for a while, and she would say, "If that's your fourth or fifth question, let me know."

8.

PLAYBOY: The NBA. Is something wrong?

KILBORN: The NBA isn't as good as it used to be. In the Seventies, when the Knicks won their first championships, the crowds were chanting, "Defense!" There was real teamwork at Madison Square Garden. The prediction was that pro basketball was going to be the sport of the Seventies. That was a decade off. It was the sport of the Eighties. It went crazy. Dominique Wilkins was getting endorsements that top NFL players weren't getting. Basketball is intimate. You can see the players' faces. There are no helmets. You don't sell football cleats, but sneakers sell. Basketball was at its peak when you had Larry, Magic and Michael. Then the NBA got greedy. It added more teams. The level of play is down because of the expansion. The talent is diluted. The players make outrageous money, and the coaches don't have as much authority as they used to. An article in *The New York Times* said 60 percent to 70 percent of the league players smoke weed. But I'll always watch basketball because I like the sport.

9.

PLAYBOY: Women's basketball is coming on strong. Should men be following the games, as in, "Honey, the Liberty was *en fuego* last night"?

KILBORN: If you need to talk about the WNBA to connect with a woman, you're in trouble. I would hope that dinner and a movie still work. And you know what they say about the WNBA: Follow it because you like the sport. I never watched women's basketball. Then a

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friend of mine, Rebecca Lobo, who plays for the New York Liberty, gave me tickets. It was really entertaining. One of the reasons is that it's a purer form of basketball. There's finesse in moving the ball. I'd like to point out that when I play Rebecca one-on-one, I kick her ass. That bothers some people. But, as Rebecca says, they're not competing against men.

10.

PLAYBOY: You're the son of an insurance executive. Do you recommend whole-life insurance, or do you prefer to buy a term policy with cheaper premiums and invest the difference?

KILBORN: I was having dinner with my producer, Madeleine Smithberg, and my father. She asked him the difference between the two. I was busy eating rock shrimp tempura in spicy cream sauce while my dad explained it all. I listened for the first few seconds. It was tedious. I didn't pay attention. Wait, was it rock shrimp tempura in a spicy cream sauce? I can't remember. Go with whole-life.

11.

PLAYBOY: Does your passion for garlic ever prevent you from getting close to a woman?

KILBORN: If she's also eating garlic, then it's a wonderful thing. I grew up in Minnesota and have fond memories of food. We ate a lot of chicken. We ate meatloaf, which was always dry. I'm not about to criticize my mom and her cooking. I want to tell Mom that I love her. And I want her to read that for the first time in PLAYBOY. We had chipped beef on toast. We had good dinners at Christmastime—prime rib and Yorkshire pudding. When I got out of college and went to Los Angeles, I worked as a waiter in a tiny family-owned Italian restaurant. After your shift, they gave you a meal. If you work at McDonald's, as I did for a couple of months in high school, you just get half off on a Big Mac. At the Italian restaurant I fell in love with food: garlic, garlic bread, garlic alfredo sauce, pesto, Caesar salads with anchovies, cannoli. Now I sometimes go to a restaurant and order only appetizers. That's when you know you've reached a special level.

12.

PLAYBOY: Defend white bread. Wonder and the other variety.

KILBORN: I never really liked Wonder bread. I always eat wheat bread. And I'll eat sourdough. But I will defend white-bread. I'm 99 percent British, and I have a little Scottish in me. But I can dunk a basketball. I grew up listening to Barry White. The first album I owned was *The Best of the Stylistics*. My first concert was the Jackson 5 at the St. Paul Civic Center. The music is good and I was naturally drawn to it, maybe because I was a big basketball fan. My sports hero growing up was Julius Erving, the Doctor. He was graceful, he dunked, he flew. I took to basketball because I was tall, agile, quick and, dare I say, smooth. I put style way up there. And I like to dance. Anyone who has seen me dance knows I can move. I'm agile, coordinated and live. There's something special about someone who's white-bread who can dunk and finger-roll and who has a little soul. My persona doesn't match my looks.

13.

PLAYBOY: How did you know it was time to put aside your hoop dreams and hang up the jockstrap?

KILBORN: I realized I was a slow white boy and got tired of being embarrassed. And Pops was always reminding me that no matter how well I did in basketball, I would not play in the NBA. I'd say, "Dad, I'm leading the high school team in scoring. I've got colleges calling me." And he'd say, "Son, that's great. You're not going to go pro. Get an education." "But Dad, I just made all-state." "Great. What did you get on your last English report?" And I'm yelling, "Why can't I just enjoy it now? Come on, at least let me have fun here. I just scored 30 points." He'd say, "You're going to have to use your mouth somehow." As my mom says, I was very verbal.

14.

PLAYBOY: You made the acting rounds in Hollywood but left after a short time. Didn't David Hasselhoff offer you a spot on *Baywatch*?

KILBORN: I did get a callback from David Hasselhoff, but that was a dark period I don't want to talk about. I didn't return the call. It can be really futile out there. You'd ask a fellow actor how it was going. They'd answer, "I got a callback for a Bud commercial." That was their encouraging news. Then they wouldn't get the commercial. After college, I went to Hollywood. I wanted to perform. I took a class at the Improv on Melrose and did well. The teacher encouraged me. I took a few theater classes. Comedy was a natural thing for me. But I didn't do stand-up. There were too many people doing

"Hi, Charley. Ooh! You've already taken your Viagra pill!"

it. I thought it would be difficult to stand out, even at a muscular six foot four. I wanted to somehow circumvent the Hollywood system, so I went to do sportscasting in Monterey.

15.

PLAYBOY: Keith Olbermann appeared on your show to promote his book and wound up being suspended by ESPN, his employer at the time, for violating company policy. Comedy Central suspended you last year for making off-air sexist remarks, for which you later apologized. Then you were suspended for identifying yourself on the air as Keith Olbermann. How does a suspension differ from a vacation?

KILBORN: I try to combine the two. Keith laughed about his suspension. It got great publicity for *The Daily Show*, and for Keith himself. My approach to life is, we're here just a brief time. Let's turn that suspension into a vacation. And you want to know something? That was the best week of my life. I partied so hard. I did introduce myself as Keith on ESPN2. I was burned-out from doing five nights of shows at two A.M. I needed a break, so they "rewarded" me by putting me on the Deuce. I was doing wrap-ups and updates between college basketball games—and we had a handshake agreement that if I was going to appear on ESPN2 it would be only on *Bodyshaping* or *Kiana's Flex Appeal*. I was being silly on the air. But Keith is way ahead of me on suspensions. He also led ESPN anchors in sick days. He's soft and he's a hypochondriac. Our goal is simultaneous suspensions. But Keith will want to go to the Baseball Hall of Fame, and I'll want to go somewhere warm, where I can play outdoor basketball and work on moving without the ball, which is a lost art.

16.

PLAYBOY: Minnesota: 10,000 lakes and cold winters. Tell us about the ice-fishing experience.

KILBORN: This is from a nine-year-old's perspective: "What do you mean, Dad? We can actually walk on a lake?" "Yes, it's frozen, son. You'll be OK." "You sure I won't go in?" I thought Dad would actually send me out to test the ice. But the cool thing was digging the hole. And we had this apparatus—it wasn't a fishing pole but two boards that hung on the ice, with a red flag pointing down. If a fish started pulling, the flag would go up. And we'd wait. But mostly Dad would drink his Hamm's, and my brother and I would have our hot cocoa. We didn't catch anything. We didn't catch anything in the summer, either.

17.

PLAYBOY: While working for ESPN, you lived high atop downtown Hartford in an I.M. Pei–designed apartment building. Did that sophisticated urban living transform the Minnesota-bred boy?

KILBORN: Aesthetically, it was nice. On my days off, I don't like having to get in a car. I like to walk. I would walk to the Congress Rotisserie near the hockey arena for a sandwich of Black Forest ham, Swiss cheese, red onions and pickled mustard relish. A bar with jazz opened right off the park when I moved to Hartford. Here in New York it's great to just walk. There is a romance to having an apartment with a view. I say that now as I peer out at Central Park. Alas, my next move will be to a prewar building that will not have a view. The prewar building is going to have hardwood floors and high ceilings. All the Mission-style furniture that I've carefully purchased will look much better there. I'll give up the view, but I'll have warmth and a rustic feel.

18.

PLAYBOY: If it all goes south tomorrow, are you prepared to work as a small-market television anchor or as a game-show host?

KILBORN: I'm going to go one step further. I would coach high school basketball, because I love the game. I would teach the chest pass, get back on defense, and I would have a say in who makes the cheerleading squad.

19.

PLAYBOY: Janeane Garofalo has confessed to having sexual dreams about you, and she's even appeared on *The Daily Show* without having a movie to promote. Do you and Janeane have a thing going despite the difference in height?

KILBORN: Do you know how tall Janeane is? Five feet, one and a half inches. I would understand if she had a dream about Gary Coleman. Janeane just talks and talks. I don't understand or want to hear any more about the sex dreams. She gets in the greenroom and is graphic with me on exactly what happens in them. And I always tell her, "Janeane, I'm not that flexible."

20.

PLAYBOY: Do you view *The Daily Show* as a stepping-stone?

KILBORN: I'm going to do this for only a few years. Once I hit 40 I'm retiring to Pebble Beach. I like the idea of golf, but I'm such a bad golfer. However, I did birdie a hole at Pebble Beach. I shot a 95 and birdied number seven, the par three near the water. The famous hole is 17, and that's also a par three. That's where Tom Watson chipped from the fringe to beat Jack Nicklaus. Unfortunately I won't be able to afford anything at Pebble Beach or Carmel. I'd probably have to work at the Carmel post office. That would be fine too.

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little Blue Miracle (continued from page 125)

One doctor predicts a large increase, as much as tenfold, in the number of men who seek therapy.

help. One explanation for their reticence is embarrassment, but a more telling reason is that available treatments were, before Viagra, notably short on charm. These include a vacuum device that draws blood into the penis to make it hard, and surgical implants that stiffen it artificially. Until recently, state-of-the-art therapy meant self-injections—directly into the penis—of one or more chemicals to relax arteries and open the floodgates of blood. Injections work about 75 percent of the time, but they're not fun.

"What men really wanted for impotence was a pill," says Dr. Drogo Montague, who is director of the Cleveland Clinic Foundation's Center for Sexual Function.

Enter Viagra. Just four years ago, it was an experimental heart drug that failed to do much for heart disease. "But researchers in England reported improved erections in men who were taking it," recalls Dr. William Steers, chairman of urology at the University of Virginia. After consulting with Dr. Steers and other impotence researchers, Pfizer shifted gears and began clinical trials. The company enrolled more than 4500 men who hadn't had an erection in years.

The results were exciting. Erections returned for 81 to 89 percent of men whose impotence was psychological and for 60 to 70 percent of those with physical problems.

Equally important, the drug seems safe. "There have been no serious drug-related adverse events," says Dr. Harin Padma-Nathan, director of the Male Clinic in Santa Monica. Five to 15 percent of men who take the pill suffer headaches, stomach upset or muscle aches, but for almost all, the pleasures outweigh the pains. While only two percent of study participants stopped using Viagra because of side effects, many others petitioned Pfizer for "compassionate extensions" of their clinical trials to keep their resurrected sex lives going.

Viagra users and their partners appreciate the ease of the treatment. Instead of interrupting sex with a device or an injection, the men take a pill 30 minutes to an hour beforehand. "They get a natural erection, not an artificially hard one like the kind produced by an implant," Dr. Padma-Nathan says.

Viagra works at a critical point in the complex erection process, when the sexually turned-on brain sends a nerve signal to the genitals. This signal causes the release of a cascade of chemicals, first nitric oxide, then a messenger molecule, cyclic GMP, that opens the arteries that serve the penis. As cyclic GMP is broken down by an enzyme, type V phosphodiesterase, the arteries close, the blood withdraws and the erection wilts.

While the pill has already made some men very happy, it won't work for everyone. Viagra amplifies nerve impulses that instruct the penis to rise, but it can't produce an erection when the nerve paths have been destroyed—the case after some spinal injuries, as well as for 25 to 40 percent of men who become impotent after prostate surgery. Nor can it jump-start the process when libido is lacking. "Low desire is a real cause of sexual problems in our society," says Dr. Montague. "Viagra won't create desire." Without sexual stimulation, the drug apparently does nothing.

"Viagra isn't an aphrodisiac," says Padma-Nathan. "It's a revolutionary medical treatment, not a sexual revolution." Although the drug can restore near-normal sexual function to most men who have been impotent, researchers have seen no indication that it enhances a healthy man's sexual prowess. "Viagra will open opportunities for a lot of men who were just managing with partial or occasional erections," says Dr. Arthur Burnett, director of the Male Consultation Clinic at Johns Hopkins University. "It could give them a terrific boost." Padma-Nathan predicts that there will be a large increase, perhaps as much as tenfold, in the number of men who seek therapy.

Yet untapped is the huge potential demand from women. "Viagra doesn't discriminate between the sexes," says Dr. Irwin Goldstein, professor of urology at Boston University School of Medicine. The same bloodflow-boosting biochemical—the ones that are enhanced by the drug—are major players in female genital tissue too, he observes. "I've had a lot of calls, a lot of e-mails from women about Viagra. They're interested and motivated." Studies of the pill in women are just beginning, but in Dr. Goldstein's clinical experience with a small number of patients, it has been extremely effective in restoring vaginal lubrication—a key index of arousal.

With an easy-to-use pill at hand, many men (with or without true impotence) are bound to bypass specialists and seek prescriptions from their internists or family doctors. Nothing wrong with that, says Montague, who chaired the American Urological Association's Treatment Guidelines Panel for Erectile Dysfunction. In fact, the association is planning an educational campaign to inform primary-care doctors about a condition they may not have treated much before.

Others worry, though, that the pill solution could have a dangerous downside. Waning erections are often a warning sign of serious disease, which will be missed if a quick prescription takes the place of a thorough workup. "About five times a year, I diagnose diabetes in a patient who came in for impotence," says Steers. "About twice a year, I find a brain tumor." Impotence could signal low testosterone levels, which can lead to osteoporosis or heart disease.

When impotence has a psychological cause, Viagra could prove to be a mixed blessing: It would relieve the most obvious symptom while underlying problems—anxiety, depression, stress—continue to fester. Leslie Schover, a psychologist at the Cleveland Clinic Foundation's Center for Sexual Function, is concerned that an impotence pill could feed the American male obsession with sex as performance. "A lot of men think they can fix everything in a relationship with better erections—that they are the way you satisfy a woman and make her happy. For most women, they're not that high a priority."

While the Viagra story has so far been positive, researchers caution that experience with the pill is limited and point out that it's not unusual for problems with a new drug to surface only after wide and prolonged use.

"The number of men who have used Viagra, 4500, is a drop in the bucket considering that millions may eventually take the drug," says Steers. "We won't really know the side effects and effectiveness until a lot more men have been treated."

Unique as it is right now, Viagra may soon be joined by other pills for impotence, as the field that some call sexual pharmacology grows. Phentolamine, which opens blood vessels, may be approved by the end of the year. Sublingual apomorphine, which acts on the brain center that initiates erections, has been effective in 70 percent of men with psychogenic impotence and could become available in 1999.

"We may be able to combine drugs, as we do in chemotherapy, for a better result than we'd achieve with any one alone," says Steers. In fact, studies with animals suggest that apomorphine and Viagra can boost each other's therapeutic powers.

By the millennium there may be something better yet—a preventive drug to stop impotence before it starts, says Padma-Nathan. Right now, with its potential impact on women, Viagra itself could well become a revolutionary sex drug.

PLAYMATE NEWS

WHO'S THE FAIREST?

When author Steve Sullivan set out to write *Glamour Girls of the Century: The 1000 Greatest Beauties and Bombshells of the Ages*, he knew it would be "an audacious undertaking." After all, how do you compare such icons as Betty Grable and Brigitte Bardot, or Raquel Welch and Princess Diana? But Sullivan persevered. Soliciting votes from more than 1200 experts and fans, he culled a final lineup that includes—no surprise here—168 Playmates. Of the first five, three—Marilyn Monroe (1), Jayne Mansfield (3) and Bettie Page (5)—have appeared on PLAYBOY's Centerfold, while 27 other Playmates made Sullivan's top 100. An interesting footrace: Miss December 1968 Cynthia Myers (whom Sullivan deems "the most astonishing Playmate in PLAYBOY history") is ranked number 12, one ahead of Cindy Crawford (who is not a Playmate but appeared nude in the magazine). And for those keeping track of PLAYBOY's blonde goddesses of the Nineties, Pamela Anderson Lee ranks 16, Anna Nicole Smith pulls in at 19 and Jenny McCarthy holds her own at a respectable 62.

For more information about the book, contact Sullivan at stevesul@aol.com.

PLAYMATE BIRTHDAYS — JULY

July 7: Miss June 1974 **Sandy Johnson**
July 14: Miss November 1954 **Diane Hunter**
July 17: Miss February 1964 **Nancy Jo Hooper**
July 22: Miss June 1987 **Sandy Greenberg**
July 29: Miss August 1994 **Maria Checa**

THE STARMAKER

What do Miss November 1992 Stephanie Adams, Miss August 1993 Jennifer Lavoie and Miss January 1998 Heather Kozar have in common? They were all discovered by PLAYBOY scout and producer Debbee May, who holds casting calls for models and Playmate prospects in Manhattan as often as once a month. Debbee's keen eye for PLAYBOY quality should come as no surprise: She debuted on these pages as one of our *Babes of Broadway* back in October 1984. (She went by the name Debbee Hinchcliffe.) After that, Deb went the movie route, landing gigs that include playing De Niro's date in *Goodfellas* and Ellen Barkin's body double in *Sea of Love*. She soon opened her own talent agency, where she specialized in seeking out—and cultivating—PLAYBOY talent. When she sent us photos of her clientele, we knew we had to have her in our camp. Nowadays, Debbee is most at home behind the still camera, producing photo shoots for PLAYBOY's newsstand specials, such as the *Wet & Wild* and *Lingerie* issues.

Debbee in action on the set with Victoria Zdrok.

What's her favorite part of the process? "Shopping for the models' clothing," she says, "whether it's lingerie or bathing suits. Even on a tight budget, I can't stop myself from buying the best stuff." It shows, Deb.

22 YEARS AGO THIS MONTH

From cover to cover it was a star-spangled issue, with satire by Art Buchwald, an excerpt from Ron Kovic's *Born on the Fourth of July* and a valentine to the hot dog. So who better to grace the July 1976 bicentennial Centerfold than Deborah Borkman, a part-Swedish, part-Japanese, first-generation American born in Virginia? Our favorite twist: As a kid, Deborah loved climbing the old neighborhood cherry tree. "I would sit up there in the summer and look at the sky," she told us at the time. "That's where I found peace of mind."

All-American girl.

NEW KID ON THE BLOCK

When the editors of the new *Playboy Norway* photographed their first Playmate of the Month atop a glacier, they wondered how they would follow up such a stunt for Centerfold number two. The answer: by jetting Playmate Beatrice Petersen to PLAYBOY's Chicago headquarters, to be shot by veteran photographer Richard Fegley. "We wanted to show the sense of community among the worldwide editions of PLAYBOY," says Nils Bjørnæs, editor of *Playboy Norway*. "Going to the place where PLAYBOY was born did just that." Beatrice hails from the town of Tønsberg, Norway—about 100 miles south of Oslo—where, "like most Norwegian women, girls don't like to stand out." Clearly an exception to the rule, Beatrice enjoyed her whirlwind Windy City jaunt. "But," she says, "I didn't get to do a lot of sight-seeing. Being photographed for PLAYBOY is not a vacation—it's hard work. Then again, everyone made me feel so relaxed. I instantly felt like part of the Playboy family."

PLAYMATE NEWS

My Favorite Playmate By Buck Henry

"The name that instantly comes to mind is Christa Speck—or, I should say, the *redoubtable* Christa Speck. If you want to know why, just look at her pictures. Simply unforgettable. She became a Playmate in September 1961, just after I worked for Steve Allen in Los Angeles but before I went to New York to work for Garry Moore. After that time, I got to know most of the Playmates socially, so I wouldn't deign to pick a favorite. I don't need any of them mad at me, thank you."

Christa Speck was ultimately selected as Playmate of the Year in 1962.

FAN MAIL

Dear Playmate News:

I am an airborne paratrooper stationed in Italy and currently deployed in Bosnia. Today I received in the mail the March 1995 issue of PLAYBOY from a friend. When I turned to the Centerfold, my heart stopped at the sight of Stacy Sanches. She is a stunning woman from head to toe, but it is her eyes that forced me to catch my breath—I could lose myself staring into them. Stacy undoubtedly knows how beautiful she is, but I would truly appreciate it if you would let her know just how I feel.—Breathless in Bosnia

Rachel Jeán Marteen

Dear Rachel Jeán Marteen:

As a sailor in the Navy, I spend lots of time at sea. I try to keep beautiful women like you in my heart while I am there. It just seems to help. I can't tell you how much I miss seeing you in PLAYBOY. I even e-mailed PLAYBOY and asked them to produce a new video of you. Do you think they might? I have 750 shipmates who would probably sign a petition backing up my request.—A fan in the Pacific

PATTI REYNOLDS:
"I love the Nineties Playmates. I'm friends with a lot of them. But with all due respect, we girls of the Sixties were really the girls next door."

QUOTE UNQUOTE

Since her appearance as Miss July 1997, 21-year-old Daphnee Lynn Duplaix has quickly moved up the modeling ladder—yes, that was her in the Tommy Hilfiger commercial on Super Bowl Sunday. We dialed up Daphne in Los Angeles for some informal sex chat.

Q: Describe your perfect mate in the terms of a personal ad.

A: "Looking for a tall, dark, handsome bald man with a great personality, a sense of humor and beautiful eyes."

Q: Bald?

A: Yep. But he has to be shaved bald—on purpose—just like my boyfriend.

Q: Let's move to the lower anatomy. Does size matter?

A: No. Like they say, it's the motion of the ocean.

Q: What music gets you hot?

A: Maxwell. He's like Prince, only jazzy and smooth. And his words are really sexy.

Q: What's the secret to seducing Daphnee Duplaix?

A: Talking sexy without being vulgar, giving massages—I'm a sucker for massages—and being willing to cook and clean the house once in a while. Is that too much to ask?

CAROL JUDIE MAULLSON

PLAYMATE TRIVIA

Hail to the Chiefesses

How many Playmates share surnames with U.S. presidents? Eighteen: Adams (2), Arthur (1), Carter (2), Cleveland (1), Harrison (1), Jackson (2), Johnson (3), Monroe (1), Taylor (3), Tyler (1)—and the October 1967 Playmate was Reagan Wilson.

PLAYMATE GOSSIP

LEROY NEIMAN

Barbara Moore has a cameo in the forthcoming feature film *Five Aces*. Her scene takes place in a bar, where she has a tête-à-tête with Charlie Sheen. . . . **Marliece Andrada** and her *Baywatch* cohort **Traci Bingham** recently visited the New York Stock Exchange, where they met its chairman and president and were taken onto the floor to witness firsthand the trading of Playboy stock. No jokes about round figures and markets going bust, thank you. . . . 1995 PMOY **Julie Lynn Cialini** costars on the erotic-mystery CD-ROM *Blue Heat* (Orion Interactive), in which the Los Angeles police search for a serial killer who's targeting the city's sexiest models. . . . **Victoria Zdrok** and **Danelle Folta** dropped in on patients and staff at the Brooklyn Veterans Affairs Medical Center in New York, where they made the rounds and signed autographs. Similar Playmate appearances took place at vet hospitals in Chicago, Los Angeles and Atlanta, as part of the 32-year-old Operation Playmate project. . . . **Alice Denham** has completed a memoir, *Shabby Genteel*, about her childhood in the South. Alice's previous books include the novels *My Darling From the Lions* and *Amo*, the latter about a feminist Centerfold from outer space. Only in America.

Zdrok, Folta and a grateful veteran.

PLAYBOY

Video Centerfold 1998 Playmate of the Year

Karen McDougal

$19.98

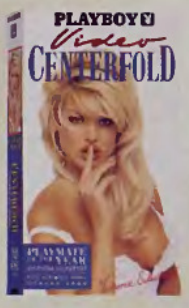
Video# UP1827V

To her preschool students she's just Miss Karen—but to grown-ups everywhere this blue-eyed beauty is at the head of the class as the 1998 Playmate of the Year. She'll captivate you with her girl-next-door allure as she bares it all on the showroom floor, out on the lost highway and in a sexy surreal fantasy. Playmate Bonus: September 1997 Playmate Nikki Schieler. Full nudity. Approx. 50 min.
Video# UP1827V $19.98

Also available...

Playboy Video Centerfold Victoria Silvstedt

From a sexy nude photo shoot to an erotic bedtime fairy tale, this video makes it easy to see how this shy girl from a small Swedish village went on to become an intercontinental beauty queen. Playmate Bonus: May 1996 Playmate Shauna Sand. Full nudity. Approx. 50 min.
Video# UP1B60V $19.98



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PLAYBOY

ON·THE·SCENE

WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

BOARDING PARTY

Summer's hottest adrenaline fix is wakeboarding, a water-skiing spin-off that brings the daredevil elements of snowboarding, surfing and skateboarding to the lake. Riders are strapped to fiberglass boards and launched at speeds up to 20 mph off wakes created by specially designed wakeboard towboats. The best board jockeys can soar ten to 15 feet skyward to execute spins and flips with names such as the "hoochie glide" and the "crow mobe 540." Meanwhile, water-skiers are enjoying their own wet rush thanks to new wider skis with 30 percent to 100 percent more surface area than a standard slalom ski. Midwidth models such as the one pictured below are easy to launch and are not so tiring to ride because they produce less drag in the water.

"The lighter the board, the bigger the air." That's the motto of wakeboard manufacturers, who use aerospace materials such as low-density foam and honeycomb aluminum to keep their water toys sleek and fast. Wakeboards, clockwise from top left: Liquid Force's Superfly 36 ($430) with Vert bindings ($280). Hyperlite's 137 Fluid Shaun Murray Signature ($350) and Moon Boot bindings ($270). Blindside's Charley Patterson Pro 142cm ($350) and Air Cell Pro bindings ($220). At bottom left: Connelly's Super Mid water ski and Double Power Wrap bindings ($500).

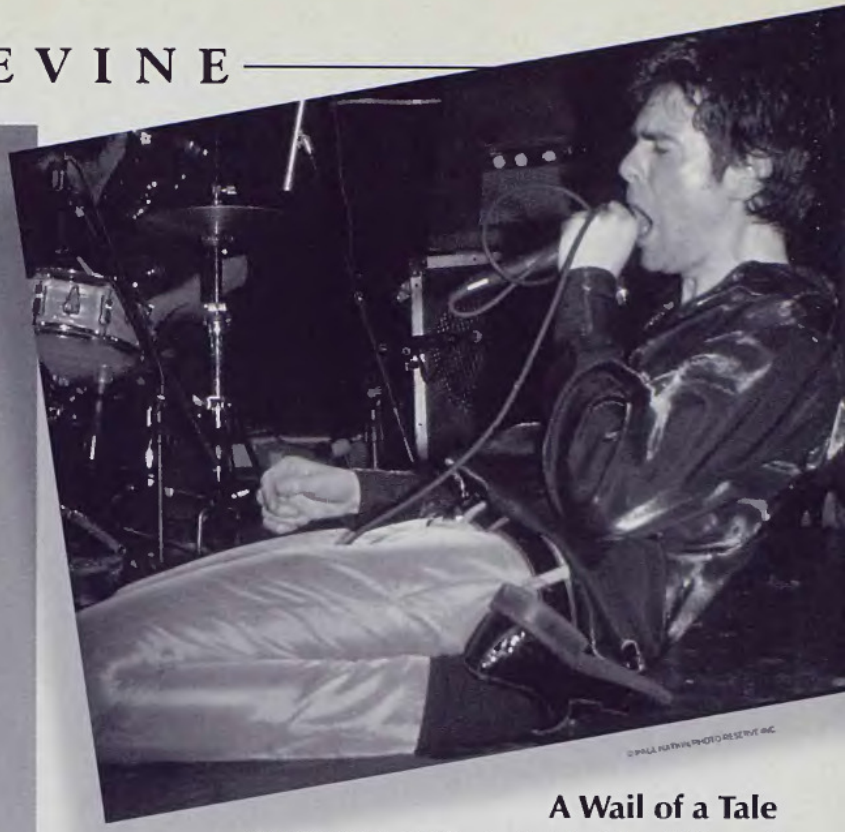
RICHARD IZUI

WHERE & HOW TO BUY ON PAGE 150.

JIM HATLEY

Shannon Boots Up

SHANNON O'KEEFE danced in Playboy productions in Reno and Lake Tahoe. Now you can catch her kicking up her heels at Harrah's Reno in *Lipstick*. Kisses to her.



A Wail of a Tale

JON SPENCER went down when the blues hit him and his band, the Blues Explosion. But that was just a bit of irreverence. A follow-up to *Now I Got Worry* will be out in September. Get ready.

The Sweeter the Berry

HALLE BERRY starred in Oprah Winfrey's miniseries *The Wedding* and can now be seen in the Warren Beatty comedy *Bulworth*. For us, she has glamour to spare in rhinestones.

FITZROY BARRETT/ GLOBE PHOTOS INC.

Beached Babe

Hawaii surfer and model SUNMOON PERREAULT is checking the sand for shells. You can say aloha to her in bikini calendars or catch her in the film *Danger in Paradise*.

© STEVE TORRES

GIRIS SCAFFIDI/RETNA

The Way He Wears His Hats

JAY KAY, front man for the Grammy-winning band Jamiroquai, believes in vibrations. The vibe from the band's third release, *Traveling Without Moving*, is contagious: The album went platinum.

FITZROY BARRETT/GLOBE PHOTOS INC

All the Way to Banks

Supermodel TYRA BANKS is dressed to thrill—and it worked on us. Banks says, "Black women have always been vixens. Why can't we just be the sexy American girl next door?" Amen to that, Tyra.

© ANDY PEARLMAN

Fit and Fine

Actress and celebrity fitness trainer JENNIFER GOODWIN has been a *Baywatch* babe, a Dreamworks calendar model and pumped up in fitness magazines worldwide.

AVENGING ANGELS

Ralph Fiennes and Uma Thurman will soon stride onto the big screen as John Steed and Emma Peel, but to diehard fans in 120 countries, Patrick Macnee and Diana Rigg will always be *The Avengers*. Indiana University Press has republished a British Film Institute softcover history of the Sixties' TV series, including thumbnail sketches of the best episodes, the lowdown on why the series was so popular and, of course, photos galore. (Yes, Honor Blackman and Linda Thorson are in the book, too.) Price: $20. Call 800-842-6796 to order.

EXTREME FUN IN THE SUN

A day at the beach no longer means lazing in the sand, thanks to Rave Sports of St. Paul, Minnesota, maker of extraordinary water toys. Rave's top-seller is the Aqua Jump (shown here), an inflatable floating trampoline that celebrities such as Dan Aykroyd and Sinbad recently purchased. The floating tramp comes in three diameters: 10 feet ($1295), 15 feet ($2995) and 20 feet ($3995). It can be tied to a dock, anchored in the water or towed behind a boat. To order, call 800-659-0790.

PAPERBACK LOVE FOR SALE

"Everyone can be a lover between the covers" is how Personal Passions describes *Emerald Seduction*. With this paperback book, you choose your romantic partner. Provide the company with details, such as names and physical descriptions of you and your lover, a favorite restaurant, etc., and you will receive a romance novel—starring you—that's more funny than naughty. The Web site www.personalpassions.com has all the info, or call 888-668-3505. Price: $60. (The price is lower if you order through the Web.)

CHARMS AT 10,000 FEET

Terry Gilliam, one of the Monty Python gang before Gilliam directed *Brazil*, *The Fisher King* and *12 Monkeys*, among other films, is a first-rate artist. (In the Sixties he was a cartoonist and a contemporary of Robert Crumb.) *Babes in Cloudland*, according to Gilliam, "is a great dream with clouds and girls with big tits. The landscape is probably a bit of Wales." John Cleese called *Cloudland* "better than anything Michelangelo ever did." To order an 18″x24″ signed, limited-edition lithograph, send a check for $305 to 137 Inc., 1286 Route 71 East, Ottawa, IL 61350.

PLAY BALL—ONCE

There are about 150 living baseball players who made it to the big leagues but, for whatever reason, played only one game. For *Once Around the Bases: Bittersweet Memories of Only One Game in the Majors* ($24.95 from Triumph Books), Richard Tellis interviewed 40 of these players, including Boston Red Sox pitcher Harley Hisner, who struck out Mickey Mantle in 1951, and World War Two hero Bert Shepard, the only major-league pitcher with an artificial leg. Call 800-335-5323.

LINKS TO THE PAST

For more than 60 years, the Frank Christian studio has amassed the largest collection of historic golf prints in the world. Now you can buy 11″x14″ photographs (processed from original negatives) of such golf greats as Ben Hogan and Arnold Palmer (pictured here). The price per print is $145 unmounted in a portfolio, or $235 framed. Call Sports Art Direct at 800-417-7625 to order or for more info on shots of other golfers.

A WATERY GROOVE

The name Beken of Cowes is synonymous with superb marine still photography. From the reign of Queen Victoria to the latest Whitebread round-the-world race, the Beken family has been snapping memorable images of the world's finest sailing ships and private yachts. *Sailing Thoroughbreds* (Harvill Press) is a 208-page homage to beautiful boats photographed in some of the world's most lush and exotic locales. The handsome images are divided into three categories: Spirit of Tradition, Cruiser-Racers and Grand-Prix Elite. The price: $70 in bookstores.

GO, SPEED RACER, GO

Feel the need for speed? Get your fix with Top Eliminator, a drag-racing simulator that takes drivers from zero to 70 miles per hour in just under four seconds. Drivers race down a 190-foot straightaway in scale model, 350-horsepower dragsters while controlling the brake, gas and shifter. Adrenaline junkies will find Top Eliminator at Malibu Speedzone in Dallas, Atlanta and Los Angeles; at Lagoon in Salt Lake City; and at Kentucky Kingdom in Louisville.

BLOCKBUSTER SHADES

Besides a hefty dose of testosterone, *The Blues Brothers*, *Risky Business*, *Top Gun* and *Men in Black* have something in common: Ray-Ban sunglasses are worn by each movie's main characters. (Will Smith wore the Ray-Ban Predator 2 in *Men in Black* and Tom Cruise sported the Ray-Ban Aviator in *Top Gun*.) If you already have the dark suit and fedora, all you need to complete your look is a pair of Ray-Ban Wayfarers ($95, pictured here), worn by Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi in the 1980 film and by Aykroyd and John Goodman in *Blues Brothers 2000*. Call 800-4-RAYBAN or visit its Web site at www.rayban.com.

NEXT MONTH

FRENCHIE FICTION

PERRY'S PILGRIMAGE

DOWNTOWN JULIE

ICELAND GIRLS

DOWNTOWN JULIE BROWN—THE SAUCY VJ FROM *CLUB MTV* AND *GOSSIP SHOW* HOSTESS HAS A FUNKY BRITISH ACCENT AND A BODY TO DIE FOR. HERE'S THE URBAN GODDESS IN A SASSY PICTORIAL

SUMMER NIGHT'S BUZZ—DRIVE-INS, THRILL RIDES, BEER GARDENS, BEACHES, HOT TRYSTING SPOTS—WE HAVE ROUNDED UP THE NATION'S WARM-WEATHER NEWS. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS BRING A DATE

MATT DRUDGE—THE GOSSIP COLUMNIST WHO SCOOPED *NEWSWEEK* AND BROKE THE MONICA LEWINSKY STORY HAS BECOME THE MOST TALKED-ABOUT PRESENCE IN CYBERSPACE. READ DRUDGE'S REPORT ON MONICA AND BILL, FELLATIO AND THE ROLE OF THE INTERNET IN JOURNALISM IN A PLAYBOY INTERVIEW BY **DAVID SHEFF**

DR. DREW—HE'S THE VOICE OF REASON ON MTV'S *LOVE LINE*, SO WE SENT THE **PLAYBOY ADVISOR** TO LOOSEN HIM UP. FIND OUT DREW'S SURPRISING VIEWS ON ORAL SEX, VENEREAL DISEASE AND PORN STARS IN A LIVELY 20 QUESTIONS BY **CHIP ROWE**

PERRY FARRELL—AFTER LOLLAPALOOZA, JANE'S ADDICTION AND PORNO FOR PYROS, ROCK SHAMAN PERRY FARRELL IS PREPARING FOR THE MILLENNIUM. **DEAN KUIPERS** FINDS OUT ABOUT FARRELL'S NEXT GIG: A PERFORMANCE AT THE JERUSALEM JUBILEE

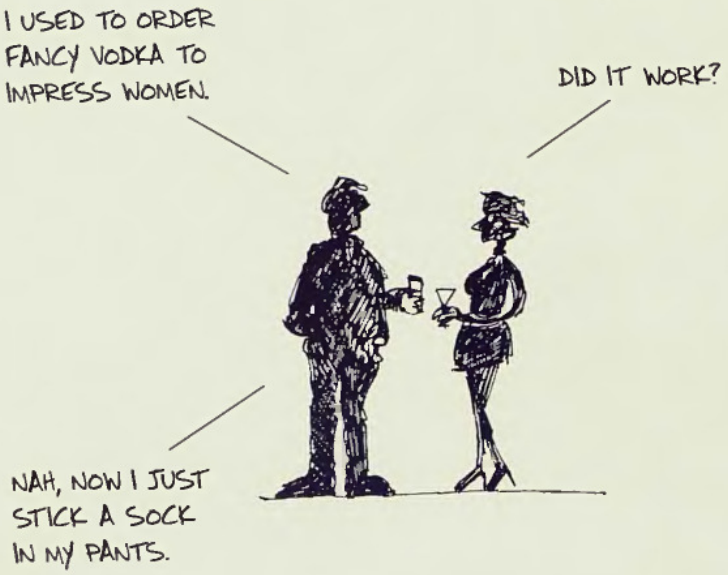
BARRY SCHECK—ONE OF THE LAWYERS WHO DEFENDED O.J. SIMPSON AND LOUISE WOODWARD TALKS ABOUT DAMAGED PEOPLE, THE FIRE THAT TORE HIS FAMILY APART AND DOING GOD'S WORK—BY **PAUL SCHWARTZMAN**

WOMEN OF ICELAND—IT'S CHILLY YEAR-ROUND ON THIS MID-ATLANTIC ISLAND, BUT WE'VE FOUND A CUDDLY CROP OF ARCTIC HEARTBREAKERS WHO KEEP THINGS HEATED UP. IT'S THIS SUMMER'S COOLEST PICTORIAL

MARGARITAVILLE—THERE'S NO SUMMER COCKTAIL LIKE A MARGARITA. GRAB THE SALT WHILE **JOHN RAME** DECONSTRUCTS THE RECIPE FOR THE WORLD'S BEST TEQUILA DRINK!

FRENCHIE—THERE WAS A TIME SOLLY WAS A PLAYER. WILL A CUTE FRENCH BROAD HELP HIM GAIN BACK THAT TITLE? FICTION BY **PAT JORDAN**

PLUS: THE DEBUT OF **DAVE'S GARAGE; WYCLEF JEAN** SHOWS US SOME STYLE; PINT-SIZE STEREOS FOR YOUR DORM OR OFFICE; PLAYMATE **ANGELA LITTLE;** AND THE ULTIMATE BEACH GUIDE FROM SURFER **KELLY SLATER**



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